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**COSMOPOLITAN**

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The Only Opera Octopus  
Joseph Gurney Cannon-Speaker

# SAPOLIO



Mary, Mary, quite contrary,  
How does your housework go?  
With greatest ease, sir, if you please,  
I use Sapolio!

## IMAGINATION

If a supremely great man—wise above others to see the truth in its proportions and put the first thing first—were summoned suddenly to die, and were given a moment only to sum up his discovery of life, I think he would say in substance what follows. I think so because this is, as I understand it, the message—not in the words but in the sense of them—that was actually given to the world by the Greatest Man we know:

The secret of beauty and power lies in the right use of the imagination, for it is the imagination—the ability to conceive things that do not exist—that distinguishes men from animals, and makes it possible for men to escape from creaturehood and become creators. Now the right use of this faculty to conceive delightful things that do not exist is to *make* them exist. If the faculty be otherwise used—used to accuse or deceive others, or to create a mere no-man's land of dreams—it will in the end make one sick and impotent, and spread disease and weakness all around one.

To have ideals and not use them is sin and death.

Those who live well are those who, by faith, daily perform the miracle of making some coarse thing fine—by an adventure of the creative imagination.

The charm of a woman is not in the delicacy of her ideals, but in her daring to use them in homely circumstances. The dignity and fame of a man consist in his being at once idealistic and executive—driving the sword of the Spirit deep into the bowels of Fact.

The heavens above us are latent with creative lightning, and the gross earth electric with expectation. The imagination reaches for the thunderbolts to subdue the earth. And the secret of beauty and power is to make one's own body the vehicle of this fire from heaven.

*Charles Ferguson*



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GERALDINE FARRAR, THE AMERICAN SOPRANO, AS JULIET IN GOUNOD'S "ROMEO AND JULIET." FARRAR AND CARUSO, AS A SINGING COMBINATION, ARE PROVING THE STRONGEST FINANCIAL MAGNET THE OPERA TRUST HAS TO OFFER

(*"The Only Opera Octopus"*)

# COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE

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No 5



Clarence H. Mackay  
J. Pierpont Morgan  
W. K. Vanderbilt  
Harry Payne Whitney

Otto H. Kahn  
George J. Gould  
Andreas Dippe  
Giulio Gatti-Casazza

A COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MEN  
COMPOSING THE NEW OPERA TRUST

## The Only Opera Octopus

By Pierre Van Rensselaer Key



BORN November 4, 1909, in a far corner of New York's famous Metropolitan Opera House, the only musical octopus in captivity! This creature, many tentacled, long of reach, and with a most voracious appetite, is of the take-all-you-can-grab family, and came into the world full grown, formidable, bent on aggression and absorption. This unique opera octopus feeds on prima donnas, gluts on expensive tenors, and keeps its palate keen with an occasional new composer; but its chief diet is the dollars of the public. The only opera octopus, like its less esthetic relatives of the beef, steel, and sugar species, has already acquired the tricks of the well-trained trust creature. It is learning first to control its enemy, then to curb his power, then to crush him. At the moment this money-obese monster of the music world is reaching out for the world's greatest singers, orchestral conductors, ballet artistes; its eyes are closed to the expense involved. When it has possessed itself of the foremost makers, singers, and directors of song its greedy tentacles will

gather in a larger share of the shekels of the public, and in course of time it may cost a prettier penny than heretofore to hear the creature's vesper threnodies: in the end, your Carusos and Melbas and Nordicas will receive for their throat performances considerably less than the one or two thousand dollars a night now given them, and the vast army of men and women who live by the bounty of the opera octopus will be compelled to step at a livelier pace to earn their wage.

The Metropolitan Opera Company, the erstwhile plaything of Wall Street dictators, is beyond the stage of toydom, even though it still serves as a spring-board from which some make the leap into New York society; as a jimmy swinging wide the doors of patronage; as a means to pay certain debts, to cajole with, to turn toward when a big man or an aspiring wife wishes to threaten. Portentous, stately, upholding the traditions of a quarter-century's rise, it stands supreme today, a splendid institution espousing the cause of operatic art, trumpeting a fanfare to the civilized globe, glorying in the might of position, plaudits, and prestige. Whoever is



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LOUISE HOMER AS ORFEO IN GLUCK'S  
"ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE"



*Specially posed for the Cosmopolitan*

DINAH GILLY, BARITONE, A NEW MEMBER OF THE METROPOLITAN COMPANY

*Specially posed for the Cosmopolitan*  
ANDREAS DIPPETL, ADMINISTRATIVE MANAGER OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY

crumpled by the gorging octopus may take sorry comfort in the thought that obliteration came to the strains of high-priced music.

For months a number of soft-spoken gentlemen have been superintending the nourishing of this opera monster, their comings and goings about the business so unostentatious that when the announcement is issued forth, a few weeks ago, that the Metro-

politan Opera Company was to be close linked with the just-organized Chicago Grand Opera Company, there was a general flurry of surprise. It was no difficult matter for those concerned to read a sinister purport between the lines of the apparently innocuous announcement; for the carefully concealed plan was, and is, to make all other opera companies, from the least to the greatest, merely subsidiaries of the Metropolitan. Outsiders who were on the inside and who knew all about the new Chicago opera corporation which was to be blown into existence, seemingly without other assistance than the lake breezes, had been patiently, if curiously, waiting. They knew some sort of musical earthquake was about to happen, but everything was not noonday clear. However, when the publicity department of the Metropolitan let it be officially known that, besides maintaining a "working agreement" with the Boston Opera Company, and giving a two months' season each spring at the Châtelet Théâtre, in Paris, the company would be intimately associated with the Western organization, the cat was out of the bag with an unmusical howl. The only opera octopus had said, "Good morning!"

Of course, at the home of the Metropolitan Opera Company, in New York, authoritative birth records of the new musical combine are hard to find. Persistent inquiry might, and probably would, bring the information that the records had been mislaid. Possibly they would be declared *non est*. William K. Vanderbilt, Otto H. Kahn, and other directors



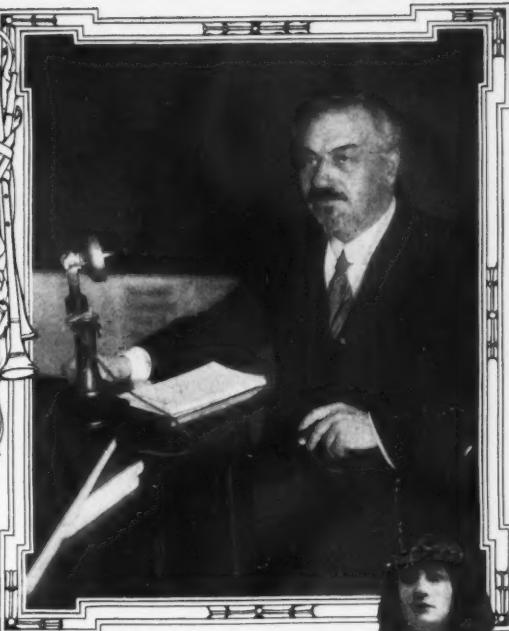
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MARY GARDEN AS SHE APPEARS IN  
"SAPHO," A NEW MASSENET OPERA

would, if questioned, probably deny the existence of their own offspring, however proud of it they might be in secret. J. Pierpont Morgan, moving spirit and virtual dictator of the Metropolitan Opera and Real Estate Company, which owns and leases the opera house to the operating company, might growl unintelligibly. Nevertheless, despite the glances of assumed surprise concerning the existence of this musical thing, it is stealthily stretching its tentacles in readiness to fasten upon every outpost of advantage.

As yet, comparatively few know what this newest organization means. The public, which helps feed it; society, which nurtures it; the men and women whose creative and executive talents furnish the life-blood which pulses through its veins, all seem blind to its ultimate motive. Only the coterie of financiers who officiated at its birth realize the extent to which its influence will finally reach. There will be social and artistic heartaches before the trust gains the summit of its desire, and on many sides battles large and small must rage. During the next few years, in a score of American cities, society clique will match society clique, leader will vie with leader, and as these outer conflicts progress there will be other dissensions within the organization itself, for preéminence in a dozen different directions.

When J. Ogden Armour is asked about the beef trust he silently purses his lips. Cyrus H. McCormick's temper rises several degrees Fahrenheit if talk concerning the harvester trust is shot in his direction. Both these Chicagoans are likely to assert that, even



Specially posed for the Cosmopolitan  
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, GENERAL MANAGER AND "BOARD OF DIRECTORS"  
OF MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE

as stockholders in the opera company which begins a twenty weeks' season in their city next fall, they have no connection with anything which might be diagnosed as an opera trust; this is the exact position assumed by Messrs. Vanderbilt, Kahn, and those of their Metropolitan colleagues who are individual shareholders in the Chicago and Boston institutions. They are simply, if you please, lifting the art to a higher plane. But in the elevation, which is, seemingly, the most beneficent attempt ever made

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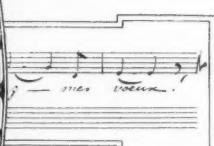
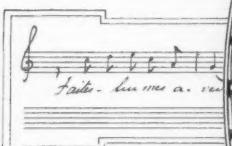
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MARY GARDEN AS SALOME, THE  
SENSATION OF THE LAST  
OPERA SEASON

## The Only Opera Octopus

conditions, weaker competitors who do not choose discretion as the better part of valor will be lulled rhythmically to rest. Sage forecasters who know whereof they speak see the Metropolitan going far beyond present announced intentions. London is the next city, so it is believed, which will yield itself to the tender mercies of the trust. With the toe of one boot resting on the musical neck of England's metropolis and the heel stopping the mouths of Parisian objectors, the organization will also have completely equipped companies established in colossal plants in New York, Boston, and Chicago. Thus tours which formerly were

all that he says, purring or roaring, for he can never forget that he is on his own pay-roll as chief publicity promoter. Mr. Hammerstein clarions the belief that the new combine is trying to break his financial back. Well-informed persons, though declining to speak for publication, agree with him. The trust crowd is showing that it is becoming weary of being called names and of having the Manhattan manager stir up opera-goers' sympathies for his enterprise at what it terms the Metropolitan's expense, and, save on one occasion, has refused to notice the little man from New York's West Side, even when he designated its officials



too expensive to yield a proper profit will now be made possible.

Oscar Hammerstein, whose live-wire methods have been the mainspring in the increased celerity manifested by the management of the Metropolitan Opera Company the past three years, says he will desert the ship he intended using to sail for permanent ports of fame. Without apology for his change of attitude, he tells one frankly, from beneath his quaint hat, that it will be just as well to remain at home to mend his New York and Philadelphia opera fences. For three months Mr. Hammerstein's gray locks have been fanned by breezes of the storm raised by the Metropolitan's accelerated activities, and, unlike some other people, he says he knows when to come in out of the rain.

The man who is said to be looked upon by the trust as one of the human tidbits it is reserving for dessert does not invariably mean

*Specially posed for the Cosmopolitan*  
JEANNE MAUBOURG, MEZZO-SOPRANO, AND THE INTRODUCTORY PHRASES OF THE CHIEF AIR SHE SINGS, AS SIEBEL, IN "FAUST," AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE



as "a bunch of antediluvian lemons."

However, the latest Hammerstein statement—which really did not bring the redoubtable Oscar himself into active participation, but which caused a greater hubbub in the Metropolitan camp than anything ever emanating from the opposition—assumed the proportions of a controversy and took place, early in January, between Arthur Hammerstein, personal representative of his father, and "a prominent director" of the Metropolitan Opera Company—supposed to be Clarence H. Mackay—and the board of directors as a body, punctuated with utterances bearing on the discussion by Judge E. H. Gary, chairman of the executive board of the United States Steel Corporation, and Lee Shubert, the theatrical manager. Before it subsided it was apparent to all who could read that Otto H. Kahn had harkened to the

advisability of effecting some arrangement between the Metropolitan and the Manhattan opera companies whereby needless competition might be eliminated, or that he had in mind a plan for the larger organization to absorb the Hammerstein forces, thus placing the Metropolitan in full possession of the opera business of the country. But in the midst of the proceedings an unlooked-for explosion took place, and when the smoke cleared away any chances which the more powerful opera company may have had to assume a protectorate over the other had vanished. At once assertions, denials of their veracity, and counter-assertions popped into print, and

hours the directors met and stated, officially and with studied brevity, that negotiations between Oscar Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera Company and their own were not and had not been pending.

Clearly, some one was dodging the issue. Then came a broadside from Arthur Hammerstein, who told his end of the story of the negotiations either to unify the two companies in one giant corporation, with Oscar Hammerstein as the head, or to come to some understanding whereby each organization could proceed independently, with increased financial success, through an agreement which would stop the ruinous



*Specially posed for the Cosmopolitan*  
JANE OSBORN-HANNAH, OF THE  
METROPOLITAN, AN AMERICAN  
SOPRANO, HER LITTLE DAU-  
GHTER, AND THE OPENING MEAS-  
URES OF HER GREAT ARIA IN  
“TANNHÄUSER”

report was current that Mr. Kahn had been asked to explain to his colleagues alleged negotiations which, it was declared, had never "officially" taken place. The trouble began with the publication in a New York morning newspaper that Oscar Hammerstein had been approached by a messenger of the Metropolitan to dispose of his operatic interests for a million dollars, cash. The day following, another newspaper printed an interview with the younger Hammerstein to the effect that negotiations looking toward a merger of the two organizations were pending. A denial from the Metropolitan side was quickly issued, presumably by Mr. Mackay, who is unfriendly to Hammerstein, in which it was said that Arthur Hammerstein was acting within his rights in making any suggestions he saw fit, but that the Metropolitan would not depart from the policy it had laid down. Within forty-eight

bidding for the services of the too highly paid artists and make some division of repertoires to do away with the strenuous competition, thereby enabling the Manhattan to confine its efforts chiefly to the French and lighter operatic works, in which it excels, and giving the Metropolitan a practical monopoly of the production of heavier operas.

In answer to Arthur Hammerstein's long statement that not only had he held many meetings with Kahn, specifying places and dates, but that Lee Shubert had offered, for the Metropolitan, to buy out Oscar Hammerstein at "his own price," Director Kahn, chairman of the Metropolitan's executive committee, said—nothing. He was equally voluble regarding further assertions concerning W. K. Vanderbilt's objections to the proposed coalition and the suggestion he was alleged to have made that a holding company

## The Only Opera Octopus

be formed to take over the capital stock of both organizations, with E. H. Gary, a box-holder at both houses and therefore believed to be friendly to each, installed as a sort of conservator. Judge Gary, when asked to confirm this, said he did not remember having been approached to figure in any such transaction. Lee Shubert remarked that Arthur Hammerstein had "exaggerated" the facts and essentials of the overtures which, he claimed, were solely on his own behalf. It was a lovely situation. Otto Kahn and the other

directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company became suddenly stricken with what seemed to be lockjaw and could not talk, either on the Hammerstein statement or matters pertaining to it.

Nevertheless, no one was fooled by the denials of the Metropolitan Company and the refusal of Kahn and his associates to be interviewed. Despite the effort to evade matters by resorting to the technicality that there had been no official negotiations between the two companies, it was plain as the noon-day sun that



*Photograph of Slezak specially posed for the Cosmopolitan*

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LEO SLEZAK, THE CZECH TENOR, WHOSE FIRST APPEARANCES AT THE METROPOLITAN THIS SEASON PROVED HIM AN ARTIST OF THE HIGHEST TYPE, AND FRANCES ALDA, SOPRANO, WHO IS ENGAGED TO GIULIO GATTI-CASAZZA

Arthur Hammerstein and Kahn had met and talked serious opera business, unofficially, if in no other way. And after the operatic upheaval had left the musical waters seemingly stilled rumors from Metropolitan board meetings trickled to those outside, to the effect that when W. K. Vanderbilt returned from Europe, with the stock he had purchased of James Hazen Hyde added to his own, "something might happen." "It will depend somewhat on 'Willie K.'s' attitude toward Kahn's actions in the Hammerstein matter," said one whose

position enables him to speak with authority, "because the Clarence Mackay faction may resist Mr. Vanderbilt's future wishes on policy and the personnel of the management if Kahn continues as chairman of the executive committee with powers he has hitherto held."

Reports that a determined struggle was to take place in the annual directors' meeting of the Metropolitan Opera Company, set near the time of this writing, and that upon its result the respective fates of Gatti-Casazza and



*Photographs specially posed for the Cosmopolitan*

ENRICO CARUSO, IN RARE GOOD HUMOR AFTER A TWO-THOUSAND-DOLLAR PERFORMANCE,  
AND GENERAL-MANAGER GATTI-CASAZZA, WHO IS NOW PLANNING  
BETTER OPERA FOR NEW-YORKERS

## The Only Opera Octopus

Dippel might hinge, soon became widely current. Although the Italian general manager is known to have shifted to Dippel's shoulders the blame for recent poor performances of opera at the Metropolitan, because, it is alleged, Dippel took too many of the leading principals away from New York for the out-of-town performances, opinion prevails that Dippel will remain in his position and that, if any managerial change is made, Gatti-Casazza will be the



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LUISA TETRAZZINI, WHO SAVED OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN'S SEASON TWO YEARS AGO

one to drop out. While W. K. Vanderbilt has generally been the ruling power in the Metropolitan Opera Company councils, it is no secret that when a vital issue is at stake, in which J. Pierpont Morgan is interested, the financial king has his way. He had it when the present lease was made between the real estate and the operating companies, two years ago, at which time it was stipulated that Dippel should become administrative manager of the opera company with authority equal to that of Gatti-Casazza.



*Specially posed for the Cosmopolitan*  
RICCARDO MARTIN, OF THE  
METROPOLITAN, PRACTI-  
CALLY THE ONLY AMERI-  
CAN TENOR OF FIRST  
RANK IN OPERA



*Copyright by  
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LOUISE HOMER



*Specially posed for the Cosmopolitan*  
JOHANNA GADSKI, THE METROPOLITAN PRIMA DONNA,  
IN ONE OF HER LEISURE MOMENTS

That the time has come, in the opinion of the Metropolitan's financial sponsors, to give the quality of opera insisted upon and at the same time make it pay for itself is indicated in the formulation of the trust's plans. When the American field is placed under the control of one company not only will it be possible to make such cities as Pittsburg, Cleveland, Buffalo, Detroit, St. Paul, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Cincinnati, Baltimore, Washington, and others of their size and rank guarantee specific sums for engagements of one week or more of opera, but with rival organizations squelched the fabulous salaries now essential to secure the services of foreign artists of reputation—salaries which

are often twice and three times what they are paid abroad—will be cut down to reasonable figures.

There appears, at present, only two sure ways to make the highest class of

grand opera in this country pay—to cut down the expense or to raise the price of seats. Perhaps, when its position is securely established, the opera combine will do both. Just now no shadow moves more silently than the agents of the trust in its campaign for complete supremacy. There is no talk; everything is action. Whether it be the checkmating of a smaller competitor's move upon Chicago, by going to financial lengths no one man can match, or the signing of a million dollars' worth of singers' contracts, the mode of procedure is the same.

For the moment the trust is giving occasional solid musical values with a sprinkling of others not so substantial. Now and then a commonplace singer, in some instances backed by a powerful friend, manages to be unjustifiably slipped into a cast, while a prima donna may have had literally to fight her way to the opportunity to sing her rôle of the

night. Frequently conductors who are far from the first rank mar performances by their limited abilities. The danger, hovering like the sword suspended by a thread, may drop upon and damage some heads unless caution be taken by the hand. The opera trust, if it can keep clear of interference in managerial affairs by wearers of silken skirts, if it can be operated solely upon lines of efficiency, with a set policy to present no opera until it



*Specially posed for the Cosmopolitan*  
CARL JORN, A GERMAN  
TENOR, WHOSE CHIEF  
RÔLES ARE IN "LOHEN-  
GRIN" AND "TANN-  
HAUSER"



*Copyright by Aimé Dufont*  
THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF  
GERALDINE FARRAR AS SHE  
APPEARS OFF THE STAGE



*Specially posed for the Cosmopolitan*  
OLIVIA FREMSTAD, OF THE METROPOLITAN, WHO RE-  
CENTLY CHANGED HER NAME FROM OLIVE

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LEO  
SLEZAK

has been adequately rehearsed and with no person participating in a performance who is not of the Metropolitan standard, may coddle art to its heart's content and please the people in the coddling. But the recent policy of presenting a season's "first time" work with no orchestral preparation, relying upon experienced principals to "get through, somehow," is not fair to any one concerned, least of all to those who pay to hear what is little better than a dress rehearsal. That this is to be altered is already indicated in a shifting of plans for next season, when New-Yorkers are

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Opera House property are J. Pierpont Morgan, A. D. Juillard, W. K. Vanderbilt, George F. Baker, Charles Lanier, George S. Bowdoin, August Belmont, W. Bayard Cutting, and Luther Kuntze. More than a billion dollars sway to the nod of this group, which, with John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie, is the right hand that fashions the destinies of the nation. What matter to them if the weekly expense of one hundred thousand dollars, which the Metropolitan Opera Company incurs at its own house, at The New Theater, and out of town, exceeds, by twenty per cent., the sum taken in? The workman spending a penny for his morning paper is reckless compared with their seeming



to be given improved performances.

Otto H. Kahn, son-in-law of Jacob H. Schiff, head of the banking-house of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, has for several years been piloting the Metropolitan Company. James Hazen Hyde, former head of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, is the Paris member of the foreign committee which helps select singers and operas for the Metropolitan and its allies. George J. Gould, owner of railways, is a director of this company, and so, too, is Harry Payne Whitney, whose father started the present New York traction trust on its way to the public feed-trough. Clarence H. Mackay, Cresus among mine-owners and one of the active workers in the Chicago Grand Opera Company, is another New Yorker who votes at Metropolitan board meetings. All these gentlemen, and their associates, who are almost, if not quite, of equal importance in the realm of finance, dally with the reins buckled to the bits in the mouths of a score of trust creatures. In the directorate of the corporation owning the Metropolitan

extravagance in making up the half-million deficit which will occur this season; but when the gold-lined pockets of the Metropolitan's socially ambitious multimillionaire backers fail to jingle with a certain sonority there will be a sharp about-face movement likely to wring discord from an army heretofore well paid to be habitually in tune.

When Messrs. Gatti-Casazza and Dippel stepped into authority, a year and a half ago, they found an enormous musical family on their hands. Incidentally they inherited some contracts calculated to wrinkle their brows. The first gasping question was, "How shall we give all these principals the number of appearances they are to be paid for?" You see, many singers were drawing such meager sums as five hundred, eight hundred, and a thousand dollars a week merely for strolling amiably about the Metropolitan lobbies and driving in Central Park. It was easy money for the "dead wood," but it caused a yellow flurry in the treasurer's office on pay-days. So busy "Andy" Dippel hurried aboard a train with his overflowing grab-bag of operatic celebrities in one hand and his fountain-pen in the other. Smothered with the supply, the quickest way to get fresh air seemed to market a part of it, and this Dippel proceeded to do as fast as he could.

It was at this juncture that a bright mind scintillated with an idea. Why not form a series of companies in other cities and supply them with a part of the surplus crop of songsters? Just so, why not? The octopus was beginning to stir uneasily in its shell. Presently it broke through.

When the summer drew near, both Gatti-Casazza and Dippel rushed for Europe-bound steamers and spent months hearing as many singers as they could, picking what they deemed the best new operas for exclusive production in America, arranging for important revivals of early operatic works, and contracting for the building of some two hundred



CLYTEMNESTRA AND ELEKTRA (MME. MAZARIN) IN THE FIRST PERFORMANCE IN AMERICA OF RICHARD STRAUSS' "ELEKTRA," THE OPERATIC SENSATION OF THE SEASON

thousand dollars' worth of fresh scenery and costumes. It only needed news of the affiliation with the Boston company and the formation of the Chicago Grand Opera Company and the announcement of the plans for the spring season in Paris to reveal to the public the opera octopus and the not-to-be-mistaken route which it purposed taking. Next season it will have its strategic positions thoroughly fortified, though it may not then be monarch of all it surveys. From Boston the operatic demands of the adjacent territory will be cared for by the resident organization; Philadelphia is to have a chorus of its own and the scenery of earlier Metropolitan days, which, besides being used there, will be available when engagements are to be filled in near-by and Southern cities. New York will provide only the principals, thereby saving considerable money. Chicago will supply the needs of those living in the section with-

in a radius of two to three hundred miles, during the regular twenty weeks' season, and when a portion of the Metropolitan Opera Company goes to the Lake City for the annual four or six weeks' engagement the local branch of the trust will make a tour of the West.

The undertaking is of a magnitude never before believed possible, and one fraught with dangers which are not all apparent on the surface. It can be made a great artistic enterprise, spreading benefits to hundreds of thousands; or, veering from the proper course and inefficiently managed, it may sink to levels followed by old-time traveling companies of average caliber. Music-lovers throughout the country are eagerly awaiting indications of the course the trust will pursue when it comes out into the open; they are fearing that it will be a grab-all monster, throttling musical progress, killing off competitors by customary trust tactics, finally compelling the public to take what is offered at exorbitant prices or go hungrily without.



Drawn by C. E. Chambers

"I HEARD THE DOCTOR TELL MISS SALLY THIS'D BE A NAWFUL NICE PLACE FOR ME.  
IT IS A NICE PLACE—THE PICSHURE'S PRETTY, AN' SO ARE YOU"

("*The Birthday*")

# The Birthday

A MOTHER'S HEART ANCHORAGE FOR A DERELICT CHILD

By Mary White Slater

*Author of "The Reverend Robert North," "The Story of Judith," etc.*

Illustrated by C. E. Chambers



HE child had come some weeks before—still-born.

It may have been something in the tricksy insolence of that breezy spring morning of her first day's unleashment from the nurse that blew cuttingly upon the raw of Marian's sadness, for when John left the bedroom for a few minutes she suddenly lost what exhilaration she had gained from her mood to take up her lopped life bravely for his sake. A perversity that was half anarchy made her deliberately descend the stairway alone, repudiating her husband's assistance. But there was no enterprise in her tread. Being still in the flower of an exquisite youngness, outwardly untouched as yet by a speck of earth's mildew, her unwonted fragility and the lilac shadowings of her eyes added only the grace, as it were, of an early spring languor; but back of her eyes stood a quiet pain, a deep, unexpectant calm, sad with more than the plaintive appeal of young motherhood blighted. She looked a bewildered child suddenly snatched from play and compelled to face an eternal absence of joy.

And so she found herself. She had come, while she was still very young and confident of happiness, upon an impossible barrier of fate graven with the word "Immutable"; upon a condition to be forever accepted, beyond the reach of passion or tears or prayers. An undreamed-of dénouement, a physical tragedy, had robbed her not only of the child, but of the hope of a child. A few reluctant words from the surgeon, her familiar friend, when she had come into conscious strength enough to suspect and put the compelling question, had set the seal of this desolation upon her,

while her mother-ear was straining for the small cry and her breasts pulsed madly for the soft lips.

When she entered the breakfast-room she saw a lovesome mass of pink France roses at her place, their large dewy hearts exhaling a timidly sweet festivity. She realized, with a resurgent tenderness for John in the sick plunge of her heart, that it was her birthday, upon which, only a few weeks before, they had thought to have the child. It was to have been the happiest birthday of her life, the one that was to mark love's fruition for her and John. Poor John! He was promptly trying to make the best of things—covering the grave of their dearest hopes with smiles and flowers. She caught his low whistle from somewhere in the house. Her face clouded. A choking pain went with the thought that John could divert himself with tunes when he knew that her soul lay dead within her. Then her heart gave a sudden nervous leap to a light, quick throbbing in her throat, and a scarlet flood stained the whiteness of her neck and face, mounting to the very roots of her hair, as she noted for the first time that her husband had laid a bunch of violets at his mother's place.

That lady, small, slim, and nervously alert as a sparrow, flew fussy into the room clutching the hot handle of a silver coffee-pot by a red flannel protector in the shape of a top-knotted, reversible hen—a type of her yearly exploitation at the church fair. She spread the grotesque thing precisely upright on the table at Marian's right, where it made a queer accessory to the dainty china and linen of the younger woman's bridal dowry.

"John insisted on laying those wet roses on the clean table-cloth, Marian, so of course it's all damp and will have to be hung out in the sun. They're in honor of your birthday."

## The Birthday

Here a well-intentioned smile broke the querulous crispness of her tone, disclosing perfect rows of dazzling dentistry that gave her fine old face, seamed into a thousand nooks and crannies, a strangely carnivorous affability. "I took care to put my violets on a plate. Hadn't I better put your roses in water now? There's not a grain of sense in letting them lie there and wither and ruin the table-cloth."

"You may do as you please with them." Marian's tone was lifeless, but she felt a huge, wilful resentment stretching itself within her, as, too wretched for amusement, she watched the rigid old fingers jam the long rose-stems into a vase perilously short and almost toppling with the weight of their heavy drooping.

"They're pretty enough," the older woman chirped, pecking at the flowers with the sharp end of a bird-like, investigating nose, "but so scandalously expensive! I wish John wouldn't—"

Her son's genial voice drowned her protest as he entered and bent over his wife. "This cheek for your birthday; this for me; and this for both of us." He kissed her last upon the mouth.

"The flowers are lovely, John." She gave him a sad little flicker of a smile.

"Then why haven't you kept them by you, dearest? I thought you liked them lying massed. They're about throttled in that vase."

"She didn't want them to lie there and wither, you foolish boy!"

Mrs. Gaylord was now crowding the tightly bunched violets into a tumbler. Her son watched the process with chafing discomfort.

"Oughtn't you to loosen the poor little things, mother," he suggested gently, "or put them into a—bowl or something? Let Marian arrange them for you. That's as heavy a stunt as we'll allow you to-day, sweetheart."

He looked into the ivory pallor of his wife's face for response. Her large, impassive gaze at him seemed to place him suddenly in the stocks of bewildered accountability for something wrong.

"No, thank you, sir," replied his mother with hoarse energy. "I'll arrange my own flowers, if you please. I can't bear them lopping all over everything—and the table-cloth's all wet now from those roses." The old woman placed the tumbler gorged with stifled violets in the exact center of the mantel shelf.

"They look neater so." Standing back with head obliquely poised, she surveyed the result with a cock-sure satisfaction.

In mild, kindly amusement at his mother's foibles, John sought the tallying accord of Marian's eye. She turned a profile calm and apathetic as a cameo and began to pour the coffee. He saw that she brushed aside the woolen protector and used her napkin as a substitute. A shadow dulled his world as he contemplated her; somehow the day—his darling girl's birthday—was going wrong. Heaving a huge unconscious sigh, he turned to his mother with a dejected note.

"Come, mother, eat your breakfast, or Marian and I shall have left you far behind."

"You may as well go on without me," was the dry response, "for I shall have to attend to the cakes. That girl doesn't know the first principles of batter-cakes—with her silly soapstone griddle! And my! I have a nice fresh egg to jell for Marian! The white hen laid it this morning. I declare I almost forgot it."

Left alone with her husband, Marian was chillingly monosyllabic, scarcely touching the food, sitting dumb and miserable. A grim, cold, penetrating fog of wretchedness seemed to be closing down upon her. All the spring cheer of life—the sunlight flooding the fecund earth with promises of motherhood, the betrothal cries of birds, the fragrant play of the frolicsome wind, the birthday roses and violets, her husband's tunefulness and her mother-in-law's energy—worked as so many insults to her despair. Nothing seemed worth while. She who had expected of fate only what was naturally attainable, the common joy of the common lot of women, who had been so strongly willing to bear the bitter that went with the essential sweet of life, had not dreamed that death and this greater wretchedness could come to her. And the world was going pleasantly on, while she sat, Alnaschar-like, with the sweetest meanings of life lying wrecked before her. And no distracted cries, no beatings of the breast, could bring her a deliverer from the multitude; no prayers to a God however propitious or persuadable could restore her shattered crystals. The irretrievable fact stared her quietly in the face: no child of her own flesh would ever snuggle in her bosom, completing nature's trinity of love for her and her husband.

Her mute withdrawal, as though she had purposely entered into herself and closed the door, seemed to leave him standing without, somehow responsible. He struggled into a forced cheerfulness, pursing his lips for an inaudible whistle, but the marble of Marian's face, walled by white eyelids, disconcerted

him, and he fell to beating out the tune in a dismal tattoo with his fork upon the syrup-jug. Mrs. Gaylord's important flutterings about them with hot cakes tempered the brittle silence between husband and wife.

"For goodness' sake, Johnny, quit your tapping!" The old woman seized the jug. "You've kept it up now for five minutes straight, and it's enough to set a body crazy!"

A few minutes later, as Marian stood in the morning glow of the fan-window above the entrance to the sedate colonial hall, she caught again her husband's irrepressibly cheerful notes as he came through the pantry and across the bare waxed floor of the dining-room from the kitchen, whither he had gone to kiss his mother good-by for the day. As he approached Marian with the cheery assurance of innate optimism he suddenly seemed to her a limited, blind, unintuitive, ordinary creature—all the son of his mother, not the husband of his wife. She had a swift revulsion against his smiles, his tunes, and the utter matter-of-factness with which he would now flick her upon the cheek as he had his mother. The last grain of endurance went out of things for her.

"Good-by, dear."

"No!" She stepped back flashingly. "Don't touch me."

"Why, what's the matter, Marian?" He stared into her face with so genuine a bewilderment that the flame in her eyes died out and her voice fell emotionless.

"Nothing." She sent out a little winged look from under lids that closed instantly on the solicitation of his eager, boyish countenance. "Your kiss has grown into a mere matter of putting on your hat and coat. Let's drop the custom."

His face fired. "As you please." The flame of hot indignation sent him instantly out of the house.

Through the side lights Marian watched the powerful swing of his broad-shouldered body down the sun-dappled walk to the road with

a sort of suffering satisfaction, ruefully glad that his day, too, was spoiled, yet confronted by a gentle, delicate testimony from her husband—John had closed the door softly, while his anger was at white heat and when the occasion truly justified a slam: his deepest thought had been for her interest. Another nervous seizure of the heart brought the blood to her ears, and she went totteringly into a small reception-room off the hall and sank upon a stiff little gilded chair and stared with gaze large and seemingly opaque into a water-color picture that lighted the opposite wall. It was the tender oval of a child's face, ever looking at and following the beholder with the haunting immortality of some portraits. And the eyes were John's.

The picture was the one soulful thing in the room, a white-and-gold ideal of hers, still in process of gradual realization. Now the clock of brass, brilliants, and confirmed unreliability, the empty Vernis-Martin cabinet, the hungry palm on the alabaster pedestal, the spindling gilt settee garnished with an untouched white satin cushion, struck her with the full chill of their utter triviality and emptiness. How, in happier times, could she ever have wanted such a

HER FACE CLOUDED AS SHE CAUGHT  
JOHN'S LOW WHISTLE FROM SOME-  
WHERE IN THE HOUSE

room? It was a poor place to carry a heartache. Still, by contrast with the warm pink comfort of that desolated nest up-stairs it suited the bleak bitterness of her mood; she

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wished that she might sit in a freezing cellar; she wanted to bask in dismalness, like an Italian beggar in the sun.

Yet even then there was standing back in her mind a calm consciousness of her own hysteria, a conviction of her foolish, petulant moral anarchy, by which she was wreaking her resentment against fate upon the loving spirit of her husband, because the toy of his faithful heart was hers to batter. Shame emerged, lashing her with the childishness of her outbreak. She who had thought herself schooled by acquaintance with the facts of underlying, impersonal law into a wholesome, logical attitude toward events had nevertheless allowed herself to fall into the hysterical pit that the other kind of woman allegedly digs for herself. And this in spite of the fact that weeks before, at the first apprehension of the loss of her baby, followed by the crushing clinch of the doctor's further acknowledgment, she had been instantly aware that this was a juggernaut thing to be accepted and made the best of. All the logic of her long scientific training, all her integrity to truth, had helped her to this reasonable conclusion, damming her tears and paralyzing the anarchy that might have filled her heart. She had told herself that rebellion and tears were futile; that while she rebelled and wept she would only be deferring a little the time when she would have to accept and stop crying. And while she lay there in bed, the keynote of the house for husband, nurse, mother-in-law, and friends, it had seemed theoretically possible for her to make a brave best of it; but now, on this first morning, when on unattended feet she had set about the workaday living-out of her part, her husband's cheerfulness and her mother-in-law's energy had caused her own underlying wretchedness to rise like a monster exacting of her its toll of hysterical revolt and fury.

Weary eyelids drooped in confession of her fault, and her restricted vision fell through a slow tear-mist on maternal hands lying lax and useless in her lap. Pity for herself and John, regret for that short, sharp interview, made the betrothal diamond and wedding band melt into a lucent, golden blur.

She pictured her husband distracted from business claims on her account. She knew that John had already come into tender, pitying construction of her late impulse and that his short-lived indignation had quickly subsided into a sympathy all the truer because she had been wholly in the wrong. John alone

could see her naked soul, for whatever else was awry with their life, they were knit together by that highest bond yet between man and woman—the love of the soul. But what availed that, if by her conduct she wrecked what peace was left to them? She had tortured him to-day into a gnawing worry by the tyranny of her weakness and because he was hers to torture. But John could not go on excusing her forever. It was dangerous for happy natures like his to cherish trouble; it might act on him like a poison, gradually destroying the mainspring of his courage, his optimism. She might some day long for the brave note by which he whistled at worry. Her sad eyes rested on the picture. A restricted sob cut in her throat like a knife, as she recalled the many things they planned to do only a year ago, when John had secured for a song the abandoned colonial homestead under the trees in Malden Road. On their gipsy honeymoon browsings through the quiet country town of John's earliest boyhood, how they had loved it at first sight, charmed by its look of low mother-brooding! How it had suggested to them generations of careless children, of gay youths and maidens dancing through its wide halls and coming pure and strong into the awakenments of life, of old people sitting in twilight corners with locked hands! This home was to bring them rare emancipation from the stony prison of city canyons, the starved environment of her life hitherto; a place for them to live, love, work, dream, realize, and die in.

Then came that first rich dream of hers and John's—the long, tender, one vision of the first-born.

Their baby's birthright was to be the wide sky, the sun, the wind, and the companionship of other growing things. His early heart-cry for excursions into a green and hoary world was not to be smothered by city conventions and limitations. He should revel in open wind-swept spaces for running and leaping, in motherly trees for climbing, hiding, calling, swinging, dreaming. By day, he should witness the sure procession of months from the cool, cowslip skies of spring to the cobalt canopy of June, through the serene splendor of autumn and the white waste of winter's fallowing; by night, he should love to lie on a hilltop and watch the pageantry of worlds. And out of these matchless intimacies he should learn the sanctity of Law, the modesty of his own place in the universe; and out of this he should gather strength for high

behavior. And into such nobility was he to grow, sheltered betimes under the eaves of this old house—according to her dream and John's. Now the child's heart was stilled. The tiny feet would do no roaming. The waxen eyes, forever lidded, would mirror no new earth or heaven. His mission had been but a dream, a grave, and a heart-ache—one which she must always carry.

Sitting weak, white, and miserable, she chose to think that she must bear it alone, that it was impossible for John to realize her stupefying desolation. He always had his business; her life-work was gone. She saw herself a vessel stripped, deserted, derelict; life had played with her, tossed her aside and passed her by. Then she began to consider grayly what another kind of woman would do in such despair. She pictured the great Man-God with ear ever strained for human submission, prayer, persuasion, praise. She imagined herself making a complete, supine, dramatic submission to his higher authority, and gaining a sort of flattering comfort from his special intervention and interest in providing for her, personally, the extreme test of this desolation. No! In spite of her shameful, hysterical outbreak—evidencing in her the push of the traditional woman's rank, wilful emotionalism—her mind, schooled beyond the childhood place of unreasoning rest on what God could or would do in answer to prayer, looked the facts of human experience in the face: her only plea, were she to pray, would be a prayer unanswerable in Law—that God would give her a child, flesh of her flesh, restoring to her maimed body the physical possibility for motherhood. She could not make a faithless prayer, one whose answer she knew to be impossible, and a truth implanted in and evolving from her own understanding told her that, whatever was true or false in the pathetic human straining toward a personal God's special intervention, she would be allowed, under the vision of the Unseen, to conduct her life as well or as poorly as she chose, facing always the inevitable fact that she could never again bear a child.

The only motherhood possible to her now



SHE STEPPED BACK FLASHINGLY. "YOUR KISS HAS GROWN INTO A MERE MATTER OF PUTTING ON YOUR HAT AND COAT. LET'S DROP THE CUSTOM"

would be a vicarious one, and she resented the very thought of adopting a child. She recalled her sharp rebuke of the doctor at his recently veiled suggestion of this kind; how she had told him she would rather hug her own sorrow than a changeling child; that she

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was not great enough and did not even wish to be great enough to mother any wild-born human thing; that the very essence of her mother-joy would be lacking. She must find some other way of taking hold of things, some sane adjustment to the wretched fact of her life.

But here lay the very rub of her difficulty. There was nothing vital now for her to do in the house, since she and John, at the prospect of the child, had committed themselves to his mother's presence there. Hereafter the dull drama of her days would fall into assisting at the mere mechanics of a life regulated to the clock-tick of three meals a day, with intervening strokes for cleanliness under the tireless hand of Mrs. Gaylord, who rivaled the sun, moon, and stars in the fixity of her domestic conduct. Instead of the single mastering interest of maternity, of witnessing the ravishing unfoldment of her own young human flower, her poor despoiled, limping soul was to be put to a mean, daily test of accepting patiently as the foreground figure of her every day the ancient, fixed personality of her husband's mother, with her beelike, unimaginative, mechanical-minded excellence, her hundred trivial virtues, her lack of generous faults, and her goodness grim as a Pilgrim Father's. This old woman's penetrating presence was to be a constant pebble in her shoe, a hair in her eye, a pin to her skin.

For in spite of very clear conceptions of how she ought to act toward the older woman, Marian knew that some irreducible discord of temperaments made her capable of disastrous impulses under the spur of Mrs. Gaylord's aggression. Such, she realized, was her conduct in sending her husband away this morning profoundly uncomfortable. Though deeply ashamed and sorry, she was still distinctly irritated that John should be so obsessed by his mother's tight claim upon him as to have fallen into an amiable impartiality of attitude by which his conduct toward his wife and his mother was growing interchangeable. Even of her, Marian's, birthday he did not dare to make a strictly personal affair; his mother's violets must offset his wife's roses. She acquitted herself of either jealousy or selfishness in this, for she understood John: he was blundering away with the best intentions, blind to what was plainly visible, that his rôles as husband of his wife and son of his mother must always be as incompatible as the natures of the two women.

Still, John had agreed with her before their

marriage that she and his mother were evolutions apart by inheritance and training, differing most in their one supposable point of agreement, their love for him; and because his mother had insisted upon accepting his marriage as a matter for pointedly prayerful resignation, he had planned that she should always live under a different roof. It was the glad prospect of the child's coming that had drawn the three together in serene adjustment to the babe's demand for love and service; that had made Marian come to think with John that his mother's dependable if fussy providence would fit well into the background of her own busy, brooding motherhood. The absorption that was to sweeten their lives was not to be. The child was dead, and no other child would succeed it. They had all three been fooled by fate into this miserable triangle of daily confrontation. Ah! if the child had only lived to save them from themselves!

"Marian!" Mrs. Gaylord's old face peered amazedly into the reception-room. "Goodness gracious me! What on earth are you doing down here? Why, you're as white as a sheet! You come right up-stairs and lie down. I've brought you some beef-tea—for you didn't eat a bite of breakfast. Here; you must drink it, every drop."

She pressed the cup to Marian's lips, tipping it coercively to the dregs, then, with a painful grip of the invalid's arm, half pushed her up the stairs.

"Now you lie right down and go to sleep." She whisked the pillows about. "You look about dead. I can't see what possessed you to sit down there on that gold chair looking like a graven image all this time! You'll have plenty of chances to look at that room when you're stronger. You've got to rest all day so as not to look such a ghost when John comes home this evening. I'll bring you a nice lunch by and by."

The older woman spread a light cover over Marian with nervous little picks for precision, the while secretly concerned for her daughter-in-law's silent pallor and exhaustion and annoyed by a pricking consciousness of her own responsibility in advising her son's recent discharge of the nurse.

Marian, spent by fasting and the emotional strain of the morning, was already being soothed by the hot drink into an almost infantile slumber, while Mrs. Gaylord scanned with a sort of vexed anxiety the colorless calm of her face, which was now dead-white, like snow on a gloomy day.

"H'm," grumbled the older woman with grim eyes shot with anxiety, "it's queer she'd fall asleep like that without opening her mouth to say a word. I wonder if I'd better telephone John."

Alarmed by her own suggestion into head-to-foot perturbation, she seized Marian by the shoulder, shaking her vigorously.

"Marian Gaylord, you don't mean to say you're asleep already! Do you feel all right?"

Intuitively sensing the cause of her mother-in-law's agitation, Marian roused herself for a reassuring instant. "Don't worry, mother, I'm going to have a nice nap." And for a while she was dead to her troublesome little triangle of a world.

A pleasant, clinking din of china and silver awakened her. With a purposeful jar Mrs. Gaylord had set the luncheon tray close to the bed.

"Why, mother, is it noon?"

"Well, I should say so, and you've slept like the dead for two mortal hours. I thought I'd better waken you, as it's lunch-time. I've brought you some broth and a custard."

Marian ate hungrily in a world not altogether hopeless. Sleep and food were lifting her to a normal plane. She saw that the sun was white and high and the air still cool with the sheer shimmer of spring. A gentle, pervasive joy of sound, color, and odor was creeping in from the young world outside through the open windows, swelling the short muslin curtains to dancers' petticoats. She drank in the sweet intoxication of spring as though from the wine-cup of the day and was warmed to a little of her old joy in living; after all, she was still young in a young world, and she still had John. In a surge of unreasoning tears she suddenly wanted her birthday roses.

"Mother, would you mind bringing me my roses now?"

Mrs. Gaylord, busy at the dresser with a dust-cloth, turned with mouth opening to a queer little gasp. She stared a silent second at her daughter-in-law before her words fell like a sprinkle of red pepper. "I thought you didn't care a rap about them!"

"But I want them now." Marian's tone was meek.

"Well," Mrs. Gaylord seized a rocker and began an energetic dusting of the rungs, "I guess you've got to take it out in wanting them, for you can't have them now—you're too late."

"Too late?"

"Yes, too late." Mrs. Gaylord spoke with a relish, her voice crackling crisp as she

bumped about the room like a June-bug, making vague dabs with the duster. "You can't have them now, because they're gone—stolen."

"Stolen?"

"Yes, stolen!" Mrs. Gaylord seized another chair. "How you do take me up, Marian, repeating every word I say!"

"But, mother, who stole them?"

"Some thief, of course. We were cleaning the dining-room—I mean that putterer of a girl was pretending to help me—you know very well to-day's Wednesday. I put the vase in the open window to get the things out of my way. The draft from the front door must have blown them over, for I left it open to air the house. I found the vase upset on the sill and not a sign of the roses anywhere. Some thief must have been prowling about the place and carried them off."

While Marian wondered, a virile leap on the stairs brought the bloom of a pale wild rose to her cheek.

"Why, that must be John!" exclaimed Mrs. Gaylord indignantly. "Why on earth has he come home to lunch when he said he wouldn't?"

John was already sitting beside Marian on the bed in cheerful disregard of stern domestic infinities, his gaze bathing her with tender meanings. "How much better you look, sweetheart!" Their eyes met, prodigal of understanding. "I couldn't get you out of my mind, so came home for a snack and to see how my girl was getting on."

Marian's world was assuredly not so hopeless—John had dared to come home unexpectedly to luncheon, had forgotten to kiss his mother, and was sitting on the bed.

"By the way, dear, who's the little mucker in the reception-room?" John spoke with a recurrent curiosity.

"I don't know what you mean, John." Marian looked at him wonderingly.

"Nor anybody else!" Mrs. Gaylord perched alert, questioning.

"There's a soiled little mucker asleep down there on the white satin cushion—a perfect little Cupid of a mucker."

"John Gaylord, that's the thief!"

With the *tch! tch! tch!* of an agitated sparrow, Mrs. Gaylord flew down the stairs. John and Marian made a slower descent, reaching the landing in time to meet the pretty trouble of the child's appeal.

He was standing at bay, full five years of manly valor and baby fear, his bare knees

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"WHY, THAT MUST BE JOHN!" EXCLAIMED MRS. GAYLORD INDIGNANTLY. "WHY ON EARTH HAS HE COME HOME TO LUNCH WHEN HE SAID HE WOULDN'T?"

stiffened into resisting dimples, his lips put out for petulance or kisses.Flushed from his nap, one soft cheek was pinker than the other, and his eyes had the radiance of a creature freshly made, newly breathing, wondering, shining brave as a star in wistful isolation, yet ready for some restraining rest in a new orbit. Cherishing the wilted roses to his breast, he gazed with wide, troubled wonder at the bristling bird of a woman who had disturbed him with strange circlings and swoopings.

"Here he is, Marian, roses and all—and your white satin cushion's ruined!"

Turning from the accusing chirp, the small intruder's amethyst gaze fell on Marian. He was startled, studied her face a moment as though confirming some inner expectation or purpose, then with eyes electrified into living gems he made a flying leap straight as a shooting star and homed in her skirts.

John placed a chair for his wife. She, amazed at the instancy of the child's act, laid

a gentle hand on his head. Her touch seemed to give him some psychic reassurance, to restore the charming esprit of the Cupid of the highways, for he lifted up face brave and sweet as a woodland flower and took deliberate aim.

"Are you young Mrs. Gaylord?"

"Yes, dear."

"The one that wants a child?" His voice chimed silver sweet and purposeful, holding Marian in a strange, half-willing subserviency: the two did not flick an eyelash in the locked intensity of their gaze.

"Ye-es." Marian felt herself truthfully compelled, veering elementally to a pole.

"Well," he drew a little sigh of relief and abandon, "then I guess I'll stay."

His lids dropped momentarily a dark sweeping fringe on cheeks incarnadining, then with the delightful irradiation of one whose problems are solved and whose troubles are over, he glowed in happy confidence at Marian. "I thought this was the right place." Relaxing his

grip on the roses for the first time, he laid them in Marian's lap, explaining joyously, "You see, they're huntin' a place for me—a nice place where they want a child." The last phrase was mouthed with the familiar precision of a lesson learned by heart. "I heard the doctor tell Miss Sally this'd be a nawful nice place for me. He talked low 'cause he thought I was asleep, an' I didn't tell anybody—an' I found the place all by myself! It's a nice place—the picshure's pretty, an' so are you." He paused to beam around a beatific, universal approval, and at the crest of their amazed silence suggested in a cheerful, helpful sort of way, "You can telephone 'em I'll stay."

Marian, lured into study of the sorcerous truant leaning in the hollow of her arm, realized for the first time that the child wore the gingham uniform of the Home. In a flash recurred the doctor's diplomatic allusion to perhaps this very child, when she had ruthlessly silenced her old friend, deeply resenting his idea of substitution. So here was the especially fine and immediately available piece of human flotsam to be thrown out to lighten the civic ship; another of the oddities of the world's appraisements—he a waif, she a

derelict. And this detached little human atom had swum deliberately for her barren lap. A long look came into her eyes.

"Perhaps you had better telephone the Home at once, John; the matron must be missing him by now." Marian spoke out of an engrossing absorption. An odd, new light interposed the haunting sadness of her face as she met her husband's eyes.

"What shall I say?"

John's question fell simple enough, but Marian, caught by the subtle significance in his tone, felt herself probed.

"Oh, just tell 'em I'll stay," the child's voice confidently intervened. "The doctor told Miss Sally I'd jus' do for young Mrs. Gaylord—an' she always does jus' what the doctor says." He was weighing now in full abandon against Marian, absorbently arranging a battalion of roses in her lap. "These are my soldiers," he said, smiling up at her.

Mrs. Gaylord popped from her petrified astonishment like a cuckoo from a clock. "Well, of all the unheard-of things on earth! If that isn't the boldest piece I ever saw in my life, I'll give my head for a football! John, you'd better get rid of him at once. I'll get him a sandwich and you can take him right back to the Home, where he belongs."

The child turned, confronted her with eyes widening gradually from surprise to wonder, from wonder to indignation; then the light between his lids came blue-white like the flash of diamond facets in the sun.

"Didn't—I—tell—you—I'd—stay?"

He bloomed upright into exquisite, encrimoned reproach. Then, sensing frost and blight in the wintry gleam of the older woman's eyes, he wilted under a first miserable doubt and drooped disheartened, wailing, into Marian's bosom. "I told you I'd stay! I like the place—I like you better'n Miss Sally—better'n the doctor—better'n anybody—"

These moments were to Marian like those of a half-conscious dream in which the drama of her life and her soul's perplexities were illuminated with an incandescent clearness for her upon a mere point of time; she saw herself an expectant girl, a happy wife, a bereaved mother, then the lopped, silent, saddened woman of the morning's mood, luxuriating in misery. That last mood must be fought against—must never return—for John's sake and her own—for sanity's sake. But the deeps of her nature would always go on crying for mother-love and mother-work. Was she capable of the motherhood of only her own

flesh? This motherless child had purposely sought, found, and appropriated her. Could she repudiate his faith, his need, and his instant love?

"Better'n anybody in the world!" sobbed the boy.

"You may telephone that he'll stay, John," she said quietly.

"Well, of all the tomfoolishness!" Mrs. Gaylord gave her daughter-in-law a keen, detective scrutiny, then turned a significant eye upon her son. "John Gaylord, you had better start that young one off at once. Marian's not strong enough to be bothered with him today. He's got her all worked up into a fever now. Why!" she gave an explosive little gasp that caught in her throat, "you'll make the young one think you're going to adopt him!"

Still glimpsing the wistful ghost of a lost happiness in his wife's eyes, John laughed his pleasant laugh, looked at his mother from under a frowning twist of brow, out of quizzical eyes and with a rueful shake and scratching of the head. "I'm afraid, mother, he's irretrievably adopted us, or at least Marian. And you see he likes the place." John shot an oblique glance at the triumphant adventurer and shrugged expressive shoulders. "I believe he really intends to stay."

"Well," his mother's tone took on the despairing endurance of the humorless, dimly sensing and accepting a joke in her son's gentle banter, "if you mean he's to stay to lunch, he'll have to be washed right away. He's not going to sit down to that clean table-cloth in all that dirt. I'll go now and see to the hot water." As she left the room she turned a warning, admonishing finger on the boy. "You'll have to be very good, sir."

It might have been but the chirping of an older mother-bird, for the child believed only in exquisite things about to happen. "You see," he was purring at Marian, checked by little happy gasps and throaty raptures, "I found the place all by myself! I saw the roses fall out of the window an' I picked 'em all up an' brought 'em all back to you!" He flung and caught smiles, a very Balboa of achievement and discovery.

Marian saw her husband purse his lips for a low whistle as he contemplated them, his gaze seeming to fall on her with tender touchings and strokings. Then he seemed to go into a very transfixion of reverie. She wondered if he, too, were thinking that, not in their own dream, but perhaps in this child's dream of them, they might find essentials for living.



"THERE IS A LADY STANDING," SAID THE  
MAN. "MAYBE SHE WOULD LIKE A SEAT"

# The Man Who Hurt Chalansky's Feelings

THE CHANCE BEGINNING OF A GHETTO ROMANCE

By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by J. D. Gleason

THE man who hurt Chalansky's feelings crossed the horizon of Chalansky's consciousness quite by accident. It was after the theater, and Chalansky and Rebecca were seated side by side in a Grand Street car, homeward bound. The man was standing directly in front of them curling his mustache and ever and anon bestowing a furtive glance of admiration upon Rebecca. He was rather a good-looking chap, neatly groomed, and his evening clothes seemed of a more stylish cut than is usually to be found upon the East Side. Rebecca, of course, did not look at him. It is the unwritten law of the East Side that when a girl is with one man she must not look at another, and Rebecca was strictly conventional. With-

out, however, appearing to be in the slightest degree conscious of his presence, she whispered to Chalansky,

"Ain't he the swell!"

It is part of the Buddhist's cult that all human beings possess an aura—a subtle, invisible emanation of their personality that surrounds their whole being. Chalansky was not a Buddhist and the man in the dress suit looked like anything in the world rather than a Buddhist, but each of them undoubtedly had an aura, because the very moment that they beheld each other their auras clashed. Chalansky disliked the man at first sight. Why he disliked him he probably could not have explained to save his life, which is usually the capricious way that

auras act. The curious part of it is that all of us have had the same experience and have taken a violent dislike to people without knowing anything about them, as though some instinct guided us. And we all feel a little bit ashamed of it because we're so often wrong. What makes the matter worse is that in every act or word or gesture the disliked aura seems to confirm our first impression. It was so with Chalansky. He disliked the man as soon as he saw him enter the car. When he became aware that the man was observing Rebecca in furtive though sincere admiration, his dislike increased, and when Rebecca remarked that the man was a swell Chalansky inwardly raged. But he only smiled, a contemptuous, superior smile, and stared over the man's head at the roof of the car. Then the man tapped him lightly on the shoulder and, pointing to a woman who stood close by, said:

"There is a lady standing. May be she would like a seat."

Chalansky gazed at him in amazement and hesitated, and the fate of all hesitation was his.

"Get up!" said Rebecca.

"A gentleman should always give a lady his seat!"

Chalansky rose and without paying the slightest attention to the woman—who, by the way, sank into the seat as though it were rightfully hers—stared angrily at the man and inwardly cursed him all the way from New York to Yokohama, which is farther than from Dan to Beersheba. But the man seemed entirely oblivious of Chalansky's presence, which merely enraged him all the more.

When they

alighted from the car Chalansky said to Rebecca, "That man is a loafer."

"He has nice manners, anyway," was Rebecca's only comment. And there the incident was dropped.

Isidore Chalansky and Rebecca Sirovitch were neither engaged nor not engaged. Their families had been close friends in Russia, had emigrated together, and had shared the same vicissitudes of life in the new land until Isidore's parents passed away, leaving Sirovitch to be the guardian and mentor of their only child. For many years Isidore lived with the Sirovitches, and Rebecca seemed almost a sister to him. Sirovitch tried hard to curb the spirit of independence which seemed

to animate the young man, but, finding him bent upon leading his own life, helped him to a lucrative position and bade him look upon the Sirovitch household as his home if ever he chose to return. For many years Isidore rarely saw Rebecca. But it happened one day, as it has happened upon so many other days, that Isidore Chalansky met Rebecca and saw that she was no longer a little girl, but a very attractive young woman and realized that she was not his sister. And then he began to visit the Sirovitches again.

Time, however, had worked other



ISIDORE BEHELD THE STREET-CAR MAN, DRAWING OFF HIS GLOVES WITH A WEARY, ARISTOCRATIC AIR, AND CALMLY GAZING AROUND THE ROOM

## The Man Who Hurt Chalansky's Feelings

changes. Sirovitch had begun to grow wealthy. He had accumulated half a dozen tenement-houses, and with each one his desire to own more had increased. And when he beheld Isidore a constant visitor at his house he was not quite so enthusiastic over the possibility of having him for a son-in-law as he might otherwise have been. He said nothing, however, but let matters take their course. Isidore was quite content to maintain purely platonic relations with Rebecca, and while he was firmly convinced that he would ultimately marry her he was satisfied, for the time being, to remain on the basis of companionship upon which he had begun.

It was Rebecca's remark that the man in the street-car looked like a swell that sowed in Chalansky's heart the first seed of discontent. No one had ever said that he was a swell, and while *la grande passion* had not yet been born in his breast he resented the praise that Rebecca had meted out to the stranger. And all that night he could hardly sleep, so busily occupied was his mind with plans for improving his own appearance and his own garments—and cursing the insolent stranger.

A few days later he saw the man again. It was in Shinkman's Café, late at night, while Isidore was playing a game of chess with young Goldberg that the latter remarked:

"There's a stylisher for you, Isidore! My, ain't he the swell!"

Looking up, Isidore beheld the street-car man, standing at a table drawing off his gloves with a weary, aristocratic air, and calmly gazing around the room as though all its occupants were curious animals. Isidore's aura squirmed.

"I hate that man," he said.

"Why?" asked Goldberg.

"He hurt my feelings the other day." Chalansky lost the game, muttered a peevish "Good night," and, seizing his hat and coat, was making his way to the door when he heard his nemesis say:

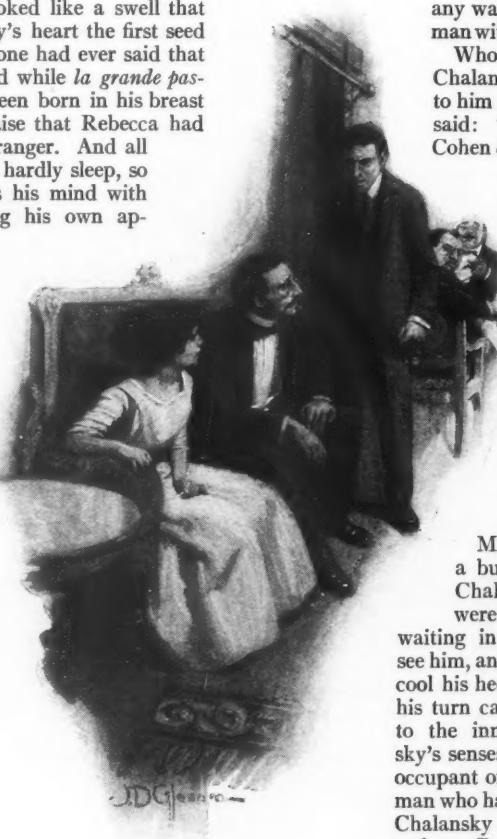
"Oh, waiter! That gentleman is walking off with my hat!"

Chalansky looked at the hat in his hand and swore. He had taken the stranger's hat by mistake. On the way home he found himself wondering if there was any way of assassinating a man without being detected.

Who may resist his fate? Chalansky's employer came to him a few days later and said: "Izzy, the firm of Cohen & Company has got

a new partner from Chicago. You go down with a line of samples what old man Cohen wants to see and make it a point to get solid with the new man. His name is Mirsky. He's got the dough, and I bet he runs the firm inside of a year."

Mirsky was evidently a busy man, for when Chalansky arrived there were half a dozen people waiting in an outer office to see him, and Chalansky had to cool his heels. When, finally, his turn came to be admitted to the inner office, Chalansky's senses reeled. The only occupant of the room was the man who had hurt his feelings. Chalansky pulled himself together. Business, after all, is business, and had the man slain Chalansky's own father Chalansky Junior must stifle all his emotions.



CHALANSKY, RED WITH ANGER, STARED AT MR. MIRSKY FOR A MOMENT, AND THEN, "INDEED AND INDEED AND INDEED IN YOUR FACE, YOU—YOU—YOU BUM!" HE CRIED

"My name is Chalansky," he began in a matter-of-fact way, when Mr. Mirsky, without even looking up from his desk, interrupted him:

"You will have to excuse me, Mr. Chalansky, but I'm too busy to see you now. Next week, perhaps."

When Chalansky found himself upon the sidewalk he began to wonder why he had not pounced upon Mr. Mirsky and beaten him into insensibility. Every nerve in his body tingled with outraged feeling. What had he done to deserve such humiliation at the hands of a stranger? And yet—there came an honest second thought—what, after all, had this man done to him? Nothing at all. Absolutely nothing.

"I don't care," muttered Chalansky. "He hurt my feelings. It isn't what he did, but it's the way he did it. This is the third and last time. If he does it again—beware!"

Chalansky explained the situation to his employer. "You got to send some one else to get solid with Mr. Mirsky," he concluded. "I hate the sight of him."

That evening, after dinner, he decided to call on the Sirovitches and take Rebecca for a walk. As he entered the house he heard sounds of laughter and animated voices; some one was playing on the piano, and a man was singing. Mr. Sirovitch greeted him cordially.

"Come in, Izzy! We got some visitors."

"I didn't know you had a party to-night," said Chalansky. "Where's Rebecca?"

"Mr. Cohen brought some friends around," explained Sirovitch. "Come and I'll introduce you."

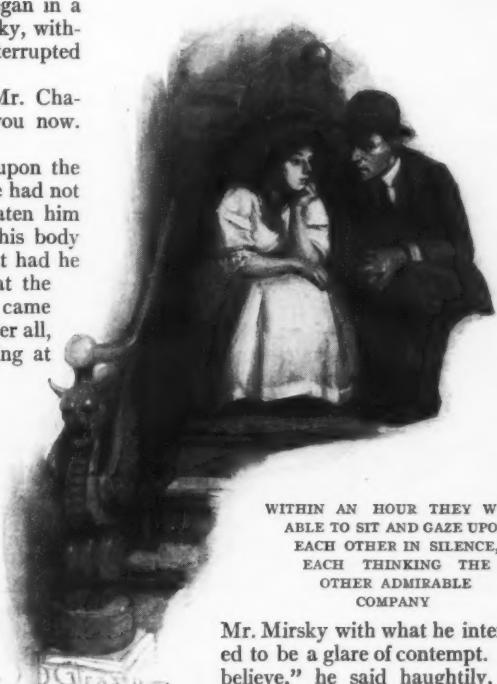
There were perhaps half a dozen men in the room, and Chalansky was introduced to them. The last man was sitting upon the sofa beside Rebecca, with his back turned to Chalansky.

"Hello, Izzy!" cried Rebecca. "I want to introduce you to Mr. Mirsky."

The man at her side turned and revealed to Chalansky the countenance that had begun to haunt him. Chalansky felt the hot blood mount to his head.

"How-de-do!" said Mr. Mirsky, nodding absent-mindedly at Chalansky and immediately turning and resuming his conversation with Rebecca.

Chalansky folded his arms and gazed at



WITHIN AN HOUR THEY WERE  
ABLE TO SIT AND GAZE UPON  
EACH OTHER IN SILENCE,  
EACH THINKING THE  
OTHER ADMIRABLE  
COMPANY

Mr. Mirsky with what he intended to be a glare of contempt. "I believe," he said haughtily, "I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Mirsky before."

Mr. Mirsky, somewhat annoyed at his persistence, turned and looked at him. "Indeed?" he said.

If he had ransacked the whole vocabulary of the English language he could not have selected a word more irritating to Chalansky than that "indeed." Even at its best there is hardly a word more hopeless or inconsequential. And, uttered in a conventional tone of polite indifference, I hardly know a word that, without rhyme or reason, can leave a man so helplessly at sea.

Chalansky, red with anger, stared at Mr. Mirsky for a moment and then, "Yes; indeed," he cried. "And indeed and indeed and indeed in your face, you—you—you bum!"

It was the most ignominious epithet he could think of, but, without waiting to observe its effect, he turned and strode out of the house. He went to Shinkman's Café, where he found his friend Goldberg.

"What's the matter, Izzy?" asked Goldberg.

"That fellow Mirsky! Every time I see him he hurts my feelings. I tell you I can't stand it any longer."

## The Man Who Hurt Chalansky's Feelings

Goldberg reflected for a moment. Then, "Why don't you go and punch his head off?" he inquired.

Chalansky looked at him. "Say, do you know, that's a good idea. If I knew where he lived I'd go and wait for him and give him a good licking. He can't come any of his airs over me."

"Oh, I know where he lives—on Delancey Street near the synagogue. Don't you know that little brick house?"

Chalansky's brow contracted. "You wait for me," he said. "I may be late, but I'll be back."

He knew the house—it was but a few minutes' walk from Shinkman's—and he took up his position on the steps, determined to wait until midnight, if necessary, to settle once and for all his status in the eyes of Mr. Mirsky. He had not waited half an hour—his wrath was still at white heat—when a young woman, hardly more than a young slip of a girl, approached the house, hesitated a moment, and then began to mount the steps. Chalansky moved aside to allow her to pass.

"Are you waiting for some one?" she asked.

Her voice thrilled Chalansky, and he looked at her closely. And in that one glance he beheld the only woman's face that had ever seemed to him to be apart from all the others. It was not only that; she was exquisitely pretty, and her every feature possessed a beauty of its own, but from her eyes—her whole being, in fact—seemed to radiate an atmosphere of charm. All that, mind you, in one single encounter of their eyes.

"I—I am waiting for Mr. Mirsky," stammered Chalansky. "But—but if I bother you, I will go away."

The girl smiled. "I'm his sister," she said laughingly. "I've got to wait, too. I left my key home, and there's no way to get in. I—I was afraid at first when I saw a man in front of the house."

Chalansky could not take his eyes from her face. "Maybe if you're afraid, I'd better go away," he suggested.

"Oh, no! I'm not afraid now. You don't look like a burglar."

"My name is Isidore Chalansky."

"Mine is Sadie Mirsky."

"I'm pleased to meet you," said Isidore, gravely raising his hat, and then they shook

hands. Now of the conversation that ensued between them there is no complete chronicle, nor can mortal mind be sure just how busy fate's spinning-wheel was that night. But within half an hour, I know, Chalansky was telling her he was an orphan, whereat her pretty eyes filled with tears and she, on her part, confided to him that she was terribly lonesome. And within an hour they were able to sit and gaze upon each other in silence for five minutes at a time, each thinking the other admirable company. A very dangerous pass, indeed!

"Here comes my brother!" Miss Mirsky suddenly said. Chalansky started. His errand had gone out of his head entirely. But swift inspiration came to his rescue.

"Excuse me," he said, rising quickly, and he advanced to meet Mr. Mirsky so that their conversation could not be overheard. Mr. Mirsky gazed at him in surprise.

"Mr. Mirsky," said Chalansky, in a low voice, and speaking hurriedly, "I have waited two hours to see you. I want to apologize. I acted like a loafer."

Mr. Mirsky leaned forward and looked at him very intently. "You have the advantage," he said. "I don't know who you are."

Chalansky felt his gorge rising, but there was too much at stake. "Chalansky is my name," he began, whereupon a light dawned in Mr. Mirsky's countenance.

"Say," he interrupted, "I'm the one who ought to apologize. I'm terribly near-sighted and I don't remember faces, and I'm absent-minded. But Miss Sirovitch said so many nice things about you. She was sure it was a mistake. I told her maybe I hurt your feelings somewhere because I don't see well; but I'm terribly sorry. Won't you come inside and have a drink of something before you go home?"

Chalansky's brain reeled. "Sure, I will!" he muttered. As they entered the house Mr. Mirsky said:

"Miss Sirovitch is very lovely. You have known her a long time, she says."

"Long enough to be her brother," answered Chalansky gaily. "And between me and you and the lamp-post, it would make me very happy to see her marry some fine, good-looking chap who would appreciate her."

Mr. Mirsky nodded approvingly and stroked his mustache.



# What Is “Joe” Cannon?

by Alfred Henry Lewis

**Editor's Note.**—That the reign of terror and tyranny instituted and maintained with rare cunning by Speaker Cannon, in the House of Representatives at Washington, is nearing its end is the avowal of the politically wise. The downfall of Cannon will rejoice all honest Americans. He has been a menace to good government, and his passing will be the occasion of sincere satisfaction not only on the part of the Democratic and “insurgent” elements in Congress, but on the part of every clean-minded, right-thinking citizen of the Republic.

At the moment of going to press the name of ex-President Roosevelt is being exploited as that of Cannon's possible successor. “Bring Roosevelt back from Africa, elect him to Congress, and make him Speaker,” is the cry. What this would mean to Congress and the people at large is not to be discussed at this time; but whatever happens, whoever is placed in the Speaker's chair, after the swift expulsion of Cannon, it is a plain-enough fact that no one could occupy that position who is worse fitted, both by temperament and by training and thought, than the present incumbent, whose devious career is pictured in the article subjoined.

**H**IS name is Joseph Gurney Cannon. In Congress from the Illinois-Danville district, he is, by grace of the money powers and the preference of ones whom a well-known gentleman, now in pursuit of lions, once described as “malefactors of great wealth,” Speaker of the House of Representatives. It has been claimed that he has betrayed the public to its enemies; had he lived in ancient Rome he might have learned—before ever Mirabeau either measured or mentioned it—how short is the distance between the Capitol and the Tarpeian Rock.

Some one once said that for power the Speaker stood next to the President. That was before the adoption of what present rules have bucked and gagged the House, in every angle of its membership, and cast it, voiceless and helpless, at the Speaker's feet. Now, whether

to check or to cheer a public rapine, the Speaker is potent beyond any White House possibility. For the Speaker is not only Speaker, but the very House itself. A President may suggest, he may urge, he may even by means of his patronage pull and haul on the ropes of legislation in a lobbyish way. Also, he has his veto. There, however, he stops. As against this, the Speaker, upon no one's recommendation save his own, may make or unmake a law in the face of White House disapproval, the teeth of White House command. Appropriations originate, tariff has its birth, in the House. The President may order your navy here or your army there. He may name your marshal, or pick your postmaster, or select from among what law-wheelps have been reared about the knees of Money your district or your circuit or your supreme judge. It is the House of Repre-

## What Is "Joe" Cannon?

sentatives, however—nobly assisted by the Senate, to be sure—that empties your pockets with an appropriation, or by means of a tariff taxes the coat off your back. And since the terms "House" and "Speaker" are but synonyms, you may read "Speaker" wherever I've said "House."

The House, by the terms of the Constitution, was designed for a republic. It has become a despotism through its own concessions—selling its birthright to the Speaker for no one knows what attractive mess of pottage. Mr. Cannon is the House despot, with powers in excess of those which appertain to nominal despots, as Czars or Sultans, who, in truth, are allowed no more liberality of movement than belongs with him who walks a tight rope. No House man may speak, nothing of House sort occur, save by will of Mr. Cannon. He could put through the worst bill, defeat the best bill, that the wit of man might imagine. Half of Congress lies face downward in the hollow of the Cannon hand.

It is the "rules" which take all from the members and give all to him. There is here no space to tell in detail the network of committee construction and, going over it mesh by mesh, show how in every contingency Mr. Cannon is the lone and final fisherman to draw the seine of House events. Tariffs, appropriations, all House things, are under his thumb. And while a certain list of favored members seem free to talk and vote and act, should you look closely you will see that they are but Mr. Cannon's puppets, talking with his tongue, voting by his decision, acting through his strength.

"The folks who sent you here might just as well have writ a letter!" observed a mountain member in the legislature of Kentucky, in scorn of a fellow member who had not impressed him by his consequence. The taunt might be flung with even justice at every man on the House floor. As House destinies are presently directed, Mr. Cannon, like Dundreary's bird, might better convene by himself. To do so would at least save the public those fortunes spent in mileage.

Each morning Mr. Cannon brings into the House a list of what members he will "recognize." No one goes upon that sacred roll until he has explained to Mr. Cannon in private what he will talk about and what he will talk. The gavel plus the rules is a gag, and Mr. Cannon can hold what member he will, for what period he pleases, as wordless as the Sphinx. The best the member may gather

is permission to be fraudulent with "leave to print," which foolish franchise authorizes him to pretend falsely that he made a speech which he never made, was overwhelmed by applause he did not receive, that swept down in thunderous peals during moments utterly silent, from crowded galleries as empty as a church.

With such the gentleman politically, a word concerning Mr. Cannon personally might not mean space thrown away. It should perhaps aid one, as showing in some respects what to embrace and what to avoid.

The Cannons in their well-head are supposed to have been Irish. Their faith was the meek faith of William Penn. Also, a Quaker is one whom you should either greatly rely on or greatly suspect. Who ever met a Quaker that was weak? Who ever saw a Quaker that was dull? Whether for right or for wrong, they always know what they're after and how to approach it. Nine hundred and ninety-nine Quakers of every thousand are as straight as a rifle barrel. The one-thousandth Quaker is but a crooked gun. That one-thousandth Quaker is unique. His purpose is dark, his methods are inimical, while he brings to accomplishment what strengths and mental finesses form the sure marks of his tribe. Such a devious gentleman is no joke. You will have to watch him. Never let him near your horses; never take your guns off while he's hanging about camp.

Mr. Cannon's broad-brimmed forebears, turning their drab backs on Ireland, came to Nantucket two centuries ago. The Puritans of that day took but a morbid view of Quakers, and to teach them to lead a happier and a better life were wont to set them in the stocks, stand them in the pillory, lash them at the cart's tail, bore their tongues with white-hot irons, and in what space fell in between hoeing and harvest, when time hung heavily on their hands, they even made shift to hang one or two. Those ancient Cannons—as apt as is our own Mr. Cannon at locating the butter on their bread—observing how New England things were going, shook the sands of Nantucket from their feet and headed south for North Carolina, where Quakers were tolerated even though they weren't loved. There they increased and moderately multiplied, until in 1836 our own Mr. Cannon pipped the shell and began to squeak and squall, which same thing he has continued to do to the present hour.

Mr. Cannon had the good luck to be born

poor. Men were meant to work for what they have. For the young to inherit riches is a reversal of natural plan. Delightful? Yes, but dangerous. Reverse a candle, and it will be quenched in its own tallow: that which was supposed to feed it puts it out. So with a boy. Give him money, take away his work by taking away the reason for that work, and he is as a candle reversed. *Vide* your Thaws, your Goulds, your Astors, your Brokaws, and what other youthful rich ones were given gold beyond their callow strength. Youth does best in hard, dry, ungenial soils and, like the cypress, the more it is watered the sooner it fades.

Mr. Cannon's father was a country doctor. His region was scandalously salubrious. When the health of the neighborhood became more than he could bear he was wont to cut an armful of beech switches and—for the wan leanness of his purse—go to teaching district school.

When our Mr. Cannon had touched the age of four, Cannon *père*, thinking that in the fever and ague incident to a new country he might find pocketbook relief, loaded his household into a prairie-schooner and pointed for the setting sun. The Cannon pilgrimage ended in Indiana. Who said that Indiana was settled by folk who started for the West but lost their nerve? For myself, I never attached importance to this ill-natured utterance, albeit what Hemenways and Fairbankses and Taggarts and Kerns have succeeded to the top in Hoosier politics cannot be regarded as a contradiction of its truth. That nerveless, however, did not obtain as an Indiana reason in the case of the elder Cannon, for history hath it that he was a person of courage, energy, and force.

The Cannons, having halted, lapsed into agriculture. Our Mr. Cannon as he grew in years weeded garden, hunted eggs, drove up the cows, attended school, and did what other matters, all and sundry, fall to the barefoot, freckled lot of country boys. At fourteen he became clerk in a cross-roads store, and dispensed soap and sorghum, calico and coffee, taking cord-wood, butter, and sheep-pelts in return. There is no record that he stuck his childish thumb in the sorghum by way of helping out the measure, or made thirty-five calico inches do the work of a yard. None the less, what village wise ones observed his nose-keenness for every butter disadvantage, or noticed the spirit of pessimism in which he discussed the defects in every sheep-pelt presented for his purchase, were heard to say

that he would assuredly die rich, though he might not die respected. The wealth of his up-piling has added to his power and prestige. What then? The color of the cow is not seen in the milk—a dairy truth discovered by Mr. Cannon as far away as sixty years ago.

Five years Mr. Cannon stood behind the counter of a country store. Then as now the joss of his devotions was money—yellow money. Nor did he worship in vain. At the age of nineteen he closed his career as grocery clerk with five hundred round white Mexican dollars for his fortune. Folk took off their hats to him as to a budding Croesus, and he stepped about among them proud and high.

Avoiding medicine as the rock upon which the parental destinies had split, Mr. Cannon cast about for a profession which paid most for least of effort. He desired success, but he also wanted to reach it on lines of least resistance. Mr. Cannon determined on the law. It was a choice replete of a crafty sagacity. The lawyer, if he be posed by a case presented, has but to cough, appear meditative, tell his client that the situation offers an array of recondite knots and deep-sea problems, looking meanwhile as wise as a treeful of owls. He asks the client to return in a week. The client retires, awe-bitten but flattered, and puts in the week of waiting whispering here and there concerning the learned counsel he's retained.

It's different in the unfortunate trade of ink. The writer—like the race-horse—lies open in his labors to every man's inspection. There's no dodging, no concealment, no chance of pretense. The watch of criticism is on him and his work from bell to bell, while a score of self-selected judges are only too eagerly ready to show that he isn't tearing off the literary mile in either old-time speed or form.

Mr. Cannon in eighteen months became a lawyer. Then he got married; and because the girl he led altarward was not a Quaker the elders of that exacting sect found grievous fault. In the fiery blur of the honeymoon, Mr. Cannon repulsed those elders; and, although not then that past master of profanity he has since become, there's neighborhood word that his language on that blasting occasion killed ten acres of grass. The horrified elders fled, and by way of retort cast the vituperative Mr. Cannon out of the fold. With that Mr. Cannon abandoned Indiana for Illinois, his new wife tucked under his arm.

## What Is "Joe" Cannon?

"He who taketh a wife taketh a good thing," sang the prophet. For myself, on every battle-field of life I'll back a marriage license against a college diploma to win a man his earthly crown. Were the fortunes of a boy so to narrow themselves that he might either marry or go to college but couldn't do both, I'd advise him to send at once for the preacher and write the professor "not to mind." Only married men succeed. How often must I remind a world that its Cromwells, its Napoleons, its Washingtons, and its Jacksons are ever accompanied by a mate?

Mr. Cannon settled in Illinois, swinging his shingle to the winds of heaven in the village of Danville—his present home. In the middle fifties Illinois was a forcing-ground of politics, and such as Lincoln and Douglas were abroad in the land. Politics and law have ever made a natural blend, and Mr. Cannon was in youthful haste to combine the two. He went as often to caucus and convention as he went to court, and so nicely did he make one hand wash the other that he was chosen state's attorney for his district before he'd reached his thirtieth year.

An affable admixture of sunshine and selfishness, Mr. Cannon from the beginning yearned for money and power. Of all the titles he had ever heard named, that which broke most musically upon his ear was the title of millionaire. The love and the lust of gold abode at his soul-roots, and he would sooner be rich than either learned or pious. Office, political eminence, he liked, too; for then as now he had his vanities and would fill the public eye. And so he went to work to acquire riches and political place. Now, when his years have touched on seventy-four, one finds him, with selfish ardor unabated, still in hot pursuit of both.

Mr. Cannon, plunging into law and politics, must have clients and a following. Barnum learned in his museum moments that the public rejoices to be humbugged. Mr. Cannon came upon the fact quite as soon as Mr. Barnum. Mr. Cannon was born lacking every reason of the popular. He had no native love for humanity; or if he loved mankind it was as the shepherd or the butcher loves a flock of sheep. He did not seek its welfare but its wealth. His concern was for the fleece to be won from it, or the price to be obtained for its quarters, tallow, and pelt.

Congenitally Mr. Cannon was—and is—a Tory. Politics is natural, not artificial, and never changes. It is ever dollars versus

muscle, money against mankind. Thus was it when Moses—that great labor captain—led the Jews out of Egypt. Thus was it when Wat Tyler brought the men of Kent to London town. Thus was it when the Carnegie Steel Company with its rifles reddened the poor doorsteps of its workingmen with those workingmen's poor blood. Names change, the issue never. Roundhead and Royalist, Whig and Tory, Radical and Conservative—it's the same two old dogs over the same old bone.

Mr. Cannon was a cradle-rocked Tory. The born Tory reveres money. The born Whig reveres man. And the blood-difference between them may be shown in this way: were the Tory afloat with a cargo half bullion, half babies, in event of a storm he would overboard with the babies that the bullion might be saved. Were the Whig abroad upon the waters under kindred tempestuous conditions, he would overboard with the bullion and bring the babies into port. Mr. Cannon in his heart was—and is—altogether the Tory. And yet when he took up politics and law, those fifty-odd years ago, he must, to succeed, make folk think him the opposite. Wherefore he hid his heart, concealed his sentiment, made a mask for his soul, and set himself the task of fooling humanity.

Not that the task was hard, for Mr. Cannon has a genius for hypocrisy and finds it easier to seem than to be. He is almost humorously against every villainy in which he's not interested. He apparently has his conscience under control. The Cannon code of honor is none of your wild-horse sort to run away with its possessor. It will never kidnap Mr. Cannon, go stampeding over to the right, and so upset the apple-cart of any Cannon advantage.

All his days Mr. Cannon has rubbed and purred about the pleased political legs of Money. That was in secret. On the stump, and in his House utterances, he has ever assumed to be on the robbed side of mankind. It is strange, and exhibits the public's purblind sort, that such as Mr. Cannon should fool folk so long. For forty years, and make them fewest, the backfin of the Cannon treasors has been cutting the surface of affairs in sight of all mankind. And yet there are hundreds, thousands, who regard him as a tribune of the people—this slave-catcher and slave-driver of the criminal trusts!

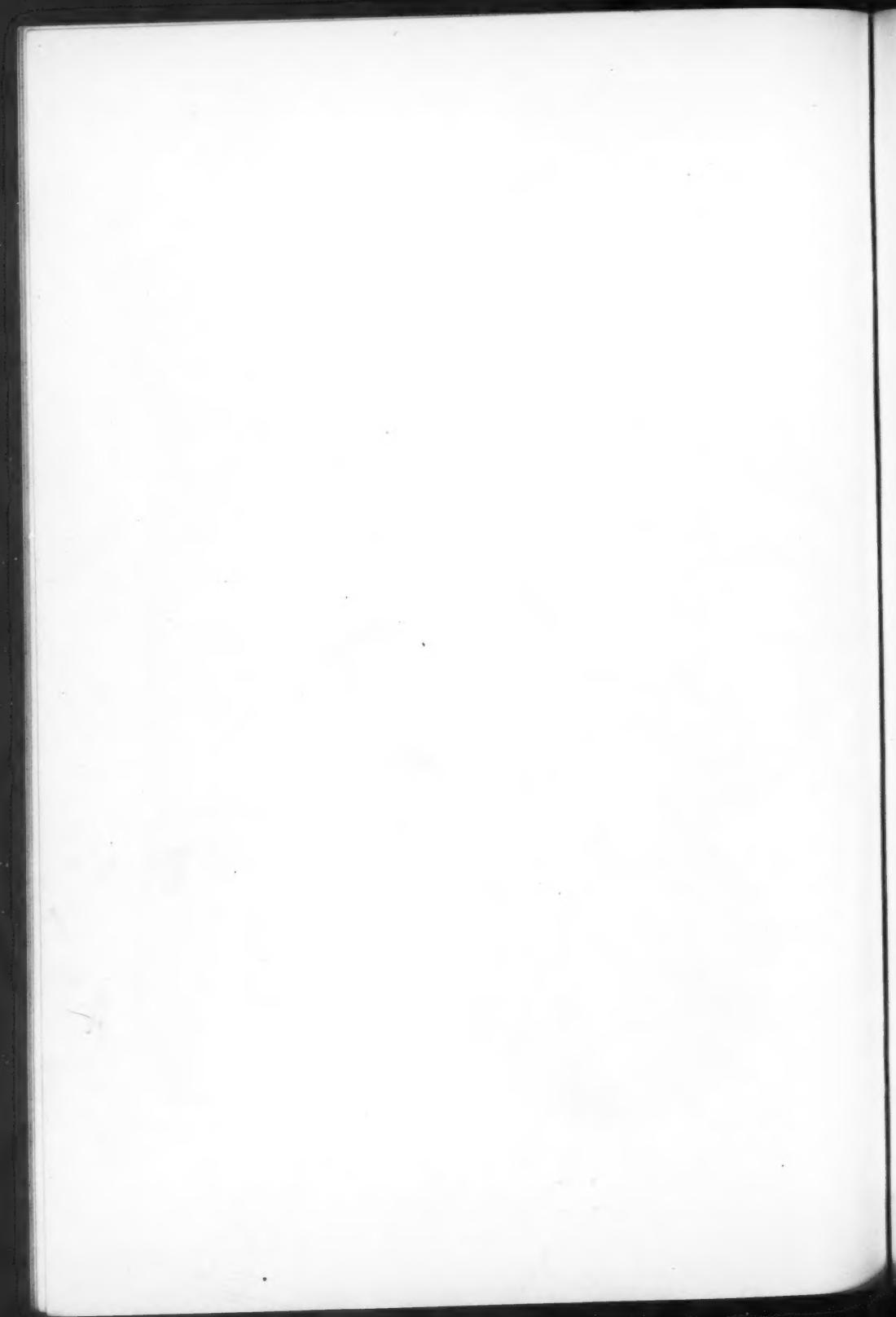
Sometimes I've thought that our Cannons, in deluding the people, in the end delude



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Joseph G. Cannon—"Uncle Joe"—Speaker, since 1903, of the House of Representatives. His domination of the legislative functions of the House has developed a strong "insurgent" faction, which, assisted by the probability of Roosevelt's entering Congress, is likely soon to undermine his power. The picture in the center was taken about twenty-five years ago, when Mr. Cannon was a plain member of the House.

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themselves. And for once in a way such self-delusion becomes for them an element of strength. It invests their rascalities with an atmosphere of honesty, palpable, evident, not otherwise to be obtained. Telepathy? Possibly. What I know is that the man who can bring himself to believe in his own shortcomings has gone a long way toward enlisting the belief of others.

Mr. Cannon is to-day deeply hated in his district. By his knee-bending subserviency to the money god and his prompt willingness to sway the House to its dull worship, he has reared up against himself a wall of opposition. For all that, so self-misled is he that he wears the manner of a martyr about to be burned at the stake. Also, he is honest in this sentiment of a patriot ill used. And therein lieth the inverted wonder of it! Mr. Cannon should consider his past—his third of a century misspent in the House. With thirty-odd years of Congressional opportunity, with the powers of a House gavel in present command, Mr. Cannon has given the public nothing. Worse, he has delivered it, still delivers it, to the trust wolves that surround it. Though he comes overlate who would teach old dogs new tricks, it might be said to Mr. Cannon and his fellow alchemists of politics, now dancing about the bubbling pots of party like the witches in Macbeth, that they might derive a deal of good instruction from the histories of Sir Edward Kelly, Doctor Dee, and what other necromancers, when time was, bent themselves to transmuting the baser metals into gold. Not one of these ever took that gold from the crucible which he did not first put into it. And so with politics and politicians. If from the melting-pots of the people's suffrages, Mr. Cannon or any other would draw off the gold of honor, of high fame, of exalted station, he must first put in the gold of truth, of patriotism, of labor and love for his fellow men. Should he contribute only the baser metals of treason and intrigue, he will find nothing retorted but destruction and defeat.

Mr. Cannon began deceiving folk the day he began to vote. Nor did his hypocrisies go without their victory. The public, too often sheep, believed him single for its interest even while he was driving it toward the shearing-shed of money.

Greatly did Mr. Cannon study humanity in the herd. He considered people and how they might be blinded. Taking the majority for his purpose, he dressed at it, talked at it,

and in all things sought to match it. He wore his clothes as though he'd been blindfolded and backed into them. He gave to his conversation a top-dressing of profanity, and cultivated a talent for oaths to a point which must have excited the envy of a bargeman. Much if not most of this was by coolest design. Also, as methods, they found foothold in a meaner form of conceit. There is a foppishness of the coarse as much as of the fine. Horace Greeley, as affected in his uncurried way as any Brummel, was but a dandy in reverse. And so with Mr. Cannon. His rudeness of speech, his profanity, his very vulgarities, were each and all of coldest meditation, and had been all thought out. The diamond that best hides its flaws is your diamond in the rough, and many there be who avoid a polish in order to avoid discovery.

Not that those speech-vilenesses were distasteful to the inner soul of Mr. Cannon. As a native-born truth, he reveled in them, finding in foulness that which was not uncongenial. With something in his blood beyond a simple dash of satyr, the vicious in no wise either displeased or discouraged him. Fall into casual talk with him to-day, and unless you beat him off he will at once seize on conversation, drag it to some mud-hole of the verbal, and with it wallow therein. He proves the saying that some old men are like some old trees—sound of bark, but rotten at the heart.

Vulgarity does not always triumph, and even mud, royal mud, goes now and then uncrowned. Of this Mr. Cannon has not escaped some sharp-toothed notice. Encouraged by his cess-pool success in private conversation, he was one day moved to make a cess-pool speech in the House. It was a study in mud—that oration—but from coigns of the popular not wisely bethought. Mr. Cannon politically was smothered in his own mire, being retired to private life for—was it one term or two?

There is nothing of the born captain about Mr. Cannon, nothing of the herd-leader. He belongs not with the buffalo bulls but the weasels of politics. Also, weasels go forward—for themselves—long after what obstructions choke the path have brought the buffaloes to bay. Slim, sinuous, supple, fierce in a little way, capable of entering a smallest hole and if needs press turning round in it, Mr. Cannon is essentially the weasel. He can see in the dark. He can suck the yolk from the egg of popular advantage, and then hide the shell.

While no captain, owning no initiative, Mr.

## What Is "Joe" Cannon?

Cannon, in the subtlety of his hypocrisies, will often ape leadership. This he does by heedfully walking in the van. He will step to the fore of some movement, and so give himself the look of being followed. Mr. Cannon has his profitable account of such pretenses. In an age when a drummer makes more noise than a poet, the spurious is often quite as good as the real.

If folk would, they might readily make out the bogus character of Mr. Cannon. He has carried a Congressional gun for better than thirty years. What has he killed with it to public advantage? At midnight when men slept he has unbarred the gates to cautious intrigue. By shady sleight and doubtful methods he has served his trust masters by suppressing, as against them, House attacks and House investigations. Thus is he serving them as this is read. In such ebon fashions he has not been idle, though secret and unseen. But when in all that long third of a century did he attempt aught that was original, propose aught that was new, do aught that was good? What policy or what statute shows the hammer-marks of his construction?

In figure Mr. Cannon is not of profoundest significance. Five feet five for height, weighing one hundred and fifteen pounds, he is as lean and as little as though life with him had been one long, unending Lent. His head is round and full of scheming brains. He is incessant, plausible, greedy. He might help another, but never until he'd exhaustively helped himself. His nose is insinuating; his watery eyes are blue, shifty, avaricious; his lip is smooth shaven and expansive like unto the lip of a Scotch Presbyterian; his ears eager, his mouth crudely sketched, his beard—paper-white, like his thin hair—clipped after the ground-plan of a ragged Van Dyck. The careless and those not studious of men might like the impression Mr. Cannon throws off. Folk who look closely and see deeply step back from him defensively.

Once I was present when a certain jurist—now mayor of one of the world's great cities—was introduced to Mr. Cannon.

"What did you think of him, Judge?" I asked.

"He smelled of sweat and tobacco," quoth the judge, and his tones showed wrath and repulsion. "He is a criticism on our institutions. I could not but marvel over what strange procession of events had conducted such a character to a highest seat in the councils of a country like this."

Mr. Cannon has made politics pay. Not one in one thousand does that. But Mr. Cannon from boyhood has made everything pay. At trapping that wild beast called a dollar, he has had no superior. At taming and keeping it when caught, he has never been surpassed. When his income was smallest, he still saved one dollar out of every two. He bought land at five dollars an acre to sell it years later at one hundred dollars an acre. He broadened into street railways, banks, and a score of similar investments. His money sense was infallible. He never had a setback; all his ships came home. Now he can run his rake-handle arms to the shoulders in his saffron hoard, and count it by the million.

Mr. Cannon hates newspapers. By the same token every meal-tub rat hates light. Mr. Cannon clears the way to his purposes with the ax of mendacity, climbs to his objects by dubious ladders. The papers blunt the ax, throw down the ladders; wherefore Mr. Cannon can't speak too much ill of them. Moreover his skin has been thinned through vanity—for he's as much on his own mind as any grease-paint soubrette—and the lash of inkish criticism bites.

Consider those House rules in conjunction with Mr. Cannon; for therein lieth the harm of this man. They are called the Reed rules, but should have been called the Trust rules—the rules by which criminal money robs American mankind. They found House adoption twenty years ago. That was in the so-called "Billion Dollar" Congress that passed the McKinley Bill. It was to pass the McKinley Bill those rules were conceived.

Those trust-invented rules have been—as they were meant to be—the sword and shield of criminal money. They simplified a situation. The House by the Constitution was the American Gibraltar. Also, if the trusts could but capture the House they could capture the country. But the House, almost mob-like in its multitude of membership, was neither easy of capture nor sure of control. The idea arose to make the Speaker the House, and then capture and control the Speaker. This last has been done—done through those Reed-Trust rules. Whether, since the days of a McKinley Bill, a Democrat or a Republican, a Reed or a Crisp or a Henderson or a Cannon, were in the chair, outside influences have wielded the House gavel as they wield it to-day.

Consider: When during twenty years have the criminal trusts, alias criminal money,

lost a battle in the House? What, as to banks, tariff, railroads, coal, anything, everything marked by criminal money for its own, has been the House story? It is the rules, I tell you, the Trust rules plus the Trust Mr. Cannon—who has all that yearning fondness for scoundrel money entertained by sick kittens for warm bricks—that give them their dark supremacy. He who to-day would save the country from the trusts must break down Mr. Cannon. He who would break down Mr. Cannon must break down the rules.

There is a rules rebellion in the House. But can that excellent mutiny succeed? The White House might have helped, but the White House itself has been caught in the snares of money and must either sit neutral or aid Mr. Cannon.

As the latter faces this rules rebellion for the good of his money masters, it makes a situation that's as fine as a play. No Charles I was ever more inclined to defend the prerogatives of the crown than is Mr. Cannon to defend his prerogatives of the gavel. And yet, in any overplus of stubbornness, he doesn't intend to quite get himself chopped. Mr. Cannon, for a squeeze of the character indicated, is a great many admirable things. Aside from an innate love of power to the point where he can't have too much of it, he is sly, resourceful, obstinate in the extreme when it comes to serving his own interests. Mr. Murdock, of the rebellionists, has had more than one rules talk with Mr. Cannon. The latter, urbane, tolerant, jovial, never failed at these powwows to furnish the impression that he was more than fifty per cent. in sympathy with House efforts to be free. This manner of urbane tolerance was a sham. Mr. Cannon would much prefer to go straight at the mutinous throats of Mr. Murdock and his followers. But he doesn't dare. It wouldn't for the moment be discreet. There are this autumn and his district to be thought of, and until he's reelected he cannot regard him-

self as out of the woods. It will be different when he's safe in the saddle for another two years. When safety surrounds him, the urbane, agreeing Mr. Cannon will change greatly for the harsh if not the worse. Indeed, I think that on that day Mr. Murdock and his rules mutineers will find themselves in House exile.

Were I invited to indicate the keystone to the arch of Mr. Cannon's career, I should point to his discretion. He has forged to the fore, remained at the fore, by sheer dint of his genius for knowing when not to fight. The berserk is admirable, but he'd make a bad insurance risk. Mr. Cannon is somewhere described as working like a horse in his trade of trust politics. It would have been nearer the mark to say working like a mule. In coal-mines, along the low-roofed, inky levels, little coal-cars are hauled along by mules. A horse cannot be employed in the work. Should your horse toss his head and bump it against the roof of the tunnel, he will instantly toss it and bump it again. He will stand tossing and bumping until he bumps out his brains. The mule makes but the one toss, receives but the one bump. He goes with head judiciously lowered after that. Mr. Cannon, going to and fro in his tunnels of politics, never tosses his head twice where there isn't proud room for the gesture. Given safety—and a bond—he plays the head-tossing, bump-defying horse to admiration.

P. S.—Last November Mr. Cannon said in his Chicago speech: "If Mr. La Follette and Mr. Cummins are Republicans, then I am not. If I am a Republican, then Mr. La Follette and Mr. Cummins are not." Those fulminations possessed nothing of the careless or chance sown. They had been talked over and consented to by every trust in the land. What is their meaning? They promise new parties, new issues, new lines. The war will be Income Tax against Tariff, Man against Money, West against East.



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"IF I SHOULD RELINQUISH OFFICE THE REPUBLIC WOULD CONTINUE UNSWERVINGLY IN  
THE PATH OF PEACE, DEVELOPMENT, AND MAINTENANCE OF LAW AND ORDER  
WHICH IT HAS FOLLOWED FOR MANY YEARS"

# Mexico To-day and To-morrow

By Otheman Stevens

**E**ditor's Note.—It has been the habit with recent writers on Mexico to allow their imagination to run riot when touching upon the retirement of Diaz from the presidency. Many pages have been filled with prophecies of lurid probabilities following upon that event, all based upon the premise that Diaz, being an autocrat, has used his power to no better purpose than to build about himself a government that depends upon him for its continuance. The volatile-spirited Latin is counted upon to break the bounds of long years of restraint and upset the present régime of tranquillity and progress. But no such fears are entertained by the old nation-builder in our sister republic. He has shown his people the advantages of peace—sternly, it may be, and not always with justice to the individual, but with the national well-being as his justification. Now, he declares, the lesson has been learned, and Mexico, without him at the head, will continue a law-abiding, self-restrained nation. Incidentally Mr. Stevens had from him a denial that there is any oppression within his borders or that any people are lacking the protection of the government. These facts, with others relating to Mexico's development of the school and the small farm, are told in the following article.



In his executive office in the Castle of Chapultepec I had the privilege of interviewing the President of Mexico on the present status of his government and the outlook for the future. The Hon. Ignacio Sepulveda, for many years a superior-court judge in Los Angeles, California, and a man who enjoys the President's confidence and respect in the highest degree, introduced me, and acted as interpreter during a conversation which lasted an hour.

Chapultepec Hill, on which the castle now stands, gathers about its rocky crown the interest of centuries of romance and gallantry and despair. There it was that the Aztec emperors resided in their magnificent state; there it was that General Scott's forces fought their last battle, storming the great hill after having fought their way through the forest of magnificent cypresses which were magnificent and majestic trees when Cortez besieged the same hill. There it was that Lieut. Robert E. Lee and Lieut. Ulysses S. Grant gained reputations for the sagacity and military genius which were later matched against each other in their own land. And there it was that Maximilian held his brief imperial rule.

The castle can be reached by a winding roadway or by a steep footpath up the side of the hill, but we drove up to an entrance cut into the solid rock on and in which the castle is built, and here through a massive swinging door we walked into the base of the little mountain. And here again the echoes of the past mingled harmoniously with the melodies of the throbbing present, for the passageway in front of us was the secret tunnel used by the Aztec emperors to escape their enemies when danger of conquest threatened the upper halls. Where Montezuma once shuffled his fleeting way, with fear-shaken retinue bearing his gold and jewels, we walked on velvet carpeting; the gay sparkle from incandescent electric lights throughout the long tunnel—whose rugged walls are now decorously covered with white plaster—and electric heaters made the subterranean chill flee with the ghosts of the past.

At the termination of the tunnel an electric and luxurious elevator, operated by a gorgeously clad attendant, took us up through the hill to the court of the palace, which commands the entire valley—a valley that has hardly a peer in the world for beauty of its spread of pleasure or for romance of the ages gone. But nothing of the flaunting dignity of royalty was left in the atmosphere. The emperors with their pomp were gone,

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and plain, unafraid democracy—nay, “Jeffersonian simplicity”—prevailed. There is much more intricacy of etiquette and more trappings of officialdom about either the White House or the Elysée than are to be found on the summit of Chapultepec, though the man who rules there is the most absolute autocrat known to modern civilized nations. One liveried footman was to be seen, and one uniformed military aide to the President greeted us.

We were met at the door of his office by President Diaz. He was clad in a blue serge business-cut suit of clothes, with a sober blue tie encircling his high collar. The President is a man of massive build, straight and lithe, wearing seventy-nine years and looking fifty-nine; and dominating his body is the face of a man of power. There is no mistaking such faces. With all their strength, all their insistent dignity of personality, there is always, when in repose, visible marked pathos—the sadness of the isolation of greatness; the shadow of the dismal realization that the world does not wholly understand. That expression is the pathos of singleness of purpose.

Machiavelli wrote that despots, beneficent despots, bore no malignancy toward anyone; that those captains who strove to rule properly were in turn ruled by their idea of the greatness of their country; if men proved obstacles to their idea, those men were removed, not because the ruler hated them, or had any feeling personally antagonistic to them; he simply rolled them out of the way of his ideas, as a man would roll a stone from his path. That sentence of the author of “The Prince” came to my mind as I looked into the squared face of Diaz and let my eyes sound the depths of his. As if his breast had opened, and what was written on his heart was thrown to my view, I could read in that face and in those eyes: “I am a man who has not sought power for self-aggrandizement. I love humanity, I love the law, I love serenity; but I love Mexico and what I know I can do for Mexico, and I love my idea above all things, above all men.”

Diaz carries his head with up-tilted chin; he may be purely or partly Indian, as tradition has it, but he is not swarthy. Neither has he a single mental trait that is characteristic of elemental races. He is direct, as frank as a ruler can afford to be, and in all ways a polished, well-informed, keen-minded

man of the world. And he is a captain—that tells the entire story of the man’s personality.

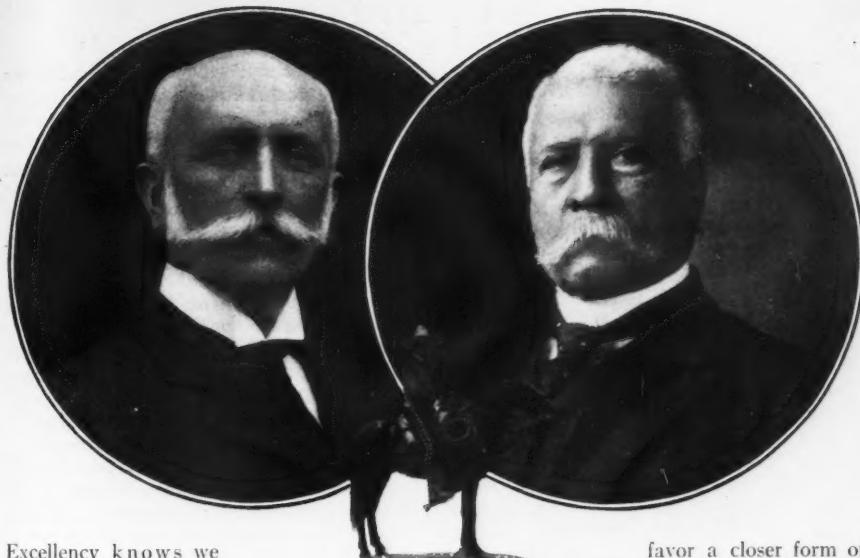
“So you are to see and study Mexico?” was his first question after the formalities of introduction were over. “Well, if you see for yourself, study out the conditions yourself, and do not allow the perverted judgments or selfish motives of others to distort your observation, the result will be fair and just, which is what your readers want and which will be justice to my country.”

“What is the theory,” I then asked him, “of your policy of extreme friendliness toward Americans, and the favorable inducements offered to them by your government to come here and invest their money?”

I knew that the predecessors of Diaz, Juarez and Lerdo, had followed exactly the reverse of this policy, but that Diaz, as soon as he had the reins of government firmly in his grasp and was driving Mexico steadily toward stable government and development, had opened the doors of Mexico as wide as they would go to our people, with the result of the present immense investment of American money and the great number of Americans in Mexico.

“We have found that your countrymen who come here do things,” he replied smilingly. “They work on the lines of development of our country that we wish developed; they have the money and the energy, and we are glad to have them come. They form a class of men who have respect for law, and who follow as well the codes of equity and courtesy. It may be that in the flood of Americans coming to Mexico there are some unworthy, some discreditable to your country and unbenevolent to mine; but in judging countries, governments, or any extended effort of a people, an instance should not be taken as a generality. As you have it in your language, one swallow does not mean a summer. On the whole, the great number of Americans here form the most desirable type of immigration, and I firmly believe that the mutual benefits that this intermixture of interests and effort will bring about will strengthen the friendly relations between the two governments, and will tend to aid each country, in its own sphere, to work out the evident destinies of each.”

“Have you no apprehension as to complications which might take on a political tendency or create a policy of aggressiveness on the part of my country?” I asked. “Your



Excellency knows we are not always a just nation, and material interests have their effect on our judgment."

Again the stern, chin-tilted face wrinkled with a smile. "No," he replied, "I have no apprehensions of future trouble between the two peoples. The logic of the situation does not indicate such a possibility. The great stream of Americans and their capital coming into this country creates mutual and combined interests; their efforts and those of our own people will be, must be, in the nature of things mutual. Anything that will benefit the Americans in Mexico will benefit the Mexicans, and anything that will injure the Americans will injure the Mexicans. The Americans could find no cause for aggressiveness, because they could find no motive. There could be nothing on which to base a desire for aggression."

"In view of the constantly increasing number of Americans and their increasing and now immense investments here, would you

JOSÉ IVES LIMANTOUR, SECRETARY OF FINANCES; GEN. PORFIRIO DÍAZ, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC;  
AND ARNOLD SHANKLIN,  
UNITED STATES CONSUL  
GENERAL IN MEXICO



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favor a closer form of relationship between the two countries—something of the nature of a trade or commercial union, possibly with a removal of the tariff restrictions, and possibly with a commission of representatives of both nations as a determining body for all differences? Is not a closer relationship inevitable?" I asked.

"As to the details of such a possible proposal, it would be improper and impossible for me to discuss them here. As to the tariff, while it is rarely equitably adjusted, because of the complexities the system presents, still its mistakes are usually self-corrective. For instance, some Americans came to Mexico and developed copper-mines. They sent the ore to the United States to be smelted, but a heavy tariff soon made this prohibitive. As a result, capital soon established smelters in Mexico, and that problem was solved. As to the main portion of your question, I can only say that if the United States has

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any project of the sort you outline, and would present it, it would receive the most favorable consideration on the part of Mexico consistent with the best interests of the two nations and the advantage of each."

In no instance did the President appear to take the position that Mexico is without fault or that there are no conditions which should be corrected.

Speaking of recent attacks on Mexico's civilization which were published in the United States, he said, apropos of those who inspired these stories: "You will find in a very short time that the men who are saying those things are what you term 'undesirable citizens.' They are not exiles, they never were driven out of the country as they claim. Some of them were plotting against me, and they expected their machinations would develop in September. But they became afraid and ran away. The government never made any move against them, and their talk of being exiled is nonsense. It is so with the others. They are men who could not make a success here, and they calculated that by raising a disturbance they might benefit themselves, as they were not able to do so by their own efforts in an honest way. They were bad citizens here, and they will be bad citizens in the United States. It will require no effort on the part of Mexican authorities to show the government of your country that they are, as a rule, bad citizens, for they will readily prove that fact themselves by their conduct and lack of principle. You will find them not good immigrants."

I then asked him the somewhat personal questions: "What will happen to this great mass of American working capital in Mexico, and to the varied industries established by Americans here under your administration and your encouragement, if you should decide to relinquish your office? What reason is there for the foreign world to believe that stability and security will be maintained after you cease to be the head of the government?"

He replied: "Of course I have been retained in office by the solicitation of those who believed, with me, that my work was beneficial to my country, but in case of my retirement there would be no trouble, no revolution. I say this because I know that Mexico has learned thoroughly the benefits to the nation, and to the individual, of continued peace and work. There is no desire

to disturb healthy, sane conditions, for the people of Mexico have had opportunity to realize, and have realized, the value of stability, and no clash of personal ambitions would be permitted to interfere for a moment with the established reign of law and order.

"I believe and know that this view is firmly established in the minds of the citizens. If I should relinquish office the Republic would continue unwaveringly in the path of peace, development, and maintenance of law and order which it has followed for many years. Mexico has learned that work and energy mean national happiness and advancement, while dissension, fighting, and the ambitions of individuals advanced at the cost of public welfare mean national disaster. The safe, solid principles of this government are thoroughly established, and there is no basis for fearing that the Mexican people will ever forsake enlightened and trustworthy administrative methods."

His Excellency was then asked about the Yaquis who had been transported to Yucatan—where they are reported to be held in virtual slavery—and the contract system of labor generally.

"There is no such thing in Mexico as the peonage that has been described as disgracing this country," he replied. "I can assure you that if a haciendado in Yucatan offers a Yaqui there better wages than he is getting from another employer, that Yaqui is perfectly free to accept the better offer and change his employer. There is an unanswerable economic contradiction of those stories of cruelty and wrong done to Yaquis and contract laborers. Labor in such regions is in great demand; it has to be more or less fostered, and it naturally would be folly and waste for an employer to take advantage of his isolation from neighbors and authorities to brutalize his workmen. I can assure you further, that with both Yaquis and laborers generally the authorities see that they are given every protection, and that they are honestly paid."

"The Yaquis are an admirable race, save for their dominant trait of being blood-thirsty. They are good workmen, and they make splendid soldiers. Many of them have entered the army, and these all get on well. They frequently rapidly rise to the rank of non-commissioned officers. As far as their deportation goes, that was a policy demanded by humane views. They were constantly murdering where they were, constantly an

acute menace to development. They were sent where they could earn good pay, and the authorities see that they get their pay, and that they are well cared for. More than that, I can tell you that where in the hurry and confusion of their deportation their wives and families were left behind, the government, at its own expense, when so requested, finds the missing family and transports it free of charge to the husband and father."

"On what features of public policy are based your greatest hopes for Mexico?" I asked.

"On the schoolhouse and the farm," he promptly replied.

Mexico is said to have no middle class, and that is a part of a people that is essential to progress and to settled government.

"We are creating a middle class rapidly," he continued, "by educating what has been the lower class. If you will examine the statistical showing made by the Department of Public Instruction and Agriculture, you will see the advancement we have made. I consider our public-school system admirable. I have been told by Americans that it is in some details better than yours. We have public schools wherever they can be established. We have spent money liberally in securing the best talent, the best information; we have sent our teachers to other countries for study and observation, and the increase of public interest in the matter, the rapid growth of striving ambition for education, has been most satisfactory. In the state of Oaxaca, for example, you would have difficulty in finding an illiterate person. It is a frequent resort of the poor people to send their children out to service for little or no wages on the condition that they shall be permitted to go to school. All through the Republic schools are regarded with enthusiasm and are a source of pride to the people.

"We not only have public schools, but we educate our soldiers; a man may be enlisted illiterate, but he is taught during his service, and when he is mustered out he has a good basic education and is capable at once of becoming an efficient and valuable citizen. We also school our convicts, in the belief that ignorance will never make a man better, but education may.

"Next to the work of the schools the development of the small farm is my great wish. Schools and agriculture form the

soldest base possible for the true and lasting well-being of a people. The government is doing its utmost to encourage farming, and in all directions it is encouraging the large haciendas to dispose of holdings that can be cultivated by a man of family. We are doing the same with irrigation enterprises. The result of all this will be the creation of a well-to-do, intelligent middle class and the advancement of Mexico in the direction which all patriotic citizens and friends of the country wish to see her follow."

Schools and farms! That is the gospel of this dictator, who is an autocrat because he has seen what Mexico must be taught, and has sternly set himself the task of being the schoolmaster of a nation.

The presentation of views and deductions I have given in this and other articles is not from the point of view of an apologist for Mexico. She needs no apologist. As President Diaz said, all that is required is for a visitor to come to this country with his eyes open and see for himself, with a due consideration of the situation of the people—a population of fifteen million, of which three million are cultivated to the European or American standard, the rest being largely illiterate, and with many not even knowing the language of the country; with approximately one thousand families owning, until recently, the entire farming region; with only thirty-three years of governmental tranquillity and time to turn their attention to the exhaustless wealth that lies at every man's hand who has the alertness to grasp what is within his reach. Then if the visitor will make a fair comparison he will find much to make him proud of Mexico.

A word about the President, though all discussion of a contemporary great man must of necessity be without that perspective which time alone can give. It would be easy to tell of Diaz here with facts indisputable that would make him a red-handed despot; and just as readily, and just as convincingly fortified with fact, he could be shown as worthy of a halo and beatification.

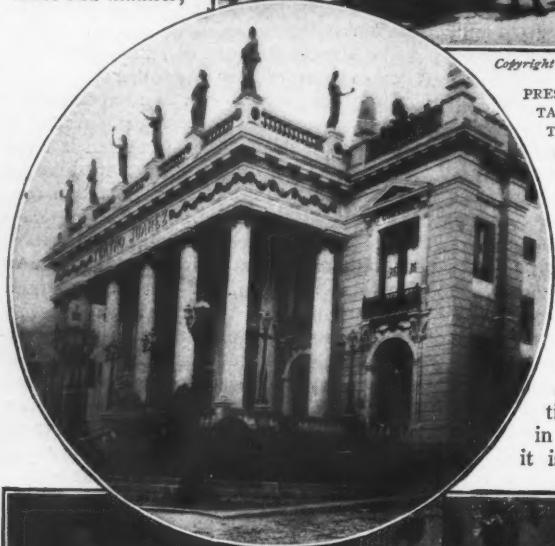
Justice to all historic characters is injustice to morals. When the individual ceases to be a person and becomes the embodiment of a political idea he cannot be measured by the length and breadth of the ten commandments, but by whether he fails or succeeds in being and living his idea. Frankly, where Diaz could not progress by reason he fixed his eyes on the goal of Greater Mexico

and progressed through blood. In pursuance of his policy, soon after he came into authority there were something like two hundred lives shot out near Vera Cruz. Some accounts credit this to an amiable *comandante*, who did the work and said afterward that he had, in some odd manner,



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PRESIDENT DIAZ'S MILITARY GUARD—JUAREZ THEATER AT GUANAJUATO, THE FINEST IN MEXICO—PRIMARY SCHOOL AT JALAPA



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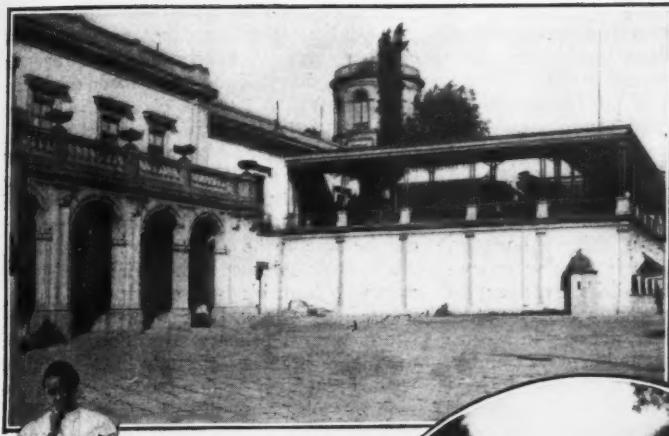
mistaken Diaz's orders. That is not so, and Diaz himself, when asked about it some time ago, calmly admitted the fact of his own responsibility. His explanation was that, in government as in medicine, in order to save life it is often necessary to resort to heroic surgery; and he justified that destruction of humanity by saying that if he had refrained where hundreds had to pass, thousands would eventually have been sacrificed.

In many instances Diaz has proved that he has the wisdom of burying any personal resentment in the depths of expediency. There are a number of men now high in his service whom he had at one time sentenced to be shot. But it has never been a particular man that Diaz wanted



mit you to take this course, I regret it very much and will say adios."

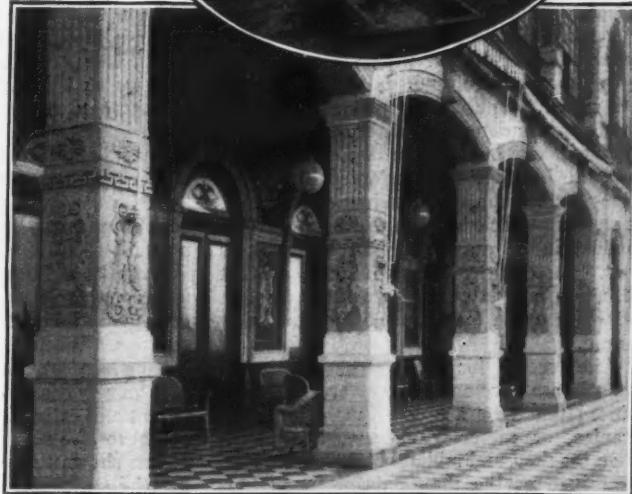
I have not been able to learn of a single doomed man who refused such trust and compliment, and in no instance that either friend or foe of Diaz has told me was there ever after any breach of the pledge given.



PATIO OF THE SCHOOL OF  
THE ALUMNI OF THE MILI-  
TARY COLLEGE—A CANAL  
SCENE IN THE CITY OF  
MEXICO — ENTRANCE  
TO THE PRESIDENT'S  
HOME

to get out of the way; that man represented an obstruction to progress. Since he was concerned wholly with progress, on the evening of the last day he would give such a prisoner an audience. Something like this proposition would be made to the doomed man:

"Señor, you are sentenced to die at sunrise. But I have sent for you to offer you a position in the government. Your ability, your capacity, is known to me. I believe you can be a worthy servant of the country, and I would like to have your support and your efforts. You have fought me, you have tried to destroy my work and myself; if you can bring yourself to pledge fidelity to me and my policies I will name you for such and such a position. If your principles will not per-



## Mexico To-day and To-morrow

A common cause for severe condemnation of Diaz on the part of those who do not know conditions here is the relentless way the military are used to end the few occasional labor revolts at pay and conditions. That this has been done is true. No argument will be made here as to whether it should or should not have been done, for a decision depends on exact knowledge of the status of each instance. Two things, however, should be kept in mind in coming to conclusions about labor and its treatment in Mexico. One is that trait of human nature in the ordinary employer, not only in Mexico but in the United States and in every country, to get all he can from his workers at the least cost. The second is that, speaking by and large, Mexican laboring classes are comparable to no other similar class in a country that is civilized. In point of intelligence, ambition, and cohesiveness they are children. Even with the highest class of labor in the world, we of the United States have seen occasions where it was impossible for either employer or employed to be reasoned with. What can be done with laborers who have only rudimentary reasoning faculties? And what can be done with an employing class, bound by both self-interest and tradition to utilize the advantage of their situation? You will undoubtedly answer, "Education of the laboring fellow." That is being accomplished, has been in progress for some years, and that is not only what President Diaz's word is pledged to, but what I can testify from actual seeing is being conscientiously and skilfully performed.

Yankee ideas were borrowed by Mexico when the constitution was written and its people pronounced free. And again, when the system of public instruction created by the Spanish aristocracy was modernized, the genius of our own system of free education was the basic principle adopted, the result being, in its scope, spirit, and general conduct, a plan of public education which, while more limited in its operation than our own, is exactly as effective and as full of beneficent influence on the coming generation as that of which we in the United States are justly proud.

After seeing for myself what the public schools are accomplishing here, I feel convinced that they are doing more to Americanize, or rather Yankeeate, this people than the thousand millions of dollars we have sent here or the thousands of immigrants

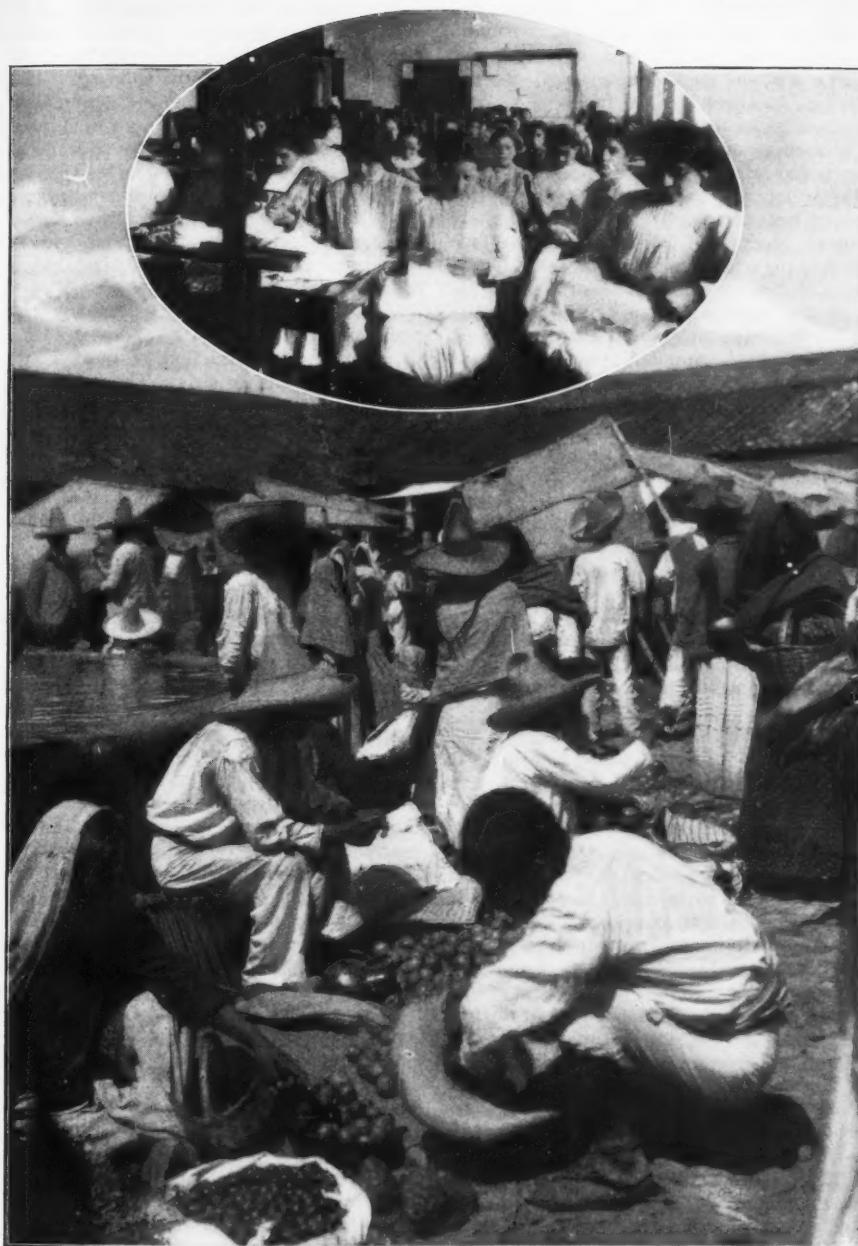
that are here spreading the American gospel of doing things. When one comprehends that seven hundred thousand school children will be turned out at the end of this school year, on the average probably better educated than as many of our own children, for these are more ambitious to learn, the change in the general point of view throughout the Republic that must result in one generation can be seen to be tremendous.

President Diaz and the bright, scientific men who form his state educational department have wisely bent their most direct efforts toward primary education, although the higher branches of study have for thirty years been fairly well provided. From the moment Diaz came to his own, those whom our politicians mistakenly call "the common people," but whom Lincoln accurately termed "the plain people," have had his particular fostering care, for it does not take a Diaz to see that the hope of this nation is in that class of people.

The entire budget for public instruction in the federal departments this year was \$6,600,000. Of this \$3,700,000 is to be spent on primary education alone. That means that over half of the entire moneys for public education is to be expended on the youngest scholars, and that these when they leave school in a few years will be, as far as training, discipline, and learning go, fully the peers of their Yankee competitors over the boundary.

My first visit was to a school corresponding to our grammar grade. Here I found, in addition to the usual classes studying from books, a thorough elemental training in the use of artisans' tools, in modeling, drawing, painting, and the application of physics and chemistry to industries. Those last sound burdensome without the addition of the ordinary grammar-school studies; but the boys were as happy in their work as a lot of colts in a pasture, and showed a healthy physique as well as an ambitious mentality.

Prof. Juan Leon, the principal, I found to be of that fervent, zealous type of pedagogue which marks the highest class of teachers. When he found that I was observing Mexico's schools with a view of telling my countrymen about them he was exuberant and exhausted every resource of the school to give me a proper idea of its scope. It was shown that the boys are taught the principles of morality and civic responsibility,



SEWING CLASS IN ONE OF THE GIRLS' INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS WHERE THE MEXICAN YOUNG WOMEN ARE BEING TRAINED TO BE SELF-DEPENDENT—A TYPICAL FRUIT-SELLING SCENE

## Mexico To-day and To-morrow

as well as their grammars and arithmetics and the use of hammer and plane. A systematic scheme of work is followed, with one very wise exception: for two hours each day the scholars are permitted to follow their own inclinations as to their work. This, as was explained by the professor, is done to permit specialization, and to allow the teachers to observe inherent partiality and capacity for certain lines of work. Once this is definitely noticed, every aid and encouragement is given to the scholar to follow his natural bent. In brief, the scope of this industrial education is to give a general basis of training, while the boy is learning the ordinary studies, which will enable him at the earliest moment after his graduation to earn his living, and to earn it as a skilled workman. Considering that this industrial training was first undertaken only two years ago, the keenness of Mexican pedagogic tendency can be understood.

Naturally it cannot be hoped that thoroughly trained workmen will be made in a three years' course, but this system does, or will, turn out boys who will quickly become skilled workers, or who, if they have more time, can enter any one of the many governmental technical colleges and there finish their development into capable trained workmen.

Beyond what I learned from observation, my information about these schools was derived from Dr. Ezequiel A. Chavez, first assistant to the minister of public instruction. Mr. Chavez knows as much about our system of public education as any school official we have; he knows many of our most noted educators personally, and he knows the dynamics of popular education.

"We owe much to American school methods," he said, "and they enter largely into our general scheme, but we have much that is our own in our work, and our principal effort is to develop intelligent citizens. We have now the colleges, which, when unified, will make a university. That will be established at the next celebration of our independence, and all that will be needed will be to unify the colleges we now have. These include colleges of medicine, law, engineering, fine arts, normal schools, commercial colleges, bacteriological and pathological colleges, colleges for scientific investigation, archeological, ethnological, and historical institutes, with the National Museum as a basis."

Professor Chavez's position is well taken. What we have done with the aid of millionaires Mexico is doing with the money of the people. With the vivid national spirit that exists in Mexico, there is no question but that princes of finance will soon find relief for their surplus money in patriotic donations to places of learning; but so far Mexican millionaires are not so wealthy as to have become conscience stricken, and the national government gets along very well without them in affording the citizens sufficient means of education.

Under the guidance of Dr. Alfonso Prunedo, chief of the secondary and professional department of instruction, I visited two industrial schools for girls. The first was in charge of a very capable native woman, who combined German mental activity and American keenness of intellect with a thorough Mexican devotion. I asked her if she had no trouble with the mingling of high-born Spanish-Mexican girls and the Indian damsels.

"Why, we Mexicans are all more or less Indian," she replied. "In school the girls know no distinctions of birth or class. You shall see for yourself."

I did. I visited classes of girls doing millinery work under the tutelage of a Mexican milliner with a hat that would have charmed a French master; others were in a model kitchen doing "domestic science," which is simply a euphony for cooking that recognizes the existence of a liver in the human anatomy; others were sewing on American sewing-machines, and still others typewriting on American machines, while one room was crowded with señoritas mixing drugs and compounding prescriptions as pharmacists. And in every department the peon and the Castilian sat side by side with no evident envy or contempt.

With curiosity giving way to wonder, and wonder to amazement, and amazement to admiration I followed Dr. Prunedo through the school. Everywhere were bright faces and eager, deft fingers—girls from eleven to eighteen working at all the industries which the whim and fancy of delightful woman have created. In the cooking-school it was interesting to note that the girls, after making the dishes, had to set the tables and then eat their own cooking. This is about the wisest feature of Mexican education, for if Mexico is barbarous in anything—which I doubt—it is in its restaurants and hotel

cooking. The best meal you can buy here in the most exclusive restaurant is hardly better than what we serve to men seated at stools at a counter for fifteen cents, save in the alligator-pear salads, and these nature, not cooks, provides.

Then we visited the National School of Arts and Crafts for Girls. This is of the same type as our high schools, and accommodates seven hundred pupils. An indication of the avidity with which the Mexican young woman grasps opportunity is shown by the fact that there were fifteen hundred applications for admission to this school when it was opened—twice as many as it could care for. The governmental authorities, surprised by the demand, at once began arrangements to provide four more identical schools to take care of the girls who wish to learn. In this school I saw the advanced stages of this fruition of the desire of the young women of Mexico to amount to something. I was shown embroidery which equaled anything ever produced in Japan, and reproductions of the Aztec schemes of decoration that were simply gorgeously beautiful. I was shown appliquéd, Irish, and point d'Alençon lace that was entirely delicious in its gauzy beauty. If you know anything of the skill of the Parisian artificial flower-makers you will perhaps be incredulous when I tell you that these girls make better artificial flowers by one hundred per cent. I saw violets, gladioli, crocuses, a dozen or more varieties of silk and satin blossoms, that it was impossible to detect from the products of nature in any other way than by the touch.

The Mexican state is most liberal. It provides free all text-books and all school material. Moreover, it provides a strict hygienic inspection. Every schoolroom is inspected regularly for sanitary faults, and every scholar is examined for defects in heart action, respiration, and eyesight. If the defective can afford private treatment they are forced to have it; if they are too poor the state furnishes physicians for them. An epidemic in a Mexican school is an impossibility.

There are nine thousand public schools in the Republic, and in the federal districts alone, in the last ten years, Mexico has spent thirty million dollars for schoolhouses.

Lord Chesterfield said that it takes three generations to make a gentleman. Fortu-

nately for the world it takes much less time to make that much more valuable and much more deserving asset, an intelligent workingman, who, when the task is finished, becomes both. By the time the little fellows I have seen in school, in industrial classes, go out in the world with their tool-boxes in their hands, there will be strikes with no fusillades; there will be respect for the laboring man and his potential effect both in work and in politics.

Diaz, like all dictators, can do things, but he cannot stop things after he has imbued them with momentum. He inherited contract labor, the only serious mar on the escutcheon of the Republic. He has at the same time directly created the only force that can and will eradicate that—at present, and for the immediate future, necessary—evil, by putting in motion a system of general schooling which will be even a more certain wiping out of this form of half slavery than was Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation to our wholly slaves.

The coming generations, and those to follow, of the Aztecs and Indians and laboring classes will revere his memory as that of no other conqueror of conditions in history is revered, because it will be as a result of his acts of statecraft that they will be the peers of any who labor both with sinew and sense.

History throws no missiles of abuse at Peter the Great, because in Europeanizing Russia he knotted to death obstinate boyars who refused to shave off their beards. That was brutal, lawless murder, yet we all smile when we read the page that chronicles the fact, because Peter was greater than law, wiser than justice in his making of a nation. Unselfish wisdom and implicit faith in himself and his idea and the results are enough to clear Diaz's record of any stain of red and any smudge of powder.

He has opened the border to Americans, and he continues to welcome and foster them. Neither Diaz nor any successor of Diaz could or would dream of attempting to put the brakes on either movement. And both mean the elevation of the peon, the Americanizing of all standards of the Republic, the coming down of the three millions of the "upper classes" and the coming up of the twelve or more millions of the "lower classes," until both meet and join on that happy plane of honest, mutual effort for both that always results from intelligent effort of each for each.

*The American invasion of Mexico to grasp its wonderful opportunities will form the theme of Mr. Stevens's next article.*



Drawn by Hermann C. Wall

"OH, OLIVER!" I SAID. "HOW LOVELY!" THEN SUDDENLY I FELT MYSELF GO CRIMSON.  
"THAT WAS NOT WHAT MADE YOU MISS ——" I COULDN'T GO ON

(*"Letters to My Son"*)

# *Letters to my Son*



*Illustrations  
by  
H.C. Wall*

## V

**I**'VE got a confession to make, beloved, and I think I will make it to you. All yesterday I was cross and bad tempered and wicked. From the very first thing in the morning everything seemed to go wrong. I woke feeling cranky, but I remembered that Oliver was going to drive me over to lunch at a famous old inn some miles away, where you sat out under great cherry-trees and ate food fit for an epicurean king. That made me perk up a little. I like my food, don't you?

Then I opened my letters. There was one from Nanny saying that, as Mr. Nanny had had to go to bed with a bad attack of influenza, she would not be able to come, as she had hoped to do, for the week-end; but she sent her dear love and hoped her bairn was taking great care of herself. Her bairn was in such a bad temper that she almost went so far as to accuse Mr. Nanny of an intrigue with fate for the purpose of thwarting her in what then seemed the dearest and only wish of her heart. That is to say, beloved, she was evil enough to pretend that poor Miles had got influenza just to spite her and stop Nanny from coming.

The next letter was from the store. They had received my esteemed order, and were sorry to say that they had no more of the lace like enclosed pattern in stock, but were sending immediately to the makers, and

would advise me in the course of a few days. And I wanted to finish the robe that evening! It was too absurd, and ridiculous, and exasperating! The whole management of the place needed reorganizing.

I read the others with very little interest, and then Ellen came up with my breakfast. Beloved, the bacon was overcooked and the egg was underdone! At least, I *think* it was, although a maturer judgment makes me wonder. Anyhow, Nanny not coming and the store having no lace made me sure it was then, and if there is anything I hate it is chippy bacon and an egg that runs madly all over the plate directly it sees the fork coming. I nibbled some toast, sipped some tea, then closed my eyes, and lay back wearily to wait for the end. And it wasn't long in coming, honey. In a little while there was a tap at the door, and Oliver came in, holding an open letter in his hand. His face was troubled.

"I'm afraid I won't be able to take you for that drive to-day, Margie," he said in quite a nice and really sorrowful voice, if only I had been civil enough to notice it. "Read this."

I felt myself go faint and sick, and I held out my hand for the letter. A man with whom he had some business wanted him to lunch in town and talk it over; the man was leaving for Chicago that night.

"Well?" I said.

"There is nothing for it but that I must go," he said regretfully; "but it is an awful nuisance." He sat on the edge of the bed

## Letters to My Son

and took my hand, playing with the rings on my finger. "I hope you aren't very disappointed, dear; but we'll go to-morrow if it's fine. That will be almost the same, won't it?"

A sudden passion came to me to have what I wanted. I longed fiercely to go to-day; only to-day would do. "Oliver," I said quickly, taking hold of his hand with both my own, "don't go. Stay; I want you so badly." I looked up into his face and waited. He *must* see what it meant to me.

He looked surprised. I knew he couldn't understand it, and how could he be expected to, when I didn't understand it myself? I only knew how terribly I wanted. At any cost I must have.

"Don't go! don't go!" I repeated. "Stay with me. I want you so!"

He put his arm around me. "Poor old thing!" he said tenderly. "I'm so very sorry, but what can I do? The business has got to be settled before he goes, and he goes to-night." He put his cheek to mine and then kissed me. "And even if I were not obliged to meet him—which I feel I am, precious—it's a matter of a thousand dollars to us, and I'm thinking that, while we won't starve for the want of it, a thousand dollars won't come amiss to buy feathers for the little peacock, will it?" he laughed coaxingly.

I think perhaps it was that I wanted to hear him *say* that he would stay, as much as anything. If he had only said it, I would have got quite normal again and refused to allow him, and everything would have been all right. But he wouldn't say it unless he really meant to do it, and he couldn't see that such a thing was possible.

I looked into his eyes hungrily. I would make him say it by sheer force of wanting. He looked back at me, and his eyes were so troubled, beloved, that I nearly got sensible; but the devil must have been rampaging round all that day, for as soon as I heard him say, "My darling, I must go," as if he were trying to excuse himself, I got cold and sick again.

"Very well," I said lifelessly.

But he was not content; he felt things were all wrong. "You know how much rather I would stay, don't you? Tell me that you know, Margie."

"Yes, I know." But there was no warmth in what I said.

"Well, kiss me and tell me." He put his face close to mine, and I turned my head

and kissed him lifelessly on the cheek. He looked at me for a moment, then he took his arm away and got up. "I will go and write my letters now," he said quietly. "I shall have to catch the eleven-fifteen, and if I possibly can I will be back in time for tea." He went out and shut the door behind him.

I lay still, while all the spirits of evil raged about inside me. It was no use trying to remind myself how bad it was for you, precious; I was like one possessed. And all the while I lay quite still, staring at a spot on the wall. Then, suddenly, I could bear it no longer; while my mind moved so furiously my body could not be quiet. I rang the bell and called for my bath to be got ready. While I was having it, I heard Oliver go into the bedroom, and then go away again. I went back and dressed. He did not come in again, and presently the cart was brought round to the hall door, but I did not go down to see him off. Just as he was about to start I leaned out of the window over the porch, and waved, saying very airily, for the benefit of Jackson, "Come back as early as you can." I had to do that for the honor of the house, beloved, because, as a rule, I go to the door. And he waved back just as airily and called out, "Good-by," and then, when I had watched the cart to the very farthest bend in the road, I went to my den, dismissed the maid who was dusting there, and sat down on the couch and shivered as if I had the ague.

About half-past eleven Ellen came in with a cup of soup. I looked at it with disgust, although I felt as if I were melting away with hunger, or something of the kind. You see, I'd flouted the egg and bacon at breakfast, and I'd been living at pretty high pressure ever since.

"No, thank you," I said, trying to speak very politely. "You may take it away, Ellen."

Ellen set it down with great care upon a little table, and placed the table beside the couch. "Mr. Oliver said so, ma'am." She gave the things on the tray a few critical touches, and went quietly out of the room.

When she had gone I took up the cup and began to sip languidly. Soon I was drinking ravenously. It was nice clear soup with sherry in it, and every mouthful that I took seemed as if it were pulling me out of the pit. He's a very nice man, your father, honey, and a very beautiful one—in every way.

After that I was just waiting the time away till five o'clock. Oh! I wanted him back

again to tell him I was sorry, and to ask him to forgive me! I wouldn't deserve it, but I felt he would do it. I tried to dawdle through things to make the time slip away; but that, as I have proved, isn't the way to do it, so don't you be deceived into trying it. I couldn't settle to anything. I wandered around the garden till lunch, and tried to go to sleep after that; but it was no use. I lay with one eye on the pillow and the other on the clock, and made calculations of every moment spent since he caught the eleven-fifteen train in the morning. He could get to town about twelve, go to his club, and ring up the man. Each would do what he had to do separately till one o'clock, when they would meet and lunch together. It would be early, but still they were both pressed for time, and neither would mind that. Generously I allowed them an hour for lunch. That would give Oliver two hours' margin for extra things and to catch his train. He would not need it, but as there was a quick train down at four o'clock, it would get him home just in time for tea. And I—I would dress myself in the old soft gown that had been worn on so many historic occasions, and that would show him the minute he looked at me how sorry and penitent I had grown in the meantime. But I would tell him as well. Yes, beloved, when we do things, we do them *absolute-ly*, as Oliver would say.

I was dressed in the robe of repentance and down in the drawing-room by half-past four. The train would be just about arriving. He would take a cab and be here, if the train were on time, in twenty minutes. I played a waltz, looked at

an illustrated paper without seeing what was in it, wound some odds and ends of lace on a card, and then ran up to the bedroom window to watch. The minutes crawled on to five o'clock, and then fled to a quarter past. Unless there was a break-down or he had to walk from the station, he wasn't coming by this train. At half-past five I went back to the drawing-room. Ellen came in.

"Shall you wait any longer, ma'am?"

"No; you may bring the tea: he must have missed his train."

He had missed his train, when he knew how much I was wanting him back! I broke up a piece of cake and spoiled a muffin, and poured out a cup of tea, but as for eating or drinking, it was out of the question. Every moment of the whole day

I had been looking forward to this moment. He knew it—he *must* have known it—yet he had left me to have my tea by myself. Perhaps it only looked a small thing, but the great underlying principle was there, none the less. He had appeared to be sorry at the moment, but a few miles of distance and a few hours of time were enough to wipe out any disappointment he might feel, and deaden him to any amount of pain that he might give.

I got out of my chair and went up-stairs slowly.

The next train got in at six o'clock, but I had

no more longings left. I was not a child, even though I had behaved rather like one earlier in the day. I was a woman, a woman of thirty, and not to be played with and forgotten like a toy that had dropped from his hands. Very slowly and very coldly I took off the gown and put it back in the drawer; *that* had had its last wearing for a good



JUST AS HE WAS ABOUT TO START I LEANED OUT OF THE WINDOW AND WAVED, SAYING VERY AIRILY, FOR THE BENEFIT OF JACKSON, "COME HOME AS EARLY AS YOU CAN"

## Letters to My Son

time to come, if *ever* I put it on again. There was no revenge in the thought, beloved, only a great weariness and a sense of bowing to the inevitable. If it had come it had come, and there was to be no moaning over it.

Then I put on a soft Japanese thing, and lay down to read till it should be time to dress for dinner. We would meet then, and by that time I would have trained myself to play my part. I wouldn't be angry, or injured, or protesting. I would be just as if nothing had happened—with a difference. I would smile, and say, "Well, did you have a good day, dear?" and when he said, "Yes, Margie, I was so sorry I couldn't get back to tea, but you understood, didn't you?" I would say, "Yes, of course; quite," but there would be a remoteness that would be so small he would scarcely be able to notice it, yet it would make him wonder. Beloved, if you are a man, when you read this you will laugh, but everything I tell you was like drops of blood being squeezed from my heart.

Of course I had given up looking forward, but as the clock struck six my heart suddenly thumped like an engine, and although I tried to read the book I held before me, my eyes were beginning to look out along the road, and my ears to strain for the sound of horses' hoofs on the flints.

Little son, he did not come. With a heart like ice and lead, I stared for an eternity along the road; then I turned and looked at the clock. It was twenty-five minutes to seven. Then it came upon me that something had happened. He might have missed the first train by a few minutes, and had to wait for the next, but he would never have missed the next without wiring when he knew I was expecting him. I sat still, fear for him and the sense of my own helplessness holding me paralyzed. I could do nothing. I did not know where he was. And I had let him go away in the morning with scarcely a word of good-by, tacitly holding him guilty for that which was nothing more or less than an ordinary mischance of which he was as much the victim as I, although I, not being as fit physically as he, might suffer through it most. And what was it, really, compared with what threatened?—a spoiled day that might easily be redeemed tomorrow. If I could but know him to be safe!

There was a step upon the gravel under the window—a boy's step—and the door-bell rang.

I held my breath to listen. The door opened, closed, and the steps went crunch-

ing over the gravel again. It was a telegram! I waited impatiently for the time it would take Ellen to bring it up the stairs. But no one came. They were opening it first; they were afraid to bring it to me. Something had happened, and I was being kept in the dark. I rang the bell in a terror. Ellen came. "Who was that?" I had to make my voice almost a whisper, or I felt it would have been a scream.

"The boy with the local paper, ma'am," she said, and waited.

"Bring it to me, please; I would like to see it." I had to say something.

She looked surprised, and went away. She knows I never look at it. When she had brought it, I tore the wrapper off, and opened it out, looking stupidly over the advertisements.

I could not tell my fears to the servants yet; there was still the seven train to come in; but when I had allowed for that, Jackson should go to the telegraph office.

But whom should I wire to? There was only one person I knew him to have been with that day, and if I'd remembered what his name was, and where he lived, it would be no use, as he would have gone by this time. There was nothing to do but wait.

The clock struck seven. Involuntarily my eyes turned to the window. No, not again! I ran to it, and dragged the curtains across, then I went over to the bed and dropped down beside it, covering my eyes and stopping my ears with a pillow. I must shut away the sights and the sounds of the next half-hour, or I should go mad.

I don't know how long afterward it was, but I heard a sound that made my heart stop. It was the crunching of wheels on the gravel, and Oliver's voice under the window.

"That horse of yours is a good traveler, Jarvis."

"He is that, sorr, and he's the devil to go with an extra quarter at his back. Thank you, sorr; good night."

Oliver laughed. "Good night." The door of the carriage was slammed to, the man got on the box again, and drove off. Oliver came into the house.

And so he was safe; there was nothing the matter. I stood up straight and took a deep breath. Mechanically I put the pillow back in its place, trying to think out things while I stroked the crumpled frills slowly



ELLEN SET THE CUP OF SOUP DOWN WITH GREAT CARE UPON A LITTLE TABLE, AND PLACED THE TABLE BESIDE THE COUCH. "MR. OLIVER SAID SO, MA'AM," SHE EXPLAINED

and carefully. It is so strange, that, beloved—how you find yourself in great mental stress doing little unimportant acts with your hands as if your very life depended upon the exactitude of what you were doing.

I had been in a frenzy of terror and pain because I had thought that nothing short of illness or accident could prevent him from keeping his word. I had fretted and waited and longed all day for him alone; he knew that. It might be stupid and foolish and unreasonable and childish, but it was true, and the pain of it was real enough. And there was excuse enough for it just now.

While he—? He had his reasons, I suppose.

I heard him come along the corridor and stop outside the bedroom. I stood still, at the foot of the bed—so still, beloved, that I wondered if I could ever move again.

"Madge, are you there?"

"Yes."

He opened the door, and came toward me quickly. "My darling, have you been alone all day? I'm so sorry, but I had the very

worst luck." He made as if to draw me to him, but I did not move.

"Yes?" I said patiently. "What was it?"

He looked at me sharply, but I kept my face in the shadow, and as the room was dim it helped me. "Come over here and sit down with me, while I tell you." His voice was very dear and kind, but I had no ears for it. I wanted to know *why*.

"No, I don't think I'll sit down," I said. "I have been sitting down all day, and I am tired of it. What was it?"

Oh, honey, I was wicked, but I was just dazed with longings and fears and imaginings, and the reactions had been too many. I knew if I gave way one second in my hold of myself I would break down altogether, and a stupid idiotic pride made me determine not to do that. To cry may be a silly thing to do, but it would have shortened that tragedy by some hours, because if I had cried your father would have forgotten everything and put his arms round me, and if he had once done that the end wouldn't have been so very far off.

## Letters to My Son

He just looked at me, and then looked away again quickly, but not so quickly that I did not see the pain I had given him. "It's not so easy to tell you when you ask like that," he said quietly; "but I will try. We could not get the business settled in time for me to catch the four-o'clock train, and as I had so much time to spare for the next, I thought of something else I wanted to do, and I went and did it. I suppose it must have taken longer than I expected, because I just got to the station in time to see the train slip out of the platform. That left me with an hour to waste at the station." He looked up at me again, and waited.

"Is that all?" I asked.

"Yes, that is all." He got up and went to the window, putting back one of the curtains and staring out into the garden.

"It doesn't seem quite enough," I said at last, "for the time I have put in at this end, waiting for you—"

"I know, and I am sorry," he interrupted eagerly, turning from the window to face me; "but it was that second thing that landed me. If I hadn't been so interested in what I was doing I wouldn't have missed the other train. Margie dear, let me tell you—" He moved impulsively toward me.

"Don't you think," I said, going over to the dressing-table and taking up some stupid box thing, that I might seem busy, "don't you think that, considering everything, the other piece of business you speak of might have waited till you went to town again? Was it of so very great importance?" I spoke very slowly and deliberately, beloved, because I had to make a tremendous effort to keep my voice quiet and unbroken. The reasons seemed such small ones, such paltry ones; and that he could consider them worth the offering nearly choked me.

He laughed, rather forlornly I know now, but then it only seemed carelessly, and it made me go wild again. "I thought it was at the time," he said; "but it doesn't seem so now." He looked at me again, and waited; then he took his watch out quickly. "It's getting time to dress," he said. "I had better go."

When I was by myself again I dropped into a chair and tried to gather myself together before dinner came. Oh, honey, there was a very clever gentleman once who said, "To be writh with one we love doth work like madness in the brain," and it is

true, every word and every letter of it. I felt as if I had been beaten all over, and my heart was aching and as heavy as a stone. Oliver's reasons made me feel lonelier than ever.

We talked at dinner about all sorts of stupid things, like crops and billiard breaks and Armenian massacres, and then we went into the drawing-room, and Oliver read while I worked till ten o'clock. Once he said, rather anxiously: "You look very dark round your eyes, Madge. Do you feel all right, or shall I ask Maxwell to call?" And I said, "Oh, no; I am all right, thank you," and he went on reading.

When ten o'clock struck I got up. "I think I will go to bed now," I said, for, oh! I was very weary, honey!

He went to the door and stood holding it open for me to pass. "You look very tired," he said kindly. "Perhaps you would rather have your room to yourself to-night? I will go to the dressing-room."

And the devil, beloved, before he finally went off duty for the day, gave one last whisper in the ear of my heart. He said: "That husband of yours has had just about enough of your tantrums, my fine lady, and he's going to see that he gets no more to-night. Think that well over while you are lying awake." Then he left me.

"Perhaps it would be better," I said. "Thank you, Oliver, and good night."

"Good night, dear," he said, "and sleep well." But although there was a lingering sound in his voice, he didn't attempt to kiss me, and I went slowly up to bed, feeling just as I told you in another letter you would feel sometimes—as if the end had come to everything. Nobody wanted me. There was no one to blame for it but myself, and not one person could help me in all the world.

As I undressed myself the tears kept dropping onto my hands and down the front of my frock; and my eyes got so blurred that I could hardly find the buttons and the hooks. And as soon as I was ready I turned out the light and crept into bed in the dark. Honey, perhaps you've never in all your life felt more desolate than I did then.

When I was in bed Ellen came and knocked to know if there was anything she could do for me. But I said, "No, thank you," and she went away down the corridor. And I knew, somehow, that Oliver had sent her, and that I need not expect him (as I had, beloved, even though I hadn't admitted

it) now to come in unexpectedly; and I just turned my face to the pillow and wondered why such a worthless person as I must have been from the first should ever have been allowed to grow up.

Then, after a long time, I heard Oliver come up, and as he passed my door it seemed as if he paused a moment, but he went on, and presently I saw the light shining through the crack of the door that opens into the bedroom, and I heard him moving quietly about. And I knew he was being quiet so that, if I were asleep, he would not waken me.

It made me think of all the kind and the sweet and the thoughtful things he is always doing, quite simply, as if they were only just ordinary things, as indeed they are with him. Then I went back over the day, and I saw it all as it was. If I had waked quite well, nothing would have gone wrong. Of course I would have been sorry that we couldn't go for the drive, but it wouldn't have been a matter of life and death. As for his missing the train, it was just the stupid kind of thing that might happen to anyone. And it was the most natural thing in the world that, with an hour to spare, he should use it to save himself the bother of a journey up again. The whole thing was what I in my best moments would call "a concatenation of unfortunate events," and you, beloved, "a string of bad luck."

And I remembered, too, how he had tried to explain, and to make it up, and I wouldn't let him. I was longing to all the while, but the very fact that I wanted to so badly seemed to make it impossible.

I felt my heart go right out to him, and I wondered if he were quite comfortable in his dressing-room, and if he had everything he

wanted. Then, suddenly, it came to me that he had not slept in that room for weeks, not since one night when I had gone up to town and stayed with Nanny till the next day. Perhaps he had not told Ellen he was sleeping there, and the sheets would not be aired. And he would get a chill, and it would settle on his lungs, and he would die, and it would be my fault. Oh, I hadn't any pride left then, beloved! If he would only come back I wouldn't ask him to forgive me. I got up and went to the door.

He was standing with his back to me. His coat was off, and he was holding an old pipe to the light and poking a wire down the stem of it. When he saw me, he put it down and came toward me. I ran to him. "Oliver," I said, speaking very fast, "I don't want you to forgive me. I know it has all been my fault, and it seems as if I had been so horrid that I couldn't expect you to; but I haven't meant to be bad, and if you will come back to-night I will have this room made ready for you tomorrow, and you can sleep in it as long as you like. Only come back to-night!"

He put his arms round me. I think he thought I was dreaming.

"What is it, dear?" he said, sitting down and drawing me onto his knee. "Tell me all about it."

"The sheets aren't aired," I said with a

sob; it was so lovely to hear his voice again.

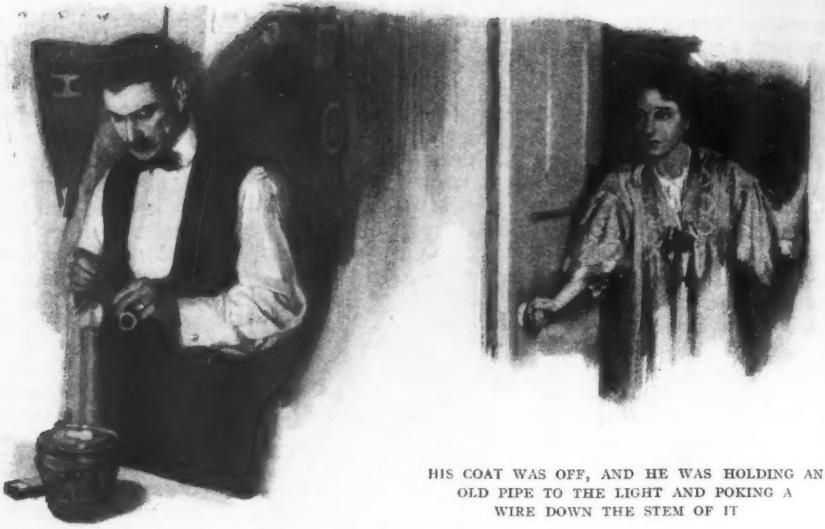
He looked puzzled; then a light seemed to break upon him. "Do you mean on this bed?"

I nodded. "Yes. You didn't tell Ellen you were going to use this room, did you?"

He threw back his head and laughed over and over again. "Do you know," he said at last, "I thought you were dreaming. I



WITH A HEART LIKE ICE AND LEAD,  
I STARED FOR AN ETERNITY  
ALONG THE ROAD



HIS COAT WAS OFF, AND HE WAS HOLDING AN OLD PIPE TO THE LIGHT AND POKING A WIRE DOWN THE STEM OF IT

couldn't make out what you were driving at." He laughed again. "You poor old thing! You were afraid I was going to be hurt, were you?"

I put my cheek to his; the very sound of his voice, honey, and the feeling that I was safe again made the sobs come into my throat so that I couldn't speak.

"And rather than that, you would take me back again, eh?" He rubbed his face against mine softly.

The tears were pouring down my cheeks and running onto his own, but he didn't seem to mind.

"You wanted to be here," I said when I could speak.

"Little stupid!" he said tenderly. "I only wanted what was best for you. You looked such a poor, tired thing that I thought you might rest better so. Now tell me why you were so angry with me."

And I told him everything from beginning to end—about feeling ill when I woke, and Nanny and the lace and the splashy egg;

and then the great disappointment of not going for the drive and being sorry when

he had gone that I had shown it so,

and making up my mind to let him

know, and him never coming; and how I had gone up into the bedroom and watched and listened, and when he didn't come by the second train how I had nearly gone mad with fear lest something should have happened to him, and how I had wanted to telegraph, and didn't know anyone to telegraph to; and then how he had come in, and the only reason he gave was that he had stayed to do something else and that had made him miss the second train, and when I had asked if the thing he had waited for was of so very much importance he had laughed and said perhaps it wasn't, and I had felt I wanted to die.

All the while I was telling him he was scanning my face very gravely, and once he said, as if to himself, "A man doesn't understand; a man doesn't understand." Then, when I had finished, he said, still very gravely, "Poor little thing!" (I'm not little, honey, and that's why it's so nice.) "You shan't be left again, unless you have Nanny or some one with you." And I said very quickly: "Indeed, I shall, Oliver. I'm not going to have you think you've got to stay at home to mind me. You *would* get to hate me then!" And he laughed, and kissed me as if he hadn't begun to yet, and I just lay back in his arms and felt sorry for everyone who wasn't me.

After a while he put his fingers into his vest pocket and pulled something out. I sat up, and looked up to see what it was.



It was a small, flat velvet case, and when he opened it I saw a little pendant of emeralds, set in diamonds and platinum and threaded by a thin platinum chain.

"Oh, Oliver!" I said. "How lovely!" Then suddenly I felt myself go crimson. "That was not what made you miss—" I couldn't go on.

His eyes twinkled, and he nodded.

I just turned away from it and hid my face against him. I felt too ashamed and too small to be able to look at it again. And whenever I feel my senses are on the point of leaving me, beloved, I shall just take out the little pendant and look at it steadily, and if it doesn't set me right in a trice, I shall know I am past all human aid.

He tried to make me look at it, but I couldn't then, so he laughed at me, and put it back into his pocket. But when he had carried me back to bed, and was in his dressing-room again, I called to him and said, "Bring it back with you when you come, please, Oliver; I would like to have it beside me." And he brought it back, and put it down on the table, and I touched his hand very respectfully, and said, "I think you are just the most beautiful thing that ever was, inside and out." And he bent over me, and kissed me hard and quickly, and said, "And you are the greatest stupid!" Which won't read as exquisite as it sounded.

This letter may seem only the story of a cross-tempered woman and a fine-hearted man when you read it first, beloved, but as you get older you will find there is more in

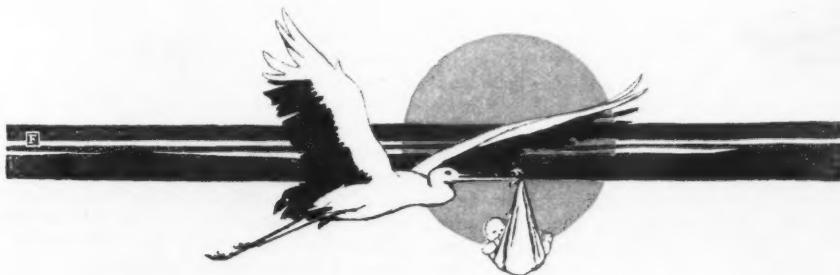
it than that. It will tell you that the face value of a thing is sometimes a false value, and that the same thing will be honestly and totally dissimilar looked at by two people from different points of view. Those may be obvious and well-worn truths, but it is perhaps just as well to have a human application of those truths so that, when one's own time comes, one may have just a glimmer of what *may* be to distract from the blaze of what appears to be.

And it will tell you that love—of which some quaint people deny the existence—has got to be great enough not for the big things, but for the small things. When I thought Oliver was in danger I was ready to go barefoot over hot plowshares to get to him (and I will guarantee that I would not have noticed them), but when it came to giving him the benefit of the doubt over the catching or the losing of a train I was wanting. It's no good talking about the greatness of a thing unless you are able to apply it, and what has so often got love into disrepute is, I think, the fact that when it has been put to small every-day uses it has failed, not because it wasn't a good thing for the purpose, but because either the people who used it hadn't enough of it, or else they didn't know what to do with it when they *had* got it.

But I think we'll talk about that another day, honey. I feel as if I had a lot to say upon the subject.

And going back to the history of my bad behavior, you've got to make a *little* excuse for me, because you were just a bit to blame yourself. Only don't worry about that.

The last instalment of "*Letters to My Son*" will appear in the May number.





## SEEING RED

HOW A BLUSTERING MATADOR MET HIS WATERLOO

By D. Carl Henry

Illustrated by Horace Taylor



**I**N Panama—the Bagdad of the West, where titled adventurers rub elbows with bankrupt ex-presidents and defaulting bank-tellers—fronting on the *calle La Marina*, between a Chinese bazaar and a Mexican lottery, up over a cable office, are the headquarters of Jimmie Hope. The rooms are filled with a heterogeneous collection of cast-off paraphernalia of war, from battle-flags to machine-guns, the rifraff of a hundred revolutions. The walls are covered with posters of revolutionists from Manuel Sanchez to Simon Bolivar. From the rear windows, when the tide is low, one can see two slimy cables crawling up out of the sea to the back door, one from Rio and one from San Juan del Sur.

For long these headquarters have been the strategic center of all the west-coast republics. But for several months deep peace had brooded over these countries. The mails departed, and arrived, on time; treasures were transported in safety; the population increased with surprising rapidity. The business of the revolutionist was on the decline. Jimmie Hope idled wearily about town like a politician between campaigns.

Moreover, he drank more cognac than was good for him.

This night, as I pushed open the door of the headquarters, I faced a thick fog of tobacco smoke. The light of a candle shone faintly through it, revealing Jimmie Hope sitting on the table, without coat, vest, or collar, one knee drawn up in his clasped hands, a battered hat on the back of his head. As usual, a cognac-bottle was beside him. A group of listeners sprawled on chairs and bed. I tiptoed across the room to a seat, for Jimmie was speaking.

"The Señorita Dolores Sanchez," he drawled, "was a wonder. She had the form of a Venus and a temper like a rat-tail file. Her versatility was beyond all understanding. She could purr like a cat or hiss like a snake. There were times when she would eat out of your hand, and there were other times when you needed a nickel-steel cage for protection. She was thrown on the world at the tender age of eight, and at sixteen she had graduated from a cigarette-factory. She was in turn cashier in a restaurant, knife-thrower in a circus, a snake-charmer, and an actress. She finally crawled under the moulting wing of old watery-eyed Sanchez, president of Panama, in the capacity of adopted daughter.

She tipped, smoked, and played poker, and generally set a pace that would have made a New York society woman dizzy in five furlongs. She was a good deal like Byron's Corsair, with one virtue and a thousand crimes. She liked variety, which accounted for most of her misdeeds. And with all her venom she hated a coward.

"She had a diamond hitch and a running bowline on old Sanchez and his money. When she kissed him in public and called him 'Papa!' his shaky knees straightened out, he blushed like a schoolboy through his yellow skin, and the water dried up in his eyes. A woman like that can do anything with a man when she kisses him. And yet she overdid it. Sanchez was no fool. He had ears, and when he began to listen he heard a plenty. By way of punishment he sent her to Paris to finish her education. Think of it—*her* education! Well, she finished it all right, and when she came back, two years later, she brought along a husband—an ex-bull-fighter from Madrid—Felix Jose

by name. He was the living image of Bill Sikes and Captain Kidd, all in one. When I first saw him I went up to him and handed him my pocketbook. He weighed in at about one hundred and ten, and he was over six feet tall. His hair was straight, like a Digger Indian's, and his lower jaw would crack nuts.

"Sanchez crumpled up when he was introduced to his son-in-law, and fainted dead away. The next day he had the palace guard doubled, and also the police force; and new locks were put on the treasury. She couldn't have caught a worse-looking Tartar in Russia. Sanchez gave them a suite in the palace, but he had all the small articles taken out first and the rest of the furniture nailed to the floor.

"Then he sent for me, and his eyes were a little Niagara. He was concerned for the moral result of this marriage on Dolores. Think of that! 'Put a bad apple and a good apple together,' he declared sadly, 'and soon both will be bad.'



"AS MASTER OF CEREMONIES I INTERFERED AND PRESERVED ORDER. DOLORES—  
THE CAT!—THREW HER ARMS AROUND JOSÉ AND KISSED HIM.  
THEN SHE GLARED AT ME"

## Seeing Red

"I'll tell you what I'll do," I said, for a scheme came to me while he was talking. "If you will give me all the gold I can carry out of the palace I'll send this bull-sticker to his knees, and save dear little innocence for you. But first you must appoint me inspector and *comandante* of all bull-fights in the republic."

"Si, señor," he screamed. Then he called in his secretary and had the necessary papers made out and signed.

"Now," said I, "introduce me to your son-in-law."

"This was disagreeable work. In fact, we wore gloves when we shook hands with him. The closer he got the worse he looked. At the first chance I slipped away for a chat with Dolores.

"Your husband—he is *magnificent!*" I told her.

"So brave!" said she. "He kill bull!" Her eyes sparkled, and she made a jab at me with her fan.

"Oh, he no kill bull," I answered meaningly, shaking my head.

"Si, señor," she exclaimed. "At Madrid, *la Fiesta de Toros*. Me see him! A cloud of hatred settled on her face, and she glared at me as I shook my head. She showed her teeth, snarling, 'He kill bull Madrid—he kill bull here!'

"Then I showed her my commission.

"The long and short of it was that José cabled to Madrid for a troop of banderilleros and picadores, while I patched up the old bull-ring in Santa Anna Square, and billed him all over the republic as Spain's greatest bull-fighter, who had come over to give an exhibition on the afternoon of New Year's Day. He went about the town swelled up like a toad, gazing at himself on the billboards, where I had him in five colors killing a bull. On the day of the bull-fight he was the most talked-of man in Panama. He swaggered through the palace and the streets, and many of those who saw him believed that

it was old Sir Henry Morgan come back from the grave. He carried a sword, and his costume resembled Joseph's coat of many colors. Dolores followed him like a shadow, exclaiming: 'So brave! Oh, my José! my José!'

"There is danger to him who taketh a tiger's cub, and also to him who snatcheth a delusion from a woman. We were fighting with a double-edged sword, Sanchez and I. A cable from Spain made known that José was a matador of the first class, with a terrible temper and an uncertain origin. He had killed his bulls, all right; some said he had gone further, but this had not been proved.

"The night before the fight we gave him a ball in the ballroom of the Hotel Grand Central. He showed up in one of Sanchez's dress-suits. Put a tail on him, and you would have had Dante's interpretation of the devil in society. He danced like a cigar-store Indian, and he drew a knife a yard long when one of the guests laughed at him. As master of ceremonies I interfered and preserved order. Dolores—the cat!—threw her arms around him and kissed him. Then she glared at me.

"Now, of course, you've all seen bull-fights, and the bull-ring in the Plaza de Santa Anna is as well known to you as to me. José sneered at it and called it small, and perhaps it was. When he entered the arena he was rigged in a gorgeous costume, with a sword and a scarlet cloak. The band struck up the Toreador's Song from '*Carmen*', and he went round, bowing to the eight winds. He paused in front of Dolores, and she tossed him a silver banderilla,

with her ribbon on its shaft. Sanchez and I were in the box next her. I had him braced up on absinthe so he could sit up and keep his eyes on the arena.

"About ten thousand natives were crowded into the place. José was to kill three bulls, at intervals of twenty minutes. When he had exhibited his shape and his graveyard face,



"JOSÉ THREW DOWN HIS SWORD  
IN DISGUST"



"SANCHEZ AND I WERE IN THE BOX NEXT DOLORES. I HAD HIM BRACED UP ON ABSINTHE SO HE COULD SIT UP AND KEEP HIS EYES ON THE ARENA"

I gave the signal to let the first bull in. The stockade gate opened slowly, and a hush fell on the crowd. The bull paused, like a man on coming out of the dark into the light, and then made a dash for the picadores. They scattered, but the bull caught one horse and gored it. Then he wheeled and went after another, but missed it. After that he lost steam rapidly, and the picadores tried in vain to taunt some life into him. Finally the banderilleros put in two or three barbs, and then José killed the bull as if it had been a tame sheep.

"The second bull was no better, and José threw down his sword in disgust. There was murder in the crowd. As for Dolores, she turned on me a stream of sulphurous Spanish for thus making a show of her darling. 'He's so brave!' she said. 'See! He wants to kill so bad! If he no kill good bull, he kill you!' And she drew her fan across her throat.

"I told her that the next bull ought to be a

good one, and the word went round the ring. Everyone was standing and shouting; the din drowned the blare of the band. There was a moment's wait. Then again the gate opened slowly—one foot, two feet, then wide. A huge black-and-white beast bounded forth, and whirled round twice, like a top. A picador dashed by and pricked the brute with his lance. Then Gehenna was let loose. Since the time of Julius Cæsar there was never another bull like that. With a snort and a bellow that could have been heard on Ancon Mountain, he took after that picador with the speed and certainty of an avenging angel. At the far corner of the arena he caught up, and rammed horse and man against the stockade with the force of a ten-thousand-ton battleship. Then he drew away, and his victims dropped to the ground, limp and crumpled.

"The bull tossed his horns and bellowed, then he wheeled, and came trotting up the ring. Fire seemed to come from his nostrils.



"THE BULL WHEELED AND CAME TROTTING UP THE RING. WITH A SWERVE AS  
QUICK AS LIGHTNING HE CAUGHT THE REST OF THE PICADORES  
AND SCATTERED THEM LIKE CHAFF "

With a swerve as quick as lightning he caught the rest of the picadores and scattered them like chaff. The men went over the barrier, and the horses were sprawled about hideously. In two minutes there wasn't a living thing in the arena, except the bull—and he was very much alive!

"Finally, there being no more worlds to conquer, the bull stood in the center of the arena, looking like the monarch of all he surveyed. He tossed his dripping horns, and snorted and bellowed for the banderilleros to come on, but they refused. The crowd began to scream: '*Le matador! le matador! José! José!*' It was his turn. I ordered the death-trumpet sounded.

"The crowd hooted and yelled, and José decided to vault back into the ring. The people would have torn him in pieces had he refused. A reputation for bravery is sometimes a dangerous thing. José adjusted his sword in his right hand and his scarlet cloth in his left. The bull eyed him in amazement, and for a moment they stood looking at each other. Then the bull launched himself forward like a catapult. I heard Dolores scream, 'Stab him, José!' but it was all up. Without even trying to use his sword he

dodged the first rush by a hair's breadth. The bull wheeled like a cat, and was after him again. With a yell José threw down his sword, dropped his cloak, and fled. No mortal could have stopped the rush of that bull with anything less than dynamite. I knew it, so did José. But the crowd did not. He showed his good sense in running, but the way the crowd let loose on him was shameful. His reputation went out in a second.

"I turned to Dolores, and so did Sanchez. Her face was distorted with rage, and she got more vulgarity out of the Spanish language to hurl at the flying figure in front of the bull than mortal woman had ever got before. Sanchez finally stopped up his ears with his fingers.

"If José had run in a straight line, he wouldn't have lasted three seconds. But he dodged in and out, over dead horses, from one end of the ring to the other. Usually the bull almost had him. Once, in desperate cunning, he caught the bull by the tail. The beast snorted and whirled on his four feet put close together. Faster and faster the bull spun round, José holding on for dear life. Suddenly he let go, and was sent sprawling twenty yards across the arena.

Quick as a cat, the bull was after him, with eager horns lowered to pin him to the ground. The man uttered a yell of despair, rolled to his feet in the nick of time, and the chase continued. Once José stood undecided as the bull charged him, but when the horns were lowered to toss him into eternity he vaulted clear over the animal's neck, and got away. The bull tore up the dirt as he wheeled, and came at his enemy with renewed energy. It seemed now that it was all up with the matador. His knees were bent with weariness and terror, but fear lent wings to his feet, and he kept on. Round and across they went, the bull almost treading on José's heels, or grazing him with his horns. For not a fraction of a second could he get leeway enough to scale the barrier. Surely, never did mortal man run as did José that day. His thin legs worked like machines, and always the bull was coming faster, and missing him by less than an inch. Suddenly, in a spurt, the bull pricked him in the calf of the leg. José let out yell after yell as he leaped aside and circled in agony. It was plain that all the man's nerve had gone. The crowd—a typical Spanish one—hooted its derision.

"But at last the end came. Dolores lowered her scarf over the edge of her box. José saw it, made a wild grab, and Sanchez and I hauled him up. He fell in a heap on the floor of the box, while the bull stood directly underneath, and looked up like a dog begging for a bone.

"When José had got back some of his wind Sanchez and I stood him on his feet. His face was as white as chalk. He looked like a fifteenth-century pirate who had just crawled out of a watery grave. And then Dolores sailed into him, hammer and tongs. First, she pointed to the bull, and with a stamp of her foot told him to go and kill it. José, after one look down at the brute, covered his face with his hands. Then she let loose on him. She pulled out his hair by handfuls. She gouged his eyes; she scratched his face—all the while she screamed. Finally she half pushed, half kicked him out of the box and down the stairs. With a hooting, yelling, laughing crowd at his heels, he ran for the jungle. The next day he got away to Colon, where he is now swabbing floors in the Klondike Saloon."

Jimmie ceased and reached for the bottle of cognac.

"But hold on!" some one exclaimed. "What was the matter with the bull? Was he doped?"

Jimmie went to the back of the room, where he took from a nail a piece of isinglass made in the form of a huge pair of spectacles, gummed on a black tape. The thing was badly battered and caked with blood and mud. Without a word he held it in front of the candle, and a reddish glow filled the room.

"The bull wore red spectacles!" some one cried. And Jimmie nodded.



"WITH A YELL JOSÉ THREW DOWN HIS SWORD, DROPPED HIS CLOAK, AND FLED"



*Drawn by G. D. Gleason*



Coaling a tramp steamer at New York. Even these wanderers of the deep fly foreign flags while carrying rich cargoes from port to port — cargoes which, but for our mistaken national policy toward a merchant marine, would result in the enrichment of Americans. Our battle fleet two years ago carried a proud flag around the world, but from San Francisco on no American commercial ship was sighted.

THE BRITISH SUBSIDIZED *LUSITANIA*, ONE OF  
THE FASTEST SHIPS AFLOAT



## The Crime of our Vanished Ships

By Lewis Nixon

Editor's Note.—As this issue of the *Cosmopolitan* goes to press a bill to reestablish our merchant marine and to restore our flag to the seas is pending in Congress. It is a bill supposed to be favored by President Taft. It has the support of influential leaders. It will probably pass both houses of Congress. But it is inadequate. It is based upon the wrong principle of subsidy. It may improve our mail service by giving an additional cash bonus to a few mail lines already established, but it will not meet the demands of the American people for adequate legislation which will enable us to take our rightful place among the world's great commercial nations. In the following article, concluding his series on the merchant marine, Mr. Nixon points out the facts; he tells where the bill fails, and indicates the remedies which, in his opinion, must be adopted if we are to restore to America the glory of her now vanished ships.

In the preceding articles in this series, I pointed out briefly how, under the policy of protection and discrimination inaugurated by the Fathers of the Republic, our merchant marine took first rank among the merchant fleets of the world. In spite of foreign hostility and aggression during the early years, this policy overcame all obstacles. But in 1828 it was abandoned, and from that time up to the present the story of our shipping is a record of continual decline and failure.

It is hardly necessary to follow in detail the story of our merchant fleet during the decades immediately following the close of the Civil War. The splendid exploits of our merchants and merchant ships during the war, the hostile activity of England, and the waste due to the destruction of American vessels by Southern fighting ships—activity thoroughly justified by the rules of war, but soon only too keenly regretted—are commonplaces of history. Altogether, Confederate

vessels destroyed more than one hundred thousand tons of American shipping. Our ocean cruisers, for fear of attack and capture, were kept in port. Lethargy and despair settled over our commerce. And even with the award of the Geneva Court of Arbitration, no adequate compensation was given for this immense waste of our national resources in shipping, added to by the refusal to allow American vessels sold to neutrals to return to our flag.

Nevertheless the war gave a tremendous impetus to shipbuilding. Never in history has a fighting fleet been so quickly organized and manned. But the impetus came too late. The war had already paralyzed our shipping and clinched the hold of foreign vessels on our commerce. When it was over there was not a single American steamship plying regularly between America and the ports of Europe, Asia, or Africa. Then a heavy internal tax was placed by our government on shipbuilding material; and soon began that era of internal development and exploitation uncontrolled by law in scope or method which for

## The Crime of Our Vanished Ships

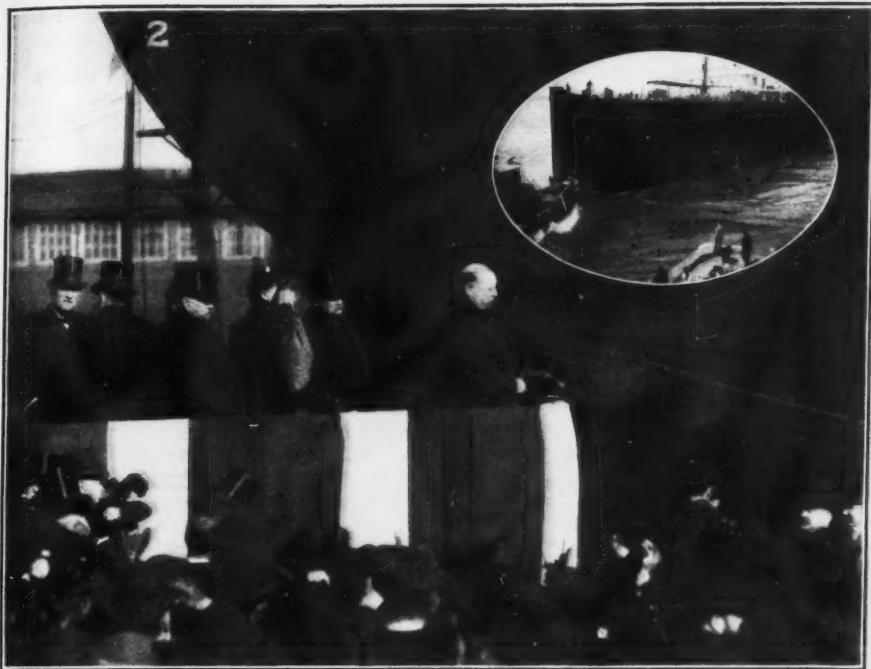
many years relegated our shipping supremacy to the era of forgotten achievements. A few private owners launched a small number of ships for foreign trade during this period; but the government was quiescent, and it is doubtful whether, even if it had readopted a protective policy at this time, any great improvement would have been evident in the condition of our marine. It was not until the passage of the McKinley tariff law in 1890 that any considerable attention was paid by Congress to the reestablishment of our shipping. At that time free importation was allowed of certain important materials used in building vessels for the foreign trade. But neither this provision nor that of the act of June 16, 1884, permitting supplies for merchant vessels to be withdrawn free of duty from bonded warehouses, had any appreciable effect in offsetting the continued decline. In the eighties a few modern clippers engaged in the California grain trade had been able for a time to compete successfully with the iron ships of Europe, but the powerful protective agency of Lloyd's in London soon reinaugurated its old hide-bound policy of discrimination in insurance rates against American vessels, which drove them altogether from this profitable trade. The fact is that the only two governmental measures between 1876 and 1890 from which successful results were anticipated—namely, the granting of subsidies to two American mail lines, the Pacific Mail and a line to Brazil—were abortive, since this policy meant merely the granting of privileges to special interests. It is a curious commentary on our national policy that ten years ago the proportion of trade carried in American ships was less than ten per cent., the very smallest in our entire commercial history.

This was the condition of affairs when Congress, at the instigation of Sen. William P. Frye of Maine, undertook to revive the then obsolete policy of protecting American ships engaged in foreign trade. Had Senator Frye's bills passed as originally proposed, exceptional results as to mail lines would undoubtedly have followed. But it was not to be. The House refused to give its consent.

Briefly, Senator Frye proposed two bills. The first had reference only to steamships carrying mail; the second, to steamships carrying cargoes and to sailing vessels. The Postal Aid Law, as finally enacted, divided American mail steamships into four classes. The first included iron or steel screw steam-

ships of a minimum tonnage of eight thousand tons and a speed of twenty knots; the second, iron or steel steamships of a minimum tonnage of five thousand tons, capable of maintaining a sixteen-knot speed in ordinary weather; the third of a minimum tonnage of twenty-five hundred tons, with a speed of fourteen knots; and the fourth, iron, steel, or wooden steamships of a gross registered tonnage of not less than fifteen hundred tons, and a speed of at least twelve knots. Under Senator Frye's original idea as expressed in the bill passed by the Senate a subsidy of six dollars a mile on each outward voyage was to be paid to ships of the first class. The House, which considered the bill in the closing hours of a busy session, reduced this to four dollars a mile and made corresponding reductions in the subsidies to be paid to the ships of the second, third, and fourth classes. The figures were too low, but an even greater fault lay in the fact that Congress took to itself the contracting power instead of leaving it to the executive departments, rigidly fixing compensation, size, and speed and perpetuating existing types instead of giving scope to American genius to develop vessels that, in adaptability and efficiency, would be suited to the needs of the rapidly developing future demands. The result was that whatever benefit might reasonably have been expected from Senator Frye's original measure was nullified. It is true that certain mail contracts were made under the new law. For instance, a contract was made with the Pacific Mail Company for a service between New York and Colon and between Panama and San Francisco, and another with the same company for service across the Pacific to Yokohama and Hongkong. Other agreements provided for service to Havana, Venezuela, Mexico, Hawaii, and Australia. But in nearly every one of these cases the contract was made with a line already in existence. Several new vessels were built as a result of the law. Hardly more than a year after its passage, the struggling American line to Brazil was abandoned. The net result of the law, therefore, was to improve, to some extent, the service already existing; but it was absolutely impotent to aid materially in the development of a cargo marine.

The legislation, however, did hold out sufficient promise to induce certain financiers to make an attempt to provide ships which could compete with England, France, and Germany in the Atlantic trade. At this time



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LAUNCHING THE *ST. LOUIS* AT PHILADELPHIA IN 1894. THIS EVENT, MADE POSSIBLE BY THE POSTAL AID LAW, WAS OF SUCH SIGNIFICANCE TO THE AMERICAN MARINE THAT PRESIDENT CLEVELAND ATTENDED THE LAUNCHING AND MRS. CLEVELAND CHRISTENED THE VESSEL.

it was impossible to build a modern steamship in America as cheaply as abroad. The International Navigation Company decided, therefore, that Belgium should be given a contract for three new ships. In return the Belgian government immediately offered a subsidy of one hundred thousand dollars a year for ten years, with certain dock privileges amounting to about thirty thousand dollars more. This was the beginning of the present Red Star Line, created by American capital and owned and managed by American citizens.

With characteristic Yankee enterprise this company soon purchased the property of the Inman Line, plying between New York and Liverpool, and immediately decided to build two of the most up-to-date ocean liners the world had seen. As it happened, the subsidy agreement between the British government and the Inman Line expired about this time, and while the subsidies were continued to British-owned lines a curt notification from the British Post Office Department to the American purchasers of the Inman Line in-

formed them that their mail subvention was cut off. Relying upon the action of Congress in passing the Postal Aid Law, these American managers made a frank appeal that the two newly built ships, the *City of Paris* and the *City of New York*, be admitted to American registry, on condition that the company build two similar steamships in American shipyards. By special act of Congress this permission was granted on May 10, 1892, and orders were immediately given for the construction of the two fastest liners yet built in American yards, the *St. Louis* and the *St. Paul*. The event was regarded as of such national importance that President Cleveland accepted the invitation to be present at the launching as guest of honor, and Mrs. Cleveland christened the *St. Louis* as the great liner slipped down the ways to the Delaware. Indirectly, therefore, the passage of Senator Frye's bill may be said to have created a part of a fine fleet of ocean greyhounds, but it was only the unusual action of the Belgian and British governments that made it possible.

On June 20, 1894, Senator Frye endeavored



GREAT SHIPS GLIDE UP TO THE  
CHARGE AND TAKE ON CARGOES,  
FLYING THE



DOCKS IN THE ORIENT TO DIS-  
BUT SELDOM IS ONE SEEN  
AMERICAN FLAG

to have the clauses nullifying the discriminating provisions of the Wilson Bill amended. He said in offering the amendment: "Section No. 14 of the pending bill provides for a discriminating duty of ten per cent. on certain goods which are brought in American bottoms. It has been a provision of the law for a great many years, but is of no earthly account, because we have given away every advantage we ought to derive from it by reciprocal legislation and by treaties. I believe, and have always believed, that the true method of revival is through discriminating duties, but we have always been restrained by these treaties. Many of our treaties have done us immense harm. A treaty is no more sacred than a law, and I am in favor of one more trial."

His amendments in effect reestablished the early navigation laws of the United States and terminated conventions suspending our power to regulate commerce. While defeated through parliamentary tactics, Senator Frye's forceful logic and statesmanship turned the attention of the Republican party to the idea of preference, and in that party's convention in 1896 discriminating duties were favored. Mr. McKinley in his letter of acceptance said, "The policy of discriminating in duties in favor of our shipping which prevailed in the early years of our history should be again promptly adopted by Congress and vigorously

supported until our own prestige and supremacy on the sea are fully attained."

The vote of the nation endorsed this attitude. Senator Elkins endeavored to have this pledge of his party carried into effect, and in 1896 introduced a bill which he amended and improved in the special tariff-revision session of 1897, supporting it by one of the most impressive speeches ever delivered in the Senate. As to England's attitude he said, "What agriculture is to the United States shipping is to England, and England will use her best endeavors, through statesmanship and diplomacy, to protect the same." Just how this statesmanship and diplomacy were operative toward the bill under discussion none can say, but the Elkins Bill was pigeonholed and a flat ship-subsidy bill reported.

In 1901 Senator Frye reintroduced a ship-subsidy bill with practically the same provisions as were outlined in the bill originally defeated in the House. But it failed to pass. Furthermore, although a discriminating tariff in favor of American ships has been prescribed in all tariff legislation since the Wilson Bill, ways have always been found to make these provisions inoperative. For example, the wording of Section 22 of the tariff bill of July, 1897, required the application of discriminating duties to imports brought from a number of foreign countries, but this act

of Congress, signed by the President, was nullified by a decision of the Board of General Appraisers.

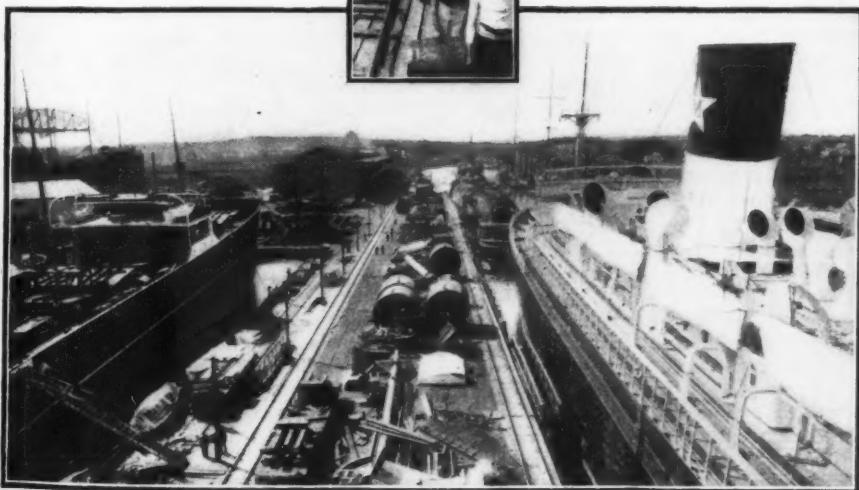
Various proposals have since been made looking to the establishment of mail lines or to strengthening existing lines on long routes through an increased compensation over that provided in the Postal Act of 1891. In general they are merely attempts to cure one or two symptoms of a complication of chronic ills when entire recovery could be quickly secured by a return to Constitutional regulations. The latest of these proposals is contained in the Humphrey Bill now pending in Congress. As this is the bill which is supposed to be favored by the leaders in both houses of Congress, and is likely to pass at this session, it is well to understand what it provides and what hope it really holds out for the rebuilding of our merchant fleet. Briefly the bill contains three main provisions: an increase of subsidies for ocean mail service, discriminating tonnage taxes in favor of American vessels, and "free ships."

Now, with regard to the provision for ocean mail subsidies, there is no doubt, admitting that mail subsidies are desirable, that the present rates are too low for long Pacific voyages as compared with the shorter Atlantic runs. Every route offers a different condition, and different

sums are required for equalization. The big ship runs the smaller vessel out of business and needs no subsidy when they compete. In fact, it is not businesslike to attempt by a specific law to meet the varying demands of ocean navigation.

We must have for each particular service on the Pacific vessels in all respects better than those of any other nation. The Humphrey Bill does not provide for them. Only regulation of commerce supplemented by general legislation can do so. So that while this bill may benefit some lines already established, reestablish the service of the Atlantic Steamship Company between San Francisco and Australia, start a line of steamers to Central and South America—all of which is desirable if we are to have a marine—it is impossible to conceive that it will add to our cargo-carrying marine, to safeguard our balance of commerce in time of peace and to provide *colliers*, transports, and supply vessels in case of war.

The Humphrey tonnage-tax plan is ingenious. By authorizing the government to reduce the tax eighty per cent. if one American boy is carried for instruction for each one thousand tons it is expected that a practical discrimination will be attained. How much better direct discrimination would be to accomplish the object with certainty and



*Small photograph copyright by Underwood & Underwood*

THE BUSY YARDS OF THE FORE RIVER SHIPBUILDING CO., QUINCY, MASS., WHERE AMERICAN MEN, WITH AMERICAN MATERIAL, ARE BUILDING SHIPS TO BE USED BY FOREIGNERS IN AMERICAN TRADE

## The Crime of Our Vanished Ships

without cost to the government! We need a marine of about seven million tons, and to make it really effective we need a compelling preference in favor of American ships.

A ten-thousand-ton cargo-boat trading across the Pacific would do well to make five entries a year. This would mean that an American vessel under the Humphrey Bill might have an average of forty-eight hundred dollars a year advantage in competition with a foreign cargo-steamer. While this might be of some assistance in supplementing amounts received under the postal payments it is utterly inadequate as a means to drive trade into American bottoms.

Moreover, if we adopt a differential tonnage-tax measure which will re-create an immediate demand for vessels under the American flag it would be foolish not to provide the necessary tonnage to take care of this demand. So in order that the American shipbuilding industry may put itself in position to take care of this demand foreign vessels not over five years old and not less than five thousand tons register should be admitted to American registry for three years. These vessels would then simply wear themselves out in our trade and give us immediately available tonnage. But to throw open the rights of American registry in the way provided in Section 6 of the Humphrey Bill will be vigorously opposed by all true friends of shipbuilding and ship-owning. This provision refers to "free ships" and permits any American to buy a steel steamship of a minimum of twenty-five hundred tons to be used under the American flag in foreign trade. For many years—in fact, from the passing of the original Registry Law in 1789—it has been our national policy to exclude foreign-built vessels from American registry. There have been certain notable exceptions, as in the case of the *City of New York* and the *City of Paris*. But the action of Congress which permitted these two vessels to be classed under the American flag was a measure of retaliation against hostile action by Great Britain rather than the beginning of a new governmental policy. At best it is doubtful whether this provision would add a single vessel to our merchant marine. Furthermore, it is extremely questionable whether we could compel the forfeiture of a foreign vessel admitted to American registry if, contrary to the provisions of the bill, it should engage in domestic or coastwise trade. If not this would mean the death knell of the

American shipyard and the transfer to foreign countries of the money to buy and the plants to build vessels.

We all believe in mail lines to South America and the Orient, but if we stop with them we shall face a curious predicament. We shall not only find these lines carrying the letters and drafts which order and pay for the goods carried under other flags, but we shall see the drain on our gold continuing and our commercial independence ebbing away. It is important to have adequate mail lines, but, after all, they have very little part in building the cargo marine which is of vital importance to our commercial life. The only business reason for establishing mail lines under subsidy or otherwise is that these lines may eventually help in establishing a marine for the carrying trade, and there can be no more glaring mistake than to believe that the passage of the Humphrey Bill will be an entering wedge to force Congress eventually to pass adequate legislation. The most humiliating consideration of all, not only to our pride as a nation but to our acumen as business men, is to know that while Congress is busy with the passage of laws taxing the people for mail subsidies a few men are meeting in a room in Europe, portioning out our trade, agreeing upon rates by favor or by preference, and selecting their share of international trade as the old-time robber barons apportioned among themselves the loot of conquered provinces.

Subsidies will not prevail against these conferences and shipping rings, against insurance and rating trusts, nor against adverse rulings of foreign exchanges and boards of trade. To-day we pay about three hundred million dollars in freight charges to foreign carriers. To equalize this would require a subsidy of not less than one hundred millions. Suppose we vote such a subsidy, what then? After we have worked out our tables for the Atlantic what becomes of the practicability of such calculations on the Pacific? At the present moment we are bound by a treaty with Japan which has still two years to run. The menace of cheap Oriental labor on the ocean is startling. To equalize this situation far more than mere mail subsidy is demanded. Protection as a principle becomes ridiculous when its advocates claim impossible results from its application to our foreign trade. *Subsidy is not the remedy.*

What, then, is to be done? We are build-



CALLAO, PERU

DALNY, MANCHURIA

ing a canal at a cost of five hundred million dollars and talk of opening it in 1915; and yet we are making no serious move to secure American ships to ply in it. Of course the canal when finished should be a free highway for American vessels, but I venture the prediction that even this proposition will be combated on the same grounds that any really helpful legislation to-day is opposed by certain interests, namely, that a free canal might tend to irritate our foreign trade rivals who now monopolize our commerce and so bring about retaliation or commercial war. The new political school here in America finds it impolite and boorish to safeguard American interests on the high seas.

For the past fifty years we have devoted our attention to monopoly, and yet we are faced upon the ocean by a monopoly of shipbuilding, of commerce, and of the arts and acces-



*Photographs copyright by Underwood & Underwood*  
WILLEMSTAD, CURAÇAO

AMERICAN GOODS CROWDING WHARVES IN THE FAR CORNERS OF THE GLOBE, BUT CARRIED THERE IN FOREIGN SHIPS

series of navigation, together with inordinate naval power, of which we have no parallel in our entire commercial history. One of the big problems which confronts the manufacturers all over the country to-day is how to dispose of their surplus produce. It has been estimated that American markets can be fully supplied by the products of our factories running eight months a year. The profit of a whole year's output is often wiped out by the surplus of the extra months' run. As usual, the public pays the bill. With proper facilities for disposing of the surplus of our factories this loss would be avoided. This is particularly true of such products as farm supplies and coarse cotton goods, whose prices affect directly and indirectly hundreds of thousands of our people. If new markets were provided for such products it would not only benefit our own people directly, but in a

## The Crime of Our Vanished Ships

short time would insure our manufacturers their rightful place in the international world of trade.

And there is another point of vital moment which is often overlooked. We have just weathered a period of depression and financial panic. During this time a cold shiver passed through the financial districts of the East and West on every sailing day when gold was being sent abroad. What was the reason?

Dilettanti in political economy teach our youth that in the long run a nation's imports must be paid for by its exports. In 1907, our exports were worth \$1,835,000,000 and our imports \$1,194,000,000. This should leave us a foreign credit of \$641,000,000. We have no such credit. The fault lies in not taking into account the vast sum, about \$300,000,000, now paid to foreigners in connection with the transfer of our freight and our people. This sum is a foreign increment and can be understood best by considering it imports of that amount which we must balance by digging, delving, and sweating to produce exports of corresponding value. So we may very easily conceive of an adverse balance of oversea commerce as due to the freighting by foreign vessels and the use of foreign capital in connection with such freighting, with insurance and other charges, and not as due to a lack of exported goods, the volume of which exports may greatly exceed our imports. So long as we do not take measures to check this drain of our basic money, which in the past thirty years has caused the exporting of six billions of our gold, we shall be subject to alternate periods of depression and prosperity; and so long as a foreign octopus has a tentacle fastened to everyone of our seaports, sucking our financial life-blood, so long will legislation on currencies and tariffs be as futile to remedy the prevailing ill as tonics would be to build up the system of a patient slowly bleeding to death from an opened artery. We can never have the great factor of cheap money, without which the lowest cost of production and long credits are impossible, until we remove such menace.

Now, to-day, to do our work in such a way as actually to conserve our navigation costs, we should have a marine of about seven million tons, of a value, approximately, of \$300,000,000. We should have this in the next ten years. After that we shall need additions of about one million tons a year as our foreign commerce increases. And with an all-

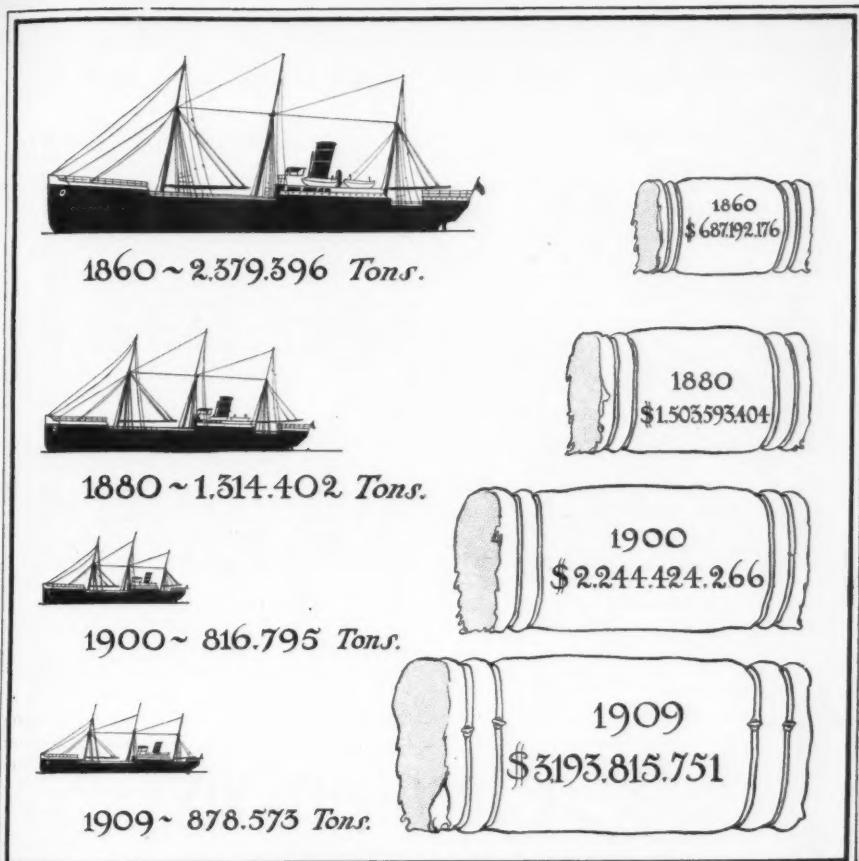
pervading commercial plant, with American agents and American branch houses handling our commerce, we should carry, as in the past, at least ninety per cent. of our own commerce. Then we would have not only the profits on the carrying of this tremendous trade of over \$3,000,000,000, but would save to our own people the \$300,000,000 now paid to foreigners.

In 1870 Germany employed twenty-eight hundred workmen in shipyards; to-day she has over sixty thousand. If we followed her example, during the next ten years we would expend for ships about \$40,000,000 a year and give employment directly to five per cent. of our population.

Furthermore, while other nations are willing to bring us such trade as must come they use their marine to develop their own trade alone. As a striking instance of trade following the ship our commerce with Peru during the two years 1897-99 increased \$2,000,000, due to the monthly service of two steamship lines from New York to the west coast of South America. The same is true of our trade with the Orient, the West Indies, Central America, and many ports in the Pacific. Our consul general at Constantinople wrote recently that "Since establishing a direct line of steamships many articles of American manufacture seem to have taken possession of the entire market."

The remedy? *As the result of a study of twenty-seven years of this problem I advocate the repeal of the Act of 1828 suspending discrimination in the indirect trade. That is the remedy.* And in applying discrimination our measures must be drastic and compelling, as the handicaps against us have increased with our neglect.

Without paying out subsidies wrung from our own people let us place a tonnage tax on foreign vessels much higher than on our own, increasing this in every case where they have evaded the true principle of trade reciprocity in favored-nation treaties. In the indirect trade make the payments such that they will insure employment of our own vessels. In case insurance companies doing business here discriminate against our vessels, make it a misdemeanor punishable by fine and imprisonment and cancellation of rights to do further business. Put a mileage tonnage tax on every vessel bringing immigrants not of its own flag. Freely admitting that our vessels carry better-paid and better-fed crews and that we do not wish to change this condition,



COMPARATIVE FIGURES SHOWING THE DECADENCE OF THE AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE AND THE REMARKABLE GROWTH OF THIS COUNTRY'S INTERNATIONAL TRADE FROM 1860 TO 1909.  
THESE FIGURES POINT OUT THE OBVIOUS FACT THAT OUR ENORMOUS FOREIGN TRADE IS NOW TRANSPORTED IN FOREIGN BOTTOMS, TO THE PROFIT OF RIVAL NATIONS

put a race tax per ton on every vessel entering our ports whose crew contains more than ten per cent. of seamen alien to our flag. When you are told that discrimination or preference will lead to commercial retaliation quote Senator Edmunds, who says, "We are in the attitude of being able without a breach of treaty obligations to resort to discriminations in respect of our vessels and commerce after giving requisite notice."

And if we are boycotted by foreign insurance companies let the government step in itself and insure foreign cargoes, giving the Secretary of the Treasury power to underwrite such insurance when necessary from tonnage-tax collections; and as soon as possible extend our coast-trade laws to Central

and South America, letting the world know that this hemisphere only is subject to that concession and that no vessel not built in the American country whose flag it flies can enter such trade.

*We cannot buy back our commerce. It is worth too much.* And even could we pay the vast sum necessary to equalize competition there is no assurance that payment will insure delivery. But we can again honor the pact of the Constitution and regulate commerce as our forefathers did, so bringing about a preference for the employment of American ships, which shall again secure for us our former national sovereignty, independence, and strength among the great nations of the world.



The Incongruous  
By W. J. Sullivan  
Illustrated by  
George Albert Grant

The hand of the leader was rough and red;  
It was fat and covered with hair—  
But the music it drew from the band it led  
Charmed even the senseless air.

# Wanted—More Audiences

THE FEVERISH ACTIVITY OF THEATER-BUILDERS AND THE AMBITION OF TIRELESS MANAGERS HAVE CREATED A PLAYHOUSE SUPPLY GREATER THAN THE PUBLIC DEMAND

By Alan Dale

**S**OME means will have to be devised to increase New York's population. A dreadful problem confronts us. It may be found necessary to award prizes to the happy parents of twins and triplets, or to crown with some golden laurel wreath all families of numerical interest. Never have ex-President Roosevelt's frightful remarks on the subject of race suicide seemed so relevant as today. The problem has butted into my simple, fragrant, theatrical life. Every day I see new theaters going up. I note the feverish activity of theater-builders, and the vaulting ambition of tireless managers. I see

a galaxy of playhouses that make London, Paris, and Berlin look like smiling villages of a plain. Actors of a kind, and plays of a sort, can apparently be found, but what about audiences? There must be audiences. They are absolutely essential. A theater without an audience doesn't look well. It seems cold. Personally, I don't mind it a bit, but the majority of playgoers like to feel that they are *among* those present, and not merely those present.

So I say that something will have to be done. Audiences will have to be born or imported. Perhaps they can be reared in hot-houses like cucumbers. Or recruits may be borrowed from other cities. Certain it is that



TULLY MARSHALL, WALTER HAMPDEN, AND MARY NASH IN A SCENE FROM  
"THE CITY," BY THE LATE CLYDE FITCH

## Wanted—More Audiences



GERTRUDE VANDERBILT IN "THE JOLLY BACHELORS"

the supply of theaters in New York is far greater than the supply of people to fill them, and that is why I am hovering around Malthusian topics on this cheery morn. However, I shall do nothing more than hover. I do not concern myself, except in a perfunctory way, with the business of audiences. Actors and plays clamor for me. I must heed the call.

If each New York theater were forced to announce one really good and artistic star as its attraction most of them would be absolutely unable to keep open. There are more real theaters here than there are real actors to grace them, and it doesn't need a very astute dramatic critic to unearth that fact. To be sure, great efforts are made to "create" stars. Every Tom, Dick, or Harry who gets a round of applause for speaking a playwright's words decently becomes a star. The stars that twinkle here are boosted into the theatrical firmament in a wholesale way that is not lacking in a certain saturnine humor. What are managers to do? They must make "attractions" for their playhouses. Something has got to be put in them—apparently anything! A real actor is, of course, a rare occurrence. It could scarcely be otherwise. So many splendid powers belong to the real actor that one cannot expect to find enough of them to fill our ever-increasing theaters. Moreover, this is a busy world. Oddly enough, there are other things in it besides the theaters. Nor do all people want to be

actors. I admit that most of them do—but not all. So the question is really almost insoluble.

It is with great pleasure that I turn to two nobly stellar pieces of acting that are all the more interesting because they will mean two stars, and two stars of magnitude and force. That will dispose of at least two of the theaters that are probably being built as I write these lines.

In "The City," which was billed with a somewhat gruesome and mortuary insistence as the "last play of Clyde Fitch," there sprang into magnificent notice an actor who for years has obtained nothing more than very casual attention. For years and years we have been viewing Mr. Tully Marshall as an exponent of small parts. Nothing ever happened to him. It was a sort of tragedy. It is always a tragedy to watch an actor doing nothing, year in and year out. Sometimes these patient hard workers impress one with indelible pathos.

Mr. Tully Marshall did. There are many others to-day who do.

In "The City" Mr. Tully Marshall made



HEDWIG REICHER, WHO WAS THE ORIGINAL PAULA MARSH IN "THE NEXT OF KIN"

a sensation, and made it in a rapid-transit way that swept the audience off their very feet. He played the part of a morphine-crazed youth, the illegitimate son of a respectable *bourgeois*. It was a tragic rôle of rather nauseating import. This character fell violently in love with a young girl, the legitimate daughter of his own father. This relationship was of course unknown to both the young people. It was known to the girl's legitimate brother, who tried in every conceivable way to break off the consanguineously horrible attachment. But he was too late, and in a stupendously dramatic second act it was discovered that the two had been married. It was in this scene that Mr. Tully Marshall rose to the altitude of magnificence. In passionate despair he shot the girl he loved; in deadly anguish and mortal distress he pleaded for a pistol with which to end his own life. Rarely has human



MARGUERITE CLARK IN "THE KING OF CADONIA"



FREDERICK PERRY AS JOHN RICABY IN "THE NEXT OF KIN," BY CHARLES KLEIN

agony been displayed in so virile and poignant a form. It was acting such as we rarely see nowadays. It was acting of which the sterling actors of long ago might have been legitimately proud. The Lyric Theater on this occasion rose and bravoed Mr. Marshall, and—his fortune was made.

Now I submit that this is particularly interesting and noteworthy. If Mr. Marshall had been some absolutely unknown individual we might have looked askance at this rocket-like incident. But here was a young man who for more years than you would care to remember has been grubbing along absorbing experience. It is nice to believe that his success was due to an accumulation of experience, and I intend to believe it, for it is quite likely. If Mr. Tully Marshall ever becomes a star, which I sincerely trust that he will do, it will be comforting to realize that his position has been honestly won, and is the result of sheer hard work. Mr. Marshall will be no mushroom star, but a star quite powerful enough to shine in one of the multitudinous but starless theaters of New York.

This "last play" of the late Clyde Fitch was most decidedly unlike the work we saw during his life. The theme was so distressing that it gave one the horrors. Impossible to sit through the piece without squirming. Those who go to the theater for mere entertainment—and what a quantity of such people one meets!—would look at "The City" in ironical wonder. Its grim sensationalism put mere entertainment out of the question. The play gripped, and one couldn't un-grip it. It was more like a ghastly nightmare than a



SCENE FROM "THE LILY," A FRENCH PLAY ADAPTED BY DAVID BELASCO, WITH NANCE O'NEIL AS THE STAR

theatrical offering. It was full of death and human agony. The shadows seemed to have closed in around poor Clyde Fitch when he wrote it.

The second event was nearly as sensational. It was the appearance of Miss Nance O'Neil at the Stuyvesant Theater in "The Lily"—a play adapted by David Belasco from the French of Pierre Wolff and Gaston Leroux. Miss Nance O'Neil is one of the most curious young women on the stage to-day. Some fifteen years ago I saw her in a stock company at the Murray Hill Theater, in a cheap melodrama called "True to Life." I thought I had discovered her! She was unknown, and she was splendid. In my artless way I raved about her. Sycophants told me that I had "made her"! At any rate, she became a star. Then, some years later, I saw her again. I rubbed my eyes in amaze. Was this the woman I had thought "great"? There seemed to be no vestige of even ordinary ability. I was horror-stricken, as a critic generally is when he seems to have made an ass of himself. It was a most doleful occasion, and there was nothing to do but eat my own words. I ate 'em. There was great consternation in the O'Neil camp. I was even barred from the theater in which she was playing. There was

no greater villain on earth than your humble servant. Miss O'Neil, however, was a failure.

In "The Lily" Miss O'Neil rose again, this time in a way that will never be forgotten. She gave us a piece of acting so vivid, so superb, and so harrowingly beautiful that everything she had previously done was obliterated. Here was another star of the first magnitude who simply walked away with all the honors. Nance O'Neil in "The Lily" played the part of an old maid who had been deprived by a misguided father of the rights of her sex. Her younger sister, suffering equally from the old man's mistaken zeal, had "gone wrong." She had given herself to an artist whom she loved, and who was married. Most of the play concerned itself with an investigation, of an intensely dramatic nature, leading to the discovery that poor little Christiane had been betrayed.

During all this investigation the tall, pale, lifeless spinster had apparently nothing to do. She fetched and carried. She was dumb. Yet you saw her there all the time; you could not escape from her. She seemed to be repressing herself. Smoldering fires appeared to be hidden in that colorless, pulseless exterior. Then when, beyond all the peradventure of a doubt, little Christiane's lapse had been definitely

settled, Odette, the pale sister, arose and confronted the father who had selfishly kept his daughters in gloomy, lifeless comfort. In a voice of thunder, that rang through the Stuyvesant Theater, she took sides with the betrayed girl, against the father who had made her fate reasonable. Nance O'Neil towered. She was a wonderful figure of majesty and force. Repression gave way to the fierce invective of expression. A spellbound audience followed her every word, and when she had finished—well, we knew that here, at last, was a star that would shine forever.

Such acting is quite unusual. Nor can I yet understand Miss Nance O'Neil's strange switchback arrangement, in which I had seen her at the height of magnificence and at the depths of insignificance. I was so perplexed that I took the trouble to ask her about it, but she couldn't explain it. She admitted that, at times, she had been a failure. She attributed it to moods, surroundings, and other things. However, she is settled at last. Nothing can ever make us forget her amazing work in "The Lily." That piece of acting gave me more real pleasure than I have felt in ages at a theater. For, after all, it is acting that counts. If Miss Nance O'Neil had played in a barn, she would have been just as wonderful as she was in Mr. Belasco's exquisitely appointed Stuyvesant Theater.

Not in years has Belasco produced a play as vivid as "The Lily." It got into the crevices of the heart. It touched the "home." It seemed to affect life that is seldom impressed in the theater. It was sincere, and it was harrowing. More, it was beautifully acted. Miss Julia Dean, as Christiane, was very convincing in a rôle that was no sinecure. Charles Cartwright, Alfred Hickman, Bruce McRea, Leo Ditrichstein, Dodson Mitchell, and Florence Nash were woven into the Belasco tissue. But the overwhelming success of Miss Nance O'Neil was what we carried away from the Stuyvesant Theater. Like Mr. Tully Marshall, she arrived, after years of waiting.

So there are two un-starred stars taking care of two theaters. At the third, the Garrick Theater, Mr. Otis Skinner, whose stellar claims have long been recognized, has been appearing in a play by Booth Tarkington and

Harry Leon Wilson, called "Your Humble Servant." Mr. Skinner's case is very unlike those of Mr. Tully Marshall and Miss Nance O'Neil, for Mr. Skinner had to battle with a very weak play, and it was only his really fine acting that gave the play a fighting chance. Mr. Skinner is one of the best actors in the country, and a real star. One goes to see him,



CLARA PALMER AND WILLIAM NORRIS IN "THE KING OF CADONIA," AN ENGLISH MUSICAL COMEDY SUCCESS

## Wanted—More Audiences

no matter what play he produces. It is his name that counts, as it doesn't count in the case of at least twenty so-called stars.

In "Your Humble Servant" Mr. Skinner played the part of an improvident actor, and tried to show us conditions that used to exist when the actor was not as "high and mighty" as he has grown to be to-day. He showed us an unselfish Thespian who forgot himself and his ambitions for the sake of a sweet little actress in whose career he was extremely interested. A likely story to-day, when actors throw things at their leading ladies if those ladies get the better "notices"! There was a good deal of pallid, maudlin incident in the play. Some of it was astonishingly cheap. Through it all, Otis Skinner rode triumphantly. The purity of his diction, the ease and grace of his presence, his mastery of every situation, fascinated us. He was really very fine indeed. The stage boasts no better actor. Let us recognize it while he lives.

Cunning little Marie Tempest! What an artist she is, and what a sense of humor she owns! But she crossed the rude Atlantic with a play that was so thin and debilitated that it had but the shadow of a hope in theater-ridden New York. This play was called "Penelope," and it was from the prolific pen of Mr. W. Somerset Maugham, of London. Alas! Little Miss Tempest was the victim not only of a weak play, but of a bad company. Was she down-hearted? No. She did her level best, and she was adorable. I'd sooner see Marie Tempest in a weak play, with a bad company, than many other actresses in fine plays, with star casts. She is such a delicious and magnetic little comedienne, and her effects are so unerring and so unexpected!

Why did Miss Tempest give us "Penelope"? Probably because she had nothing else to offer. Moreover, the piece was a success in London, where there is very little dramatic material of any kind. I saw it there, and was sorry for it, though the company was excellent, but I was much sorrier for it here.

Miss Tempest is an actress of such delightful quality that it is a pity to see her wasted upon a poor play. Unlike most comediennes, she has also the gift of expressing pathos. She is wonderfully equipped. I should think that she would be an inspiration to any playwright. If it be true that Henri Bernstein is writing a play for her, then we may hope that she will find a happy vehicle, provided that the elusive Bernstein be felicitously translated into real English, instead of into French-English.

"The Next of Kin," by Mr. Charles Klein, was soon snuffed out of New York. It started its career at the Hudson Theater, with Miss Hedwig Reicher, a handsome and capable German actress, in the leading rôle. An astonishing thing happened. Miss Reicher withdrew from the cast, because the critics declared that the rôle did not suit her. *Mirabile dictu!* Also other things! Her place was taken by Miss Grace Ellison, but apparently "The Next of Kin" fared no better. The poor play lacked vitality. It was anemic.

So many utterly mediocre plays have been produced in our umpteen theaters that it is hard to select those that will not be dead and forgotten when these lines appear. Mr. Francis Wilson has appeared in an affair called "The Bachelor's Baby," and he wrote it himself! When you see it you quite realize that he might have written it himself, perhaps years ago, between the acts of "Erminie." In this play Mr. Wilson had scenes with a very delightful little child called Baby Davis, and these scenes told. The comedian played the part of a child-hater won over by the wiles and charm of a little girl. When he was unalloyed Francis Wilson, as occasionally happened, he was very good indeed. When he was struggling for "sympathy" (all comedians appear to clamor for it), he was funny without knowing it. However, we all like our Francis Wilson. He is one of our old stand-bys, and if "The Bachelor's Baby" was slim, it was at least endurable.

And what of musical comedy? Shall I forget it? No, I could not, if I would, for, like the poor, it is always with us. I could note many cases, but I will refrain. A happy one occurred in the instance of "The Jolly Bachelors" at the Broadway Theater, which kept us good, and allowed us to be merry. Miss Nora Bayes, who is quite "popular," was wedged into it, and so was Miss Stella Mayhew, who is an amusing person. Al. Leech, Nellie Lynch, Jack Norwood, Lionel Walsh, and Topsy Siegrist were plums in this pudding, which really calls for "cook-book" criticism rather than for any other style.

The poor old "King of Cadonia" was dragged to U. S. A. and enthroned at Daly's Theater, and once again we saw a London success that we couldn't understand. It had been subjected to all sorts of "doctoring," but it had been insulted in its music, and it was quite unrecognizable. Little Miss Marguerite Clark, a very small and winsome girl, was lifted to the rank of star. And I'll let it go at that.



MAY DE SOUSA AND SCENE FROM  
"THE GODDESS OF LIBERTY"  
A MUSICAL FARCE



FLORENCE ROCKWELL AND SCENE WITH JAMES DURKIN IN "THE BARRIER." FROM REX BEACH'S NOVEL OF THE SAME NAME



AILEEN FLAVEN AND SCENE WITH NANCE O'NEIL, JULIA DEAN, AND CHARLES CARTWRIGHT IN BELASCO'S PRODUCTION OF "THE LILY"



PAULINE CHASE, THE ENGLISH PETER PAN.  
WHO IS NOW TAKING PRACTICAL  
AERONAUTICAL LESSONS



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MRS. RUSSELL COLT (ETHEL BARRYMORE),  
WHO RETURNED TO THE STAGE IN  
PINERO'S "MID-CHANNEL"



GRACE LA RUE AND SCENE WITH JACK GARDNER AND MAZIE FOLLETTE  
IN "MISS MOLLIE MAY"



JOSEPHINE LOVETT AND SCENE WITH ROBERT EDESON IN "A MAN'S A MAN."  
A GREAT WESTERN SUCCESS



Drawn by Will Foster

INSPECTOR JACKS AND DR. SPENCER WHILES WERE CERTAINLY JUST A LITTLE OUT OF ACCORD WITH THEIR SURROUNDINGS. THE DETECTIVE'S CLOTHES WERE TOO NEW AND HIS COMPANION'S TOO OLD

(*"The Illustrious Prince"*)

# The Illustrious Prince

## By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrated by Will Foster

**SYNOPSIS:** Two Americans—Hamilton Fynes, traveling to London in a special train, and “Dicky” Vanderpole, secretary to the American ambassador there—are murdered within a period of twenty-four hours and without apparent motive. Scotland Yard can find no clue, and its inspector, a Mr. Jacks, is baffled in all his questionings by Miss Penelope Morse, an American girl who had known Fynes, and by Mr. Coulson, a fellow passenger from New York with him. Penelope, however, following the murder of Fynes, intimates to Vanderpole that the former had been a despatch-bearer for his government. The same evening, while carrying a letter from Mr. Coulson to his chief, Dicky himself is murdered. This complicates the case for the detective, and among those informed leads to surmises as to who could be interested in the despatches. Suspicion soon fastens upon a Japanese prince who is in London as a special representative of his government, and the American ambassador commissions Penelope to find out whether he got them. The prince, a favorite in society, is already well known to Penelope, but he calmly outwits her at every attempt to gain an admission from him. Finally, however, she finds tangible evidence that leads her to tell the ambassador that she believes the prince or somebody connected with his household committed both murders.

Meanwhile the British government becomes interested in the unraveling of the mystery. Inspector Jacks works assiduously but to little apparent purpose, society forgets the excitement and whirls on, and Penelope becomes engaged to Sir Charles Somerville. Through it all the prince is imperturbable, kindly, courteous, considerate, interested in the murders with no more than the Oriental's ordinary interest in death. All the while the web of evidence is getting very tangled, with more than a few strands of it leading to the prince. Mr. Coulson has returned from Paris and is closeted with a high official of the British government.

### XX

#### WHAT WOULD ENGLAND DO?



R. COULSON'S expression was one of bland interest. “Well, I guess you've got me puzzled, Sir Edward,” he said. “You aren't thinking of doing anything in woolen machinery, are you?”

Sir Edward smiled. “I think not, Mr. Coulson,” he answered. “At any rate, my question had nothing to do with your other very interesting avocation. What I wanted to ask you was whether you could tell me anything about a compatriot of yours—a Mr. Hamilton Fynes?”

“Hamilton Fynes? Why, that's the man who was murdered on the train, going from Liverpool to London.”

“That is so,” Sir Edward admitted.

Mr. Coulson shook his head. “I told that reporter fellow all I knew about him,” he said. “He was an unsociable sort of chap, you know, Sir Edward, and he wasn't in my line of business.”

“H'm! I thought he might have been,” the secretary answered, glancing keenly, for a moment, at his visitor. “To tell you the truth, Mr. Coulson, the matter has given us a great deal of anxiety, and I can assure you that the home secretary himself has taken a strong personal interest in it; but at the same time our investigations are rendered difficult from the fact that we cannot learn anything definite concerning this Mr. Hamilton Fynes or his visit to this country. Now, if we knew, for instance,” Sir Edward continued, “that he was carrying documents, or even a letter, similar to the one you have just handed to me, we might at once discover a motive for the crime, and work backward until we reached the perpetrator.”

Mr. Coulson knocked the ashes from his cigar. “I see what you are driving at,” he said. “I am sorry I can be of no assistance to you, Sir Edward.”

“Neither in the case of Mr. Hamilton Fynes nor in the case of Mr. Richard Vanderpole?” Sir Edward asked.

Mr. Coulson shook his head. “Quite out of my line,” he declared.

“Notwithstanding the fact,” Sir Edward

## The Illustrious Prince

reminded him quietly, "that you were probably the last person to see Vanderpole alive. He came to the Savoy to call upon you before he got into the taxicab where he was murdered. That is so, isn't it?"

"Sure!" Mr. Coulson answered. "A nice young fellow he was, too. Well set up, and real American manners. Hail-fellow-well-met with you, right away."

"I suppose, Mr. Coulson," the secretary suggested smoothly, "it wouldn't answer your purpose to put aside that bluff about patents for the development of the woolen trade, for a few moments, and tell me exactly what passed between you and Mr. Vanderpole at the Savoy Hotel, and the object of his calling upon you? Whether, for instance, he took away with him documents or papers intended for the embassy, and which you yourself had brought from America?"

"You do think of things!" Mr. Coulson remarked admiringly. "You're on the wrong track this time, though, sure. Still, supposing I were able to tell you that Mr. Vanderpole was carrying papers of importance to my country, and that Mr. Hamilton Fynes was also in possession of the same class of document, how would it help you? In what fresh direction should you look then for the murderers of those two men?"

"Mr. Coulson," Sir Edward said, "we should consider the nature of those documents, and we should see to whose advantage it was that they were suppressed."

"And supposing it was your country's?" Mr. Coulson asked. "Supposing they contained instructions to our ambassador which you might consider inimical to your interests? Do you mean that you would look at home for the murderers? Or do you mean that Scotland Yard would have its orders, and that these men would go free?"

"I was not thinking of my own country," Sir Edward admitted. "I must confess that my thoughts had turned elsewhere."

"Let me tell you this, sir," Mr. Coulson continued. "I should imagine that the trouble with Washington, if there is any, is simply that they will not believe that your police have a free hand. They will not believe that you are honestly and genuinely anxious to discover the perpetrators of those crimes. I speak without authority, you understand. I am no more in a position to discuss this affair than any other tourist from my country who might happen to come along."

Sir Edward shrugged his shoulders. "Can

you suggest any method," he asked, a little dryly, "by means of which we might remove this unfortunate impression?"

Mr. Coulson once more flicked the ashes from the end of his cigar, and looked at it thoughtfully. "This isn't my show," he said, "and, you understand, I am giving the views of Mr. James B. Coulson and nobody but Mr. James B. Coulson; but if I were in your position, and knew that a friendly country was feeling a little bit sore at having two of her citizens disposed of so unceremoniously, I'd do my best to prove, by the only possible means, that I was taking the matter seriously."

"The only possible means being?" Sir Edward asked.

"I guess I'd offer a reward," Mr. Coulson replied.

Sir Edward did not hesitate for a moment. "Your idea is an excellent one, Mr. Coulson," he said. "It has already been mooted, but we will give it a little emphasis. To-morrow we will offer a reward of one thousand pounds for any information leading to the apprehension of either murderer."

"That sounds bully," Mr. Coulson declared.

"You think that it will have a good effect upon your friends in Washington?"

"Me?" Mr. Coulson asked. "I know nothing about it. I've given you my personal opinion only. Seems to me, though, it's the best way of showing that you're in earnest."

"Before we quit this subject finally, Mr. Coulson," Sir Edward said, "I am going to ask you a question which you have been asked before."

"Referring to Hamilton Fynes?"

"Yes."

"Get your young man to lay his hand on that copy of the *Comet*," Mr. Coulson begged earnestly. "I told that pushing young journalist all I knew, and a bit more. I assure you, my information isn't worth anything."

"Was it meant to be worth anything?" Sir Edward asked.

Mr. Coulson remained imperturbable. "If you don't mind, Sir Edward," he said, "I guess we had better drop the subject of Mr. Hamilton Fynes. We can't get any forwarder. Let it go at that."

There was a knock at the door. Sir Edward's secretary ushered in a tall, plainly dressed gentleman who had the slightly aggrieved air of a man who has been kept out of his bed beyond the usual time.

"My dear Bransome," he said, shaking

hands, "isn't this a little unreasonable of you? Business at this hour of the night! I was in the midst of a most amusing conversation with a delightful acquaintance of your wife's, a young lady who turned up her nose at Hegel, and has developed a philosophy of her own. I was just beginning to grasp its first principles. Nothing else, I am quite sure, would have kept me awake."

Sir Edward leaned across the table toward Mr. Coulson, who had risen to his feet. "This gentleman," he said, "is Mr. Smith."

The newcomer opened his lips to protest, but Sir Edward held out his hand.

"One moment," he begged. "Our friend here—Mr. J. B. Coulson from New York—has brought a letter from America. He is sailing to-morrow—leaving London somewhere about eight o'clock in the morning, I imagine. He wishes to take back a verbal reply. The letter, you will understand, comes from a Mr. Jones, and the reply is delivered in the presence of—Mr. Smith. Our friend here is not personally concerned in these affairs. As a matter of fact, I believe he has been on the Continent, exploiting some patents of his own invention."

The newcomer accepted the burden of his altered nomenclature and took up the letter. He glanced at the signature, and his manner became at once more interested. He accepted the chair which Sir Edward had placed by his side and drawing the electric light a little nearer read the document through, word by word. Then he folded it up, and glanced first at his colleague and then at Mr. Coulson.

"I understand," he said, "that this is a private inquiry from a private gentleman, who is entitled, however, to as much courtesy as it is possible for us to show him."

"That is exactly the position, sir," Mr. Coulson replied. "Negotiations of a more formal character are naturally conducted between your foreign office and the foreign office of my country. These few lines come

from man to man. I think that it occurred to my friend that it might save a great deal of trouble, a great deal of specious diplomacy, and a great many hundred pages of labored despatches, if, at the bottom of it all, he knew your true feelings concerning this question. It is, after all, a simple matter," Mr. Coulson continued, "and yet it is a matter with so many ramifications that, after much discussion, it might become a veritable chaos."

Mr. Smith inclined his head gently. "I appreciate the situation," he said.

"Sir Edward and I have already discussed this matter at great length. We have also had the benefit of the advice and help of a greater foreign minister than either of us can ever hope to become. I see no objection to giving you the verbal reply you ask for.

Do you, Bransome?"  
"None whatever, sir."

"I leave it to you to put it in your own words," Mr. Smith continued. "The affair is within your province, and the policy of his majesty's ministers is absolutely fixed."

Sir Edward turned toward their visitor. "Mr. Coulson," he said, "we are asked by your friend, in a few plain words, what the attitude of Great Britain would be in the event of a war between Japan and America. My answer—our answer—to you is this: no war between Japan and America is likely to take place unless your cabinet should go to unreasonable and uncalled-for extremes. We have ascertained, beyond any measure of doubt, the sincere feelings of our ally in this matter. Japan does not desire war, is not preparing for it, is unwilling even to entertain the possibility of it. At the same time, she feels that her sons should receive the same consideration from every nation in the world as the sons of other people. Personally, it is our profound conviction that the good sense, the fairness, and the generous instincts of your great country will recognize this and act accordingly. War between your country and Japan is an impossibility. The thought of



MR. SMITH GLANCED AT THE SIGNATURE, THEN READ THE DOCUMENT THROUGH, WORD BY WORD

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it exists only in the frothy vaporings of cheap newspapers and the sensational utterances of the catch politician who must find an audience and a hearing by any methods. The sober possibility of such a conflict does not exist."

Mr. Coulson listened attentively to every word. When Sir Edward had finished he knocked the ashes from his cigar onto a corner of the writing-table. "That's all very interesting indeed, Sir Edward," he declared. "I am very pleased to have heard what you have said, and I shall repeat it to my friend on the other side, who, I am sure, will be exceedingly obliged to you for such a frank exposition of your views. And now," he continued, "I don't want to keep you gentlemen up too late, so perhaps you will be coming to the answer to the question."

"The answer!" Sir Edward exclaimed. "Surely I made myself clear?"

"All that you have said," Mr. Coulson admitted, "has been remarkably clear, but the question asked you was this: what is to be the position of your country in the event of war between Japan and America?"

"And I have told you," Sir Edward declared, "that war between Japan and America is not a subject within the scope of practical politics."

"We may consider ourselves—my friend Mr. Jones would certainly consider himself," Mr. Coulson affirmed, "as good a judge as you, Sir Edward, so far as regards that matter. I am not asking you whether it is probable or improbable. You may know the feelings of your ally. You do not know ours. We may look into the future, and we may see that, sooner or later, war between our country and Japan is a necessity. We may decide that it is better for us to fight now than later. These things are in the clouds. They only enter into the present discussion to this extent, but it is not for you to sit here and say whether war between the United States and Japan is possible or impossible. What Mr. Jones asks you is: what would be your position if it should take place? The little dia-tribe with which you have just favored me is exactly the reply we should have expected to receive formally from Downing Street. It isn't that sort of reply I want to take back to Mr. Jones."

Mr. Smith and his colleague exchanged glances, and the latter drew his chief to one side. The room was a large one, and the two men walked slowly up and down—Mr. Smith

leaning all the time upon his colleague's shoulder. They spoke in an undertone, and what they said was inaudible to Mr. Coulson. Presently they came back to him. This time it was Mr. Smith who spoke.

"Mr. Coulson," he said, "we need not beat about the bush. You ask us a plain question, and you want a plain answer. Then I must tell you this: the matter is not one concerning which I can give you any definite information. I appreciate the position of your friend Mr. Jones, and I should like to have met him in the same spirit as he has shown in his inquiry, but I may tell you that, being utterly convinced that Japan does not seek war with you, and that, therefore, no war is likely, my government is not prepared to answer a question which it considers based upon an impossibility. If this war should come, the position of our country would depend entirely upon the rights of the dispute. As a corollary to that, I would mention two things. You read the newspapers, Mr. Coulson?"

"Sure!" that gentleman answered.

"You are aware, then," Mr. Smith continued, "of the present position of your fleet. You know how many months must pass before it can reach Eastern waters. It is not within the traditions of this country to evade fulfilment of its obligations, however severe and unnatural they may seem, but in three months time, Mr. Coulson, our treaty with Japan will have expired."

"You are seeking to renew it," Mr. Coulson declared quickly.

Mr. Smith raised his eyebrows. "The renewal of that treaty," he said, "is on the knees of the gods. One cannot tell. I go so far only as to tell you that in three months the present treaty will have expired."

Mr. Coulson rose slowly to his feet and took up his hat. "Gentlemen both," he said, "that's what I call plain speaking. I suppose it's up to us to read between the lines. I can assure you that my friend Mr. Jones will appreciate it. It isn't my place to say a word outside the letter which I have handed to you. I am a plain business man, and these things don't come in my way. That is why I feel I can criticise—I am unprejudiced. You are Britishers, and you've got one eternal fault—you seem to think the whole world must see a matter as you see it. If Japan has convinced you that she doesn't seek a war with us, it doesn't follow that she's convinced us. As to the rights of a dispute, don't rely so much upon hearing one side only. Don't

be dogmatic about it, and say this thing is and that thing isn't. You may bet your last dollar that America isn't going to war about trifles. We are the same flesh and blood, you know. We have the same traditions to uphold. What we do is what we should expect you to do if you were in our places. That's all, gentlemen. Now I wish you both good night. Mr. Smith, I am proud to shake hands with you. Sir Edward, I say the same to you."

Bransome touched the bell and summoned his secretary. "Sidney, will you see this gentleman out?" he said. "You are quite sure there is nothing further we can do for you, Mr. Coulson?"

"Nothing at all, I thank you, sir," that gentleman answered. "I have only got to thank you once more for the pleasure of this brief interview. Good night."

"Good night, and *bon voyage!*" Sir Edward answered.

The door was closed. The two men looked at each other for a moment. Mr. Smith shrugged his shoulders and helped himself to a cigarette.

"I wonder," he remarked thoughtfully, "how our friends in Japan convinced themselves so thoroughly that Mr. Jones was only playing ships?"

Sir Edward shook his head. "It makes one wonder," he said.

## XXI

### A QUESTION OF IMMUNITY

By twelve o'clock on the following day, London was placarded with notices which were sensational enough to attract observation from every passer-by, young or old, rich or poor. One thousand pounds reward for the apprehension of the murderer of either Hamilton Fynes or Richard Vanderpole! Inspector Jacks, who was among the first to hear the news, after a brief interview with his chief put on his hat and walked round to the Home Office. He sought out one of the underlings with whom he had some acquaintance, and whom he found ready enough, even eager, to discuss the matter.

"There wasn't a word about any reward," Inspector Jacks was told, "until this morning. We had a telephone message from the chief's bedroom and 'phoned you up at once. It's a pretty stiff amount, isn't it?"

"It is," the inspector admitted. "Your

chief seems to be taking quite a personal interest in the matter all at once."

"I'll lay two to one that some one was on to him at Sir Edward Bransome's reception last night," the other remarked. "I know very well that there was no idea of offering a reward yesterday afternoon. We might have come out with a hundred pounds or so, a little later on, perhaps, but there was nothing of this sort in the air. I've no desire to seem censorious, you know, Jacks," the young man went on, "but it does seem a dashed queer thing that you can't put your finger upon either of those fellows."

Inspector Jacks nodded gloomily. "No doubt it seems so to you," he admitted. "You forget that we have to have a reasonable amount of proof before we can tap a man on the shoulder and ask him to come with us. It isn't so abroad or in America. There they can haul a man up with less than half the evidence we have to be prepared with, and, of course, they get the reputation of being smarter on the job. We may learn enough to satisfy ourselves easily, but to get up a case which we can put before a magistrate and be sure of not losing our man takes time."

"So you've got your eye on some one?" the young man asked curiously.

"I did not say so," the inspector answered warily. "By the bye, do you think there would be any chance of a five minutes' interview with your chief?"

The young man shook his head. "What a cheek you've got, Jacks!" he declared. "You're not serious, are you?"

"Perfectly," Inspector Jacks answered. "And to tell you the truth, my young friend, I am half inclined to think that when he is given to understand that I am in charge of the investigations concerning those two murderers he will see me."

The young man was disposed to consider the point. "Well," he remarked, "the chief does seem plaguy interested, all of a sudden. I'll pass your name in. If you'll take a seat, it's just possible that he may spare you a minute or two in about an hour's time. He won't be able to before then, I'm sure. There's a deputation almost due, and two other appointments before lunch-time."

The inspector accepted a newspaper and an easy chair. His young friend disappeared and returned almost immediately, looking a little surprised.

"I've managed it for you," he explained.

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"The chief is going to spare you five minutes at once. Come along, and I'll show you in."

Inspector Jacks took up his hat and followed the young man to the private room of the home secretary. That personage nodded to him upon his entrance, and continued to dictate a letter. When he had finished he sent his clerk out of the room and, motioning Mr. Jacks to take a seat by his side, he leaned back in his own chair with the air of one prepared to relax for a moment.

"From Scotland Yard, I understand, Mr. Jacks?" he remarked.

"At your service, sir," the inspector answered. "I am in charge of the investigations concerning these two recent murders."

"Quite so," the home secretary remarked. "I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Jacks. So far, I suppose, you are willing to admit that you gentlemen down at Scotland Yard have not exactly distinguished yourselves."

"We are willing to admit that," Inspector Jacks said.

"I do not know whether the reward will help you very much," the home secretary continued. "So far as you people personally are concerned, I imagine that it will make no difference. The only point seems to be that it may bring you outside help which, at the present time, is being withheld."

"The offering of the reward, sir," Inspector Jacks said, "can do no harm, and it may possibly assist us very materially."

"I am glad to have your opinion, Mr. Jacks," the home secretary said.

There was a moment's pause. The minister trifled with some papers lying on the desk before him. Then he turned to his visitor and said:

"You will forgive my reminding you, Mr. Jacks, that I am a busy man and that this is a busy morning. You had some reason, I presume, for wishing to see me?"

"I had, sir," the inspector answered. "I took the liberty of waiting upon you, sir, to ask whether the idea of a reward for so large a sum came spontaneously from your department?"

The home secretary raised his eyebrows. "Really, Mr. Jacks——" he began.

"I hope, sir," the inspector protested, "that you will not think I am asking this question through any irrelevant curiosity. I am beginning to form a theory of my own as to those two murders, but it needs building up. The offering of a reward like this, if it emanates from the source which I suspect that it does, gives a solid foundation to my

theories. I am here, sir, in the interests of justice only, and I should be exceedingly obliged to you if you would tell me whether the suggestion of this large reward did not come from the Foreign Office."

The minister considered for several moments, and then slowly inclined his head. "Mr. Jacks," he said, "your question appears to me to be a pertinent one. I see not the slightest reason to conceal from you the fact that your surmise is perfectly accurate."

A flash of satisfaction illuminated, for a moment, the detective's inexpressive features. He rose and took up his hat. "I am very much obliged to you, sir," he said. "The information which you have given me is extremely valuable."

"I am glad to hear you say so," the home secretary declared. "You understand, of course, that it is within the province of my department to assist at all times, and in any possible way, the course of justice. Is there anything more I can do for you?"

Inspector Jacks hesitated. "If you would not think it a liberty, sir," he said, "I should be very glad indeed if you would give me a note which would insure me an interview with Sir Edward Bransome."

"With pleasure," the secretary answered. He wrote a few lines and passed them over. Inspector Jacks saluted, and turned toward the door.

"You'll let me know if anything turns up?" the home secretary said.

"You shall be informed at once, sir," the inspector assured him as he left the room.

Sir Edward Bransome was just leaving his house when Inspector Jacks entered the gate. The latter, who knew Sir Edward by sight, saluted and hesitated for a moment.

"Did you wish to speak to me?" Sir Edward asked, drawing back from the step of his electric brougham.

The inspector held out his letter. Sir Edward tore it open and glanced through the few lines which it contained. Then he looked keenly at the man who stood respectfully by his side.

"So you are Inspector Jacks from Scotland Yard?" he remarked.

"At your service, sir," the detective answered.

"You may get in with me, if you like," Sir Edward continued, motioning toward the interior of his brougham. "I am due in Downing Street now, and I dare say you could say what you wish to on the way there."



HE THREW OUT HIS ARMS IN A MOMENTARY INSTINCT OF FIERCELY STRUGGLING CONSCIOUSNESS.  
CLANG! WENT THE HAMMERS IN HIS EARS, AND THEN CHAOS!

"Certainly, sir," Inspector Jacks answered. "It will be very good of you indeed if you can spare me those few minutes."

The brougham glided away.

"Now, Mr. Jacks," Sir Edward said, "what can I do for you? If you want to arrest me, I shall claim privilege."

The inspector smiled. "I am in charge, sir," he said, "of the investigations concerning the murder of Mr. Hamilton Fynes and Mr. Richard Vanderpole. The news of the reward came to us at Scotland Yard this morning. Its unusual amount led me to make some inquiries at the Home Office. I found that what I partly suspected was true. I found, sir, that your department has shown some interest in the apprehension of the murderers."

Sir Edward nodded. "Well?" he said.

"Sir Edward Bransome," the inspector continued, "I have a theory of my own as to those murders, and though it may take me some time to work it out, I feel myself day by day growing nearer the truth. Those were not ordinary crimes. Anyone can see that. They were not even crimes for the purpose of robbery—not, that is to say, for robbery in the ordinary sense of the word. That was apparent even to those who wrote for the press. It has been apparent to us from the first. It is beginning to dawn upon me now what the nature of the motive must be which was responsible for them. I have in my possession

a slight, a very slight clue. The beginning of it is there, and the end. It is the way between which is tangled."

Sir Edward lit a cigarette and leaned back among the cushions. With a little gesture he indicated his desire that Inspector Jacks should proceed.

"My object in seeking for a personal interview with you, sir," Inspector Jacks continued, "is to ask you a somewhat peculiar question. If I find that my investigations lead me in the direction which at present seems probable, it is no ordinary person whom I shall have to arrest when the time comes. The reward which has been offered is a large one, and it is not for me to question the bona fide nature of it. I would not presume, sir, even to ask you whether it was offered by reason of any outside pressure, but there is one question which I must ask. Do you really wish, sir, that the murderer or murderers of those two men shall be brought to justice?"

Sir Edward looked at his companion in steadfast amazement. "My dear Inspector," he said, "what have you in your mind? I hold no brief for any man capable of such crimes as those. Representations have been made to us by the American government that the murder of two of her citizens within the course of twenty-four hours, and the absence of any arrest, is somewhat of a reflection upon our police service. It is for your assistance, and in compliment to our friends

across the Atlantic, that the reward was offered."

Inspector Jacks seemed a little at a loss. "It is your wish, then, sir," he said, "that the guilty person or persons be arrested without warning, whoever they may be?"

"By all means," Sir Edward affirmed. "I cannot conceive, Inspector, what you have in your mind which could have led you, for a moment, to suspect the contrary."

The brougham had come to a standstill in front of a house in Downing Street. Inspector Jacks descended slowly. It was hard for him to decide on the spot how far to take into his confidence a person whose attitude was so unsympathetic.

"I am exceedingly obliged to you for your answer to my question, sir," he said, saluting. "I hope that in a few days we shall have some news for you."

Sir Edward watched him disappear while he mounted the steps of the prime minister's house. "I wonder," he said to himself thoughtfully, "what that fellow can have in his mind!"

Inspector Jacks did not at once return to Scotland Yard. On his way there he turned into St. James's Square, and stood for several moments looking at the corner house on the far side. Finally, after a hesitation which seldom characterized his movements, he crossed the road and rang the bell. The door was opened almost at once by a Japanese butler.

"Is your master at home?" the inspector asked.

"His highness does not see strangers," the man replied coldly.

"Will you take him my card?" the inspector asked.

The man bowed, and showed him into an apartment on the ground floor. Then, with the card in his hand, he turned reluctantly away. "His highness shall be informed that you are here," he said. "I fear, however, that you waste your time. I go to see."

Inspector Jacks subsided into a bamboo chair and looked out the window with a frown upon his forehead. It was certain that he was not proceeding with altogether his usual caution. As a matter of tactics, this visit of his might very well be fatal.

## XXII

### THE HOUSE IN ST. JAMES'S SQUARE

INSPECTOR JACKS was a man who had succeeded in his profession chiefly on account of

an average amount of natural astuteness, and also because he was one of those favored persons whose nervous systems are whole and perfect things. Yet, curiously enough, as he sat in the large, gloomy apartment into which he had been shown, a room filled with art treasures whose appearance and significance were entirely strange to him, he felt a certain uneasiness which he was absolutely unable to understand. He was somewhat instinctive in his likes and dislikes, and from the first he most heartily disliked the room itself—its vague perfumes, its subdued violet coloring, the faces of the grinning idols which seemed to meet his gaze in every direction, the pictures of those fierce-looking warriors who brandished two-edged swords at him from the walls. They belonged to the period when Japanese art was perhaps in its crudest state, and yet, in this uncertain atmosphere, they seemed to possess an extraordinary vitality, as though, indeed, they were prepared, at a moment's notice, to leap from their frames and annihilate this mysterious product of modern days, who, in black clothes and silk hat, unarmed, and without physical strength, yet wielded the powers of life and death as surely as they in their time had done.

The detective rose from his seat and walked around the room. He made a show of examining the arms against the walls, the brocaded hangings with their wonderful design of faded gold, the ivory statuettes, the black god who sat on his haunches and into whose face seemed carved some dumb but eternal power. Movement was, in some respects, a solace, but the sound of a hansom bell tinkling outside was a much greater relief. He crossed to the windows and looked out over the somewhat silent square. A hurdy-gurdy was playing on the corner opposite the club, just visible from where he stood. The members were passing in and out. The commissionaire stood stolidly in his place, every now and then raising his cab whistle to his lips. A flickering sunlight fell upon the wind-shaken lilac-trees in the square enclosure. Inspector Jacks found himself wishing that the perfume of those lilacs might reach even to where he stood, and help him to forget, for a moment, that subtler and to him curiously unpleasant odor which all the time became more and more apparent. So overpowering did he feel it that he tried, even, to open the window, but found it to be impossible. The atmosphere seemed to him to be becoming absolutely stifling.

He turned round and walked uneasily toward the door. He decided then that this was some sort of gruesome nightmare with which he was afflicted. He was quite certain that in a few minutes he would wake in his little iron bedstead, with the sweat upon his forehead, and a reproachful consciousness of having eaten an indiscreet supper. It could not possibly be a happening in real life! It could not be true that his knees were sinking beneath the weight of his body, that the clanging of iron hammers was really smiting the drums of his ears, that the purple of the room was growing red, and that his veins were strained to bursting! He threw out his arms in a momentary instinct of fiercely struggling consciousness. The idols on the walls jeered at him. Those strangely clad warriors seemed to him now to be looking down upon his discomfiture with a satanic smile, mocking the pygmy who had dared to raise his hand against one so jealously guarded. Clang! once more went the blacksmith's hammers, and then chaos!

The end of the nightmare was not altogether according to Inspector Jacks's expectations. He found himself in a small back room, stretched upon a sofa before the open French windows, through which came a pleasant vision of waving green trees and a pleasanter stream of fresh air. His first instinct was to sniff, and a sense of relief crept through him when he realized that this room, at any rate, was free from abnormal odors. He sat up on the couch. A pale-faced Japanese servant stood by his side with a glass in his hand. A few feet away the man whom he had come to visit was looking down upon him with an expression of grave concern in his kindly face.

"You are better, I trust, sir?" Prince Maiyo said.

"I am better," Inspector Jacks muttered. "I don't know—I can't imagine what happened to me."

"You were not feeling quite well, perhaps, this morning," the prince said soothingly. "A little run down, no doubt. Your profession—I gather from your card that you come from Scotland Yard—is an arduous one. I came into the room and found you lying upon your back, gasping for breath."

Inspector Jacks was making a swift recovery. He noticed that the glass which the man servant was holding was empty. He had a dim recollection of something having been forced between his lips. Already he was beginning to feel himself again.

"I was absolutely and entirely well," he declared stoutly, "both when I left home this morning and when I entered that room to wait for you. I don't know what it was that came over me," he continued doubtfully, "but the atmosphere seemed suddenly to become unbearable."

Prince Maiyo nodded understandingly. "People often complain," he admitted. "So many of my hangings in the room have been wrapped in spices to preserve them, and my people burn dead blossoms there occasionally. Some of us, too," he concluded, "are very susceptible to strange odors. I should imagine, perhaps, that you are one of them."

Inspector Jacks shook his head. "I call myself a strong man," he said, "and I couldn't have believed that anything of the sort would have happened to me."

"I shouldn't worry about it," the prince said gently. "Go and see your doctor, if you like, but I have known many people, perfectly healthy, affected in the same way. I understood that you wished to have a word with me. Do you feel well enough to enter upon your business now, or would you prefer to make another appointment?"

"I am feeling quite well again, thank you," the inspector said. "If you could spare me a few minutes, I should be glad to explain the matter which brought me here."

The prince merely glanced at his servant, who bowed and glided noiselessly from the room. Then he drew an easy chair to the side of the couch, where Mr. Jacks was still sitting.

"I am very interested to meet you, Mr. Inspector Jacks," he remarked, with a glance at the card which he was still holding. "During my stay over here I have studied very many of your English institutions with much interest, but it has not been my good fortune to come in touch at all with your police system. Sir Goreham Briggs—your chief, I believe—has several times invited me to Scotland Yard, and I have always meant to avail myself of his kindness. You come to me, perhaps, from him?"

The inspector shook his head. "My business, Prince," he said, "is a little more personal."

Prince Maiyo raised his eyebrows. "Indeed?" he said. "Well, whatever it is, let us hear it. I trust that I have not unconsciously transgressed your laws?"

Inspector Jacks hesitated. After all, his was not so easy a task. "Prince," he said,

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"my errand is not in any way a pleasant one, and I should be very sorry indeed to find myself in the position of bringing any annoyance upon a stranger and a gentleman who is so highly esteemed. At the same time there are certain duties in connection with my everyday life which I cannot ignore. In England, as I dare say you know, sir, the law is a great leveler. I have heard that it is not quite so in your country, but over here we all stand equal in its sight."

"That is excellent," the prince said. "Please believe, Mr. Inspector Jacks, that I do not wish to stand for a single moment between you and your duty, whatever it may be. Let me hear just what you have to say, as though I were an ordinary dweller here. While I am in England, at any rate," he added, with a smile, "I am subject to your laws, and I do my best to obey them."

"It has fallen to my lot," Inspector Jacks said, "to take charge of the investigations following upon the murder of a man named Hamilton Fynes, who was killed on his way from Liverpool to London, a short time ago."

The prince inclined his head. "I believe," he said amiably, "that I remember hearing the matter spoken of. It was the foundation of a debate, I recollect, at a recent dinner-party, as to the extraordinarily exaggerated value people in your country seem to claim for human life, as compared with us Orientals. But pray proceed, Mr. Inspector Jacks," the prince continued courteously. "The investigation, I am sure, is in most able hands."

"You are very kind, sir," the inspector said. "I do my best, but I might admit to you that I have never found a case so difficult to grasp. Our methods, perhaps, are slow, but they are, in a sense, sure. We are building up our case, and we hope before long to secure the criminal, but it is not an easy task."

The prince bowed. This time he made no remark.

"The evidence which I have collected from various sources," Inspector Jacks continued, "leads me to believe that the person who committed this murder was a foreigner."

"What you call an alien," the prince suggested. "There is much discussion, I gather, concerning their presence in this country nowadays."

"The evidence which I possess," the detective proceeded, "points to the murderer belonging to the same nationality as your highness."

The prince raised his eyebrows. "A Japanese?" he asked.

The inspector assented.

"I am sorry," the prince said, with a touch of added gravity in his manner, "that one of my race should have committed a misdemeanor in this country, but if that is so, your way, of course, is clear. You must arrest him and deal with him as an ordinary English criminal. He is here to live your life, and he must obey your laws."

"In time, sir," Inspector Jacks said, "we hope to do so, but over here we may not arrest upon suspicion. We have to collect evidence, and build and build until we can satisfy any reasonable individual that the accused person is guilty."

The prince sighed sympathetically. "It is not for me," he said, "to criticize your methods."

"I come now," Inspector Jacks said, "to the object of my call upon your highness. Following upon what I have just told you, certain other information has come into my possession to this effect—that not only was this murderer a Japanese, but we have evidence which seems to suggest that he was attached in some way to your household."

"To my household!" the prince exclaimed.

"To this household," the detective repeated.

The prince shook his head. "Mr. Jacks," he said, "you are, I am sure, a very clever man. Let me ask you one question. Has it ever fallen to your lot to make a mistake?"

"Very often indeed," the inspector admitted frankly.

"Then, I am afraid," the prince said, "that you are once more in that position. I have attached to my household fourteen Japanese servants, a secretary, a majordomo, and a butler. It may interest you, perhaps, to know that during my residence in this country not one of my retinue, with the exception of my secretary, who has been in Paris for some weeks, has left this house."

The inspector was silent for some time. Then he rose to his feet. "Prince," he said, "what should you declare, then, if I told you that a man of obvious Japanese extraction was seen to enter your house on the morning after the murder, and that he was a person to whom certain circumstances pointed as being concerned in that deed?"

"Mr. Inspector Jacks," the prince said calmly, "I was the only person of my race who entered my house that morning."

The inspector moved toward the door. "Your highness," he said gravely, "I am exceedingly obliged to you for your courteous attention, and for your kindness after my unfortunate indisposition."

The prince smiled graciously. "Mr. Inspector Jacks," he said, "your visit has been of great interest to me. If I can be of any further assistance, pray do not hesitate to call upon me."

## XXIII

## WHERE THE CLUE ALMOST FAILS

INSPECTOR JACKS studied the brass plate for a moment, and then rang the patients' bell. The former, he noticed, was very much in want of cleaning, and for a doctor's residence there was about the house and its appointments a certain lack of smartness which betokened a limited practice. The railing in front was broken, and no pretense had been made at keeping the garden in order. Inspector Jacks had time to notice these things, for it was not until after his second summons that the door was opened by Doctor Whiles himself.

"Good morning!" the latter said tentatively. Then, with a slight air of disappointment, he recognized his visitor.

"Good morning, Doctor!" Inspector Jacks replied. "You haven't forgotten me, I hope? I came down to see you a short time ago, respecting the man who was knocked

down by a motor-car and afterward treated by you."

The doctor nodded. "Will you come in?" he asked.

He led the way into a somewhat dingy waiting-room. A copy of the *Field*, a month old, a dog-eared magazine, and a bound volume of *Good Words* were spread upon the table. The room itself, except for a few chairs and cheap pictures, was practically bare.

"I do not wish to take up too much of your time, Doctor Whiles," the inspector began.

The doctor laughed shortly. "You needn't bother about that," he said. "I'm tired of making a bluff. My time isn't any too well occupied."

The inspector glanced at his watch; it was a few minutes past twelve. "If you are really not busy," he said, "I was about to suggest to you that you come back to town with me for lunch. I do not expect, of course, to take up your day for nothing," he continued.

"You will understand, as a professional man, that when your services are required by the authorities they expect and are willing to pay for them."

"But what use can I be to you?" the doctor asked. "You know all about the man whom I fixed up on the night of the murder. There's nothing more to tell you about that. I'd as soon go up to town and lunch with you as not, but if you think that I've anything more to tell you, you'll only be disappointed."

The inspector nodded. "I'm quite content to run the risk of that," he



"BUT WHAT USE CAN I BE TO YOU?" THE DOCTOR ASKED.  
"YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT THE MAN I FIXED UP ON  
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said. "Of course," he continued, "it does not follow in the least that this person was in any way connected with the murder. In fact, so far as I can tell at present, the chances are very much against it. But at the same time, it would interest my chief if you were able to identify him."

The doctor nodded. "I begin to understand," he said.

"If you will consider a day spent up in town equivalent to the treatment of twenty-five patients at your ordinary scale," Inspector Jacks said, "I shall be glad if you will accompany me there by the next train. We will lunch together first, and look for our friend later in the afternoon."

The doctor did not attempt to conceal the fact that he found this suggestion entirely satisfactory. In less than half an hour the two men were on their way to town.

Curiously enough, Penelope and Prince Maiyo met that morning for the first time in several days. They were both guests of the Duchess of Devenham at a large luncheon party at the Savoy Restaurant. Penelope felt a little shiver when she saw him coming down the stairs. Somehow or other she had dreaded this meeting, yet when it came she knew that it was a relief. There was no change in his manner, no trace of anxiety in his smooth, unruffled face. He seemed, if possible, to have grown younger, to walk more buoyantly. His eyes met hers frankly, his smile was wholly unembarrassed. It was not possible for a man to bear himself thus who stood beneath the great shadow!

So far from avoiding her, he came over to her side directly he had greeted his hostess. "This morning," he said, "I heard some good news. You are to be a fellow guest at Devenham."

"I am afraid," she admitted, "that of my two aunts I impose most frequently upon the one where my claims are the slightest. The duchess is so good-natured."

"She is charming," the prince declared. "I am looking forward to my visit immensely. I think I am a little weary of London. A visit to the country seems to me most delightful. They tell me, too, that your spring gardens are wonderful. What London suffers from, I think, at this time of the year, is a lack of flowers. We want something to remind us that the spring is coming, besides these occasional gleams of blue sky and very occasional bursts of sunshine."

"You are a sentimentalist, Prince," she declared, smiling.

"No, I think not," he answered seriously. "I love all beautiful things. I think that there are many men as well as women who are like that. Shall I be very rude and say that in the matter of climate and flowers one grows, perhaps, to expect a little more in my own country?"

An uncontrollable impulse impelled her. She leaned a little toward him. "Climate and flowers only?" she murmured. "What about the third essential?"

"Miss Penelope," he said, under his breath, "I have to admit that one must travel farther afield for heaven's greatest gift. Even then one can only worship. The stars are denied to us."

The duchess came sailing over to them. "Everyone is here," she said. "I hope that you are all hungry. After lunch, Prince, I want you to speak to General Sherrif. He has been dying to meet you, to talk over your campaign together in Manchuria. There's another man who is anxious to meet you, too—Professor Spenlove. He has been to Japan for a month, and thinks about writing a book on your customs. I believe he looks to you to correct his impressions."

"So long as he does not ask me to correct his proofs!" the prince murmured.

"That is positively the most unkind thing I have ever heard you say," the duchess declared. "Come along, you good people. Jules has promised me a new omelet, on condition that we sit down at precisely half-past one. If we are five minutes late he declines to send it up."

They took their places at the round table which had been reserved for the duchess—not very far, Penelope remembered, from the table at which they had sat for dinner a little more than a fortnight ago. The recollection of that evening brought her a sudden realization of the tragedy which seemed to have taken her life into its grip. Again the prince sat by her side. She watched him with eyes in which there was a gleam sometimes almost of horror. Easy and natural as usual, with his pleasant smile and simple speech, he was making himself agreeable to one of the older ladies of the party, to whom, by chance, no one had addressed more than a word or so. It was always the same, always like this, she realized, with a sudden keen apprehension of this part of the man's nature. If there was a kindness to be done, a thoughtful action, it

was not only he who did it, but it was he who first thought of it. And always with the manners of a prince—gracious, courteous, and genial. Never a word had passed his lips of evil toward any human being. A young man whom he had once corrected had christened him, half jestingly, Sir Galahad, and certainly his life in London, a life which had had to bear all the while the test of the limelight, had appeared to merit some such title. These thoughts chased one another through her mind as she looked at him and marveled. Surely those other things must be a part of a bad nightmare! It was not possible that such a man could be associated with wrongdoing—such manner of wrongdoing!

Even while she thought these things he turned to talk to her, and she felt at once that little glow of pleasure which the sound of his voice nearly always evoked.

"I am looking forward so much," he said, "to my stay at Devenham. You know, it will not be very much longer that I shall have the opportunity of accepting such invitations."

"Do you mean that the time is really coming when we shall lose you?" she asked suddenly.

"When my work is finished, I return home," he answered. "I fancy that it will not be very long now."

"When you do leave England," she asked, after a moment's pause, "do you go straight to Japan?"

"The cruiser which his majesty has sent to fetch me waits even now at Southampton," he said.

"You speak of your work," she remarked, "as though you had been collecting material for a book."

He smiled. "I have been busy collecting information in many ways," he said, "trying to live your life and feel as you feel, trying to understand those things in your country, and in other countries, too, which seem at first so strange to us who come from the other side of the world."

"And the end of it all?" she asked.

His eyes gleamed for a moment with a light which she did not understand. His smile was tolerant, even genial, but his face remained like the face of a sphinx. "It was for the good of Japan I came," he said, "for her good that I have stayed here so long. At the same time, it has been very pleasant. I have met with great kindness."

She leaned a little forward so as to look

into his face. The impassivity of his features was like a wall before her. "After all," she said, "I suppose it is a period of probation. You are like a schoolboy who is already looking forward to his holidays. You will be very happy when you return."

"I shall be very happy indeed," he admitted simply. "Why not? I am a true son of Japan, and for every true son of his country absence from her is as hard a thing to be borne as absence from one's own family."

Somerfield, who was sitting at her other side, insisted at last upon diverting her attention. "Penelope," he declared, lowering his voice a little, "it isn't fair. You never have a word to say to me when the prince is here."

She smiled. "You must remember that he is going very soon, Charlie," she reminded him.

"Good job, too!" Somerfield muttered.

"And then," Penelope continued, with the air of not having heard her companion's last remark, "he possesses, also, a very great attraction. He is absolutely unlike any other human being I ever met or heard of."

Somerfield glanced across at his rival with lowering brows. "I've nothing to say against the fellow," he remarked, "except that it seems queer nowadays to run up against a man of his birth who is not a sportsman—in the sense of being fond of sport, I mean," he corrected himself quickly.

"Sometimes I wonder," Penelope said thoughtfully, "whether such speeches as the one which you have just made do not indicate something totally wrong in our modern life. You, for instance, have no profession, Charlie, and you devote your life to a systematic course of what is nothing more nor less than pleasure-seeking. You hunt or you shoot, you play polo or golf, you come to town or you live in the country, entirely according to the season. If you were asked why you have not chosen a profession, you would as good as say that it is because you are a rich man and have no need to work for your living. That is practically what it comes to. You Englishmen work only if you need money. If you do not need money you play. The prince is wealthy, but his profession was ordained for him from the moment when he left the cradle. The end and aim of his life is to serve his country, and I believe that he would consider it sacrilege if he allowed any slighter things to divert, at any time, his mind from its main purpose. He would feel like a priest who had broken his ordination vows."

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"That's all very well," Somerfield said coolly, "but there's nothing in life nowadays to make us quite so strenuous as that."

"Isn't there?" Penelope answered. "You are an Englishman, and you should know. Are you convinced, then, that your country to-day is at the height of her prosperity, safe and sound, bound to go on triumphant, prosperous, without the constant care of her mankind?"

Somerfield looked up at her in growing amazement. "What on earth's got hold of you, Penelope?" he asked. "Have you been reading the sensational papers, or stuffing yourself up with jingoism, or what?"

She laughed. "None of these things, I can assure you," she said. "A man like the prince makes one think, because, you see, every standard of life we have is a standard of comparison. When one sees the sort of man he is one wonders. When one sees how far apart from you Englishmen he is in his ideals and the way he spends his life one wonders again."

Somerfield shrugged his shoulders. "We do well enough," he said. "Japan is the youngest of the nations. She has a long way to go to catch us up."

"We do well enough!" she repeated, under her breath. "There was a great city once which adopted that as her motto—people dig up mementoes of her sometimes from under the sands."

Somerfield looked at her aggrieved. "Well," he said, "I thought that this was to be an amusing luncheon party."

"You should have talked more to Lady Grace," she answered. "I am sure that she is quite ready to believe that you are perfection, and the English army the one invincible institution in the world. You mustn't take me too seriously to-day, Charlie. I have a headache, and I think that it has made me dull."

They trooped out into the foyer in irregular fashion to take their coffee. The prince and Penelope were side by side.

"What I like about your restaurant life," the prince said, "is the strange mixture of classes which it everywhere reveals."

"Those two, for instance," Penelope said, and then stopped short.

The prince followed her slight gesture. Inspector Jacks and Dr. Spencer Whiles were certainly just a little out of accord with their surroundings. The detective's clothes were

too new and his companion's too old. The doctor's clothes, indeed, were as shabby as his waiting-room, and he sat where the sunlight was merciless.

"How singular," the prince remarked, with a smile, "that you should have pointed those two men out! One of them I know, and, if you will excuse me for a moment, I should like to speak to him."

Penelope was not capable of any immediate answer. The prince, with a kindly and yet gracious smile, walked over to Inspector Jacks, who at once rose to his feet.

"I hope you have quite recovered, Mr. Inspector," the prince said, holding out his hand in friendly fashion. "I have felt very guilty over your indisposition. I am sure that I keep my rooms too close for English people."

"Thank you, Prince," the inspector answered, "I am perfectly well again. In fact, I have not felt anything of my little attack since."

The prince smiled. "I am glad," he said. "Next time you are good enough to pay me a visit I will see that you do not suffer in the same way."

He nodded kindly and rejoined his friends. The inspector resumed his seat and busied himself with relighting his cigar. He purposely did not even glance at his companion.

"Who was that?" the doctor asked curiously. "Did you call him 'Prince'?"

Inspector Jacks sighed. This was a disappointment to him. "His name is Prince Maiyo," he said slowly. "He is a Japanese."

The doctor looked across the restaurant with puzzled face. "It's queer," he said, "how all these Japanese seem to one to look so much alike, and yet——"

"You are thinking of your patient of the other night?" the inspector remarked.

"I was," the doctor admitted. "For a moment it seemed to me like the same man with a different manner."

Inspector Jacks was silent. He puffed steadily at his cigar. "You don't suppose," he asked quietly, "that it could have been the same man?"

The doctor was still looking across the room. "I could not tell," he said. "I should like to see him again. I wasn't prepared, and there was something so altered in his tone and the way he carried himself. And yet——"

The pause was expressive. Inspector Jacks's eyes brightened. He hated to feel that his day had been altogether wasted.

# The Story Of Charlemagne



FACE OF A SILVER COIN OF  
CHARLEMAGNE'S PERIOD

by  
Charles  
Edward  
Russell



REVERSE OF COIN, ONE OF  
THE FEW IN EXISTENCE

Editor's Note.—"Remaker of Europe, founder of modern civilization" is the author's characterization of this remarkable man, the greatest figure in history between Cæsar and Napoleon. He faced conditions that have hardly been worse for progress since time began, and yet he gave mankind a forward impetus that has never been checked. The troublous events of his early career have been told in these pages, with his defense of the Church, his patronage of learning, his championing of the people, his Spanish campaign, and his conquest of the Saxons. In the present instalment he is occupied chiefly with the Mongolian Avars, and with the machinations of Luitberga and Irene, Empress of the Eastern Empire.

## IX

### THE STORY OF THE UNLUCKY LUITBERGA AND THE FALL OF BAVARIA

**F**ROM the beginning the career of Charlemagne turned at every crisis and in the most extraordinary way upon the influence of women. It was his mother, the wise Bertrada, that inspired the best measures of his early life; his separation from Desiderata precipitated the Lombard war; the gentle counsels of Queen Hildegarde often guided him aright in the troublous days of the first Saxon complications; the headstrong Fastrada, who seemed to her contemporaries to have the soul of a wolf, plunged him into other difficulties than the massacre on the Weser; and now another woman, Luitberga, Duchess of Bavaria, crossed his path with important results for him and most evil for her.

Luitberga was the daughter of Didier, the king of the Lombards, whom Charles had deposed and sent to a monastery, and therefore the sister of Desiderata, whom Charles had divorced; so that for more than one reason she hated him. About the time that Charles married Desiderata, Luitberga was married to Tassilo, Duke of Bavaria. Nominally, Bavaria was a subject province of the Frankish kingdom, but Tassilo, urged by his wife, was at pains to make the connection as slight as possible. Charles was no great stickler for the forms of obedience, but in time the hostile attitude of Bavaria became too marked to be overlooked. Tassilo had long desired that Bavaria should be independent in name as well as in fact, and as far back as the war in Aquitaine he had refused to send his contingent of soldiers and had declared that he would never again enter the presence of the Frankish king. No Bavarians were supplied to Charles in his Italian and Saxon campaigns, and Tassilo coolly ignored all attempts to remind him of his duty and his pledges.

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This was the situation when Charles went to Italy in 781 on a visit to Pope Hadrian. In pursuance of his fixed policy to avoid war whenever he could possibly avoid it he sought the influence of the Pope to prevent the rupture that he saw Tassilo was determined to bring about. Hadrian sent an embassy to Tassilo, and so well did the ambassadors argue that on condition hostages should guarantee his safety Tassilo agreed to visit the king at Worms, where he renewed his oath of allegiance and promised to furnish his share of the military supplies. But the bad faith that is popularly ascribed to kings runs through all this story. As soon as Tassilo was back in his own dominions he disregarded everything he had promised at Worms and pursued his former course of contemptuous indifference to the overlord. Still Charles was slow to wrath. In 787 he again went to Rome, and while he was there two envoys from Tassilo appeared before the Pope ostensibly to beg his intercession between their master and Charles. The Pope gave them an open hearing at which Charles was present. The envoys stated their case, declaring the willingness of Tassilo to fulfil all his obligations and promises.

"But what guarantee does your master offer," thundered Charles, "that he will this time keep the faith he has so often violated?"

The envoys replied that they had no authority to do more than to present their message and bear back the Pope's answer.

"Then this is your answer," said the Pope. "Tell your master that he and you are alike liars and falsifiers and that he shall keep to the letter the promises he has made on pain of the utmost penalties of the Church."

To this the envoys made no reply, but set out at once for Bavaria, while Charles returned to Worms. He took counsel with Fastrada, who urged him to violent measures; but Charles prudently called first an assembly of his nobles, before whom he laid the situation. On their advice he despatched one more embassy to Tassilo, urging some pacific understanding. When this endeavor failed, the Franks instantly declared war. Charles's eldest legitimate son, Pepin, led an army from Italy, Charles commanded in person one that moved from the west, and a third host descended upon Bavaria from the north by way of Ingolstadt. The three had Tassilo in a trap; it was one of the masterly moves of Charles by which he often conquered an enemy without striking a blow. The duke

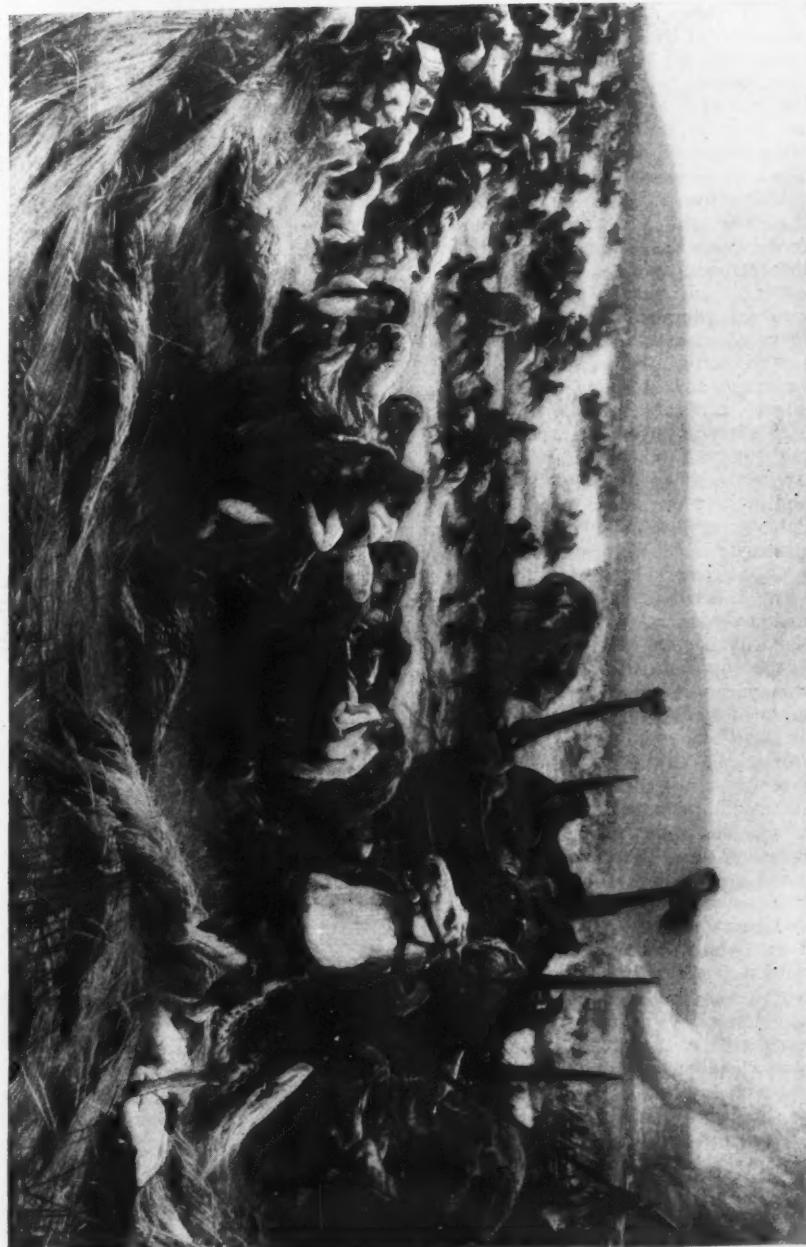
perceived that the situation was hopeless, and surrendered at discretion. He went in person before Charles, performed all the ceremonies of vassalage, and gave his son as hostage for the faithful performance of his obligations.

No sooner was this arrangement ratified and Tassilo returned to his own country than the strenuous and restless Luitberga goaded him into fresh tergiversations. On her advice he began negotiations with the Avars, the Mongols on the Danube, seeking their aid in a combined movement against the Franks, and according to some authorities he even went so far as to arrange to have Charles assassinated. At this the long-enduring patience of Charles was exhausted. He had Tassilo brought as a prisoner to Ingelheim, where he was tried before an assembly of nobles that represented every part of the kingdom, including Bavaria itself. He was found guilty and sentenced to death. Charles commuted the sentence to the cloister, and Tassilo and his son ended their days as monks. The duke's daughters became nuns, but of the fate of Luitberga the chronicles give no indication. She, too, may have worn out her unlucky life behind the walls of a nunnery. Charles became Duke of Bavaria, and the boundaries of his actual as well as his nominal sovereignty were now extended to the frontier of the Avars.

### X

#### THE PEOPLE THAT DWELT WITHIN THE NINE RINGS AND THEIR POWER AND OVERTHROW

OF the strange barbarians that in the early centuries of the Christian era threatened European civilization the strangest seem to have been the Avars. They came swarming in from central Asia about the end of the sixth century, and for two hundred years they were the terror of Rome and the degenerate emperors. It is odd to find a nation occupying so great a space in the world's eyes and then fading into a mere reminiscence of history. Once the Avars were so powerful that they levied upon the Roman Empire an annual tribute of about three hundred and fifty thousand dollars as the price of peace; and when one emperor undertook to dislodge them from the heart of his empire they maneuvered him into an impossible position and compelled him to pay an enormous sum and



*Invaders* by Gustave Doré

THE INVASION OF THE AVARS, A NOMADIC MONGOLIAN PEOPLE WHO ENTERED EUROPE TOWARD THE END OF THE SIXTH CENTURY, SPREADING RUIN AND TERROR AND FINALLY SETTLING IN THE VALLEY OF THE DANUBE.

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to accept the most humiliating terms that he might avoid the destruction of his army.

After some migrations the Avars took possession of the valley of the Danube between Salzburg and Vienna, where they set up a purely Asiatic government, disturbed the rest of Europe with incessant alarms, and lived in a way unlike the way of any other people of whom we have knowledge. They seem originally to have been by profession active and competent bandits, but at that time such a means of livelihood conferred much less distinction upon them than the methods they took to safeguard their booty. With what must have been prodigious labor they surrounded the entire region they had seized for their own with a series of gigantic fortifications, unexampled, so far as we know, among the achievements of men. These fortifications consisted of circular earthworks or great concentric rings, protecting hundreds of square miles of enclosed territory and creating by their strangeness and mystery even more than by their formidable strength an impression of almost superstitious terror upon the surrounding peoples.

Of the general outlines of this story there seems to be abundant warrant in the records, and confirmation has been found in excavations that have revealed a few apparent traces of the long-vanished ramparts; but, curiously enough, for the details we are indebted solely to the memory of a boy. When the Monk of St. Gall was a lad he was wont to listen (sometimes unwillingly) to the tales of a veteran warrior that had fought against the Avars, and the favorite recital of the old man was a description of the wonderful Avar fortifications. The monk in after years wrote this account of one of these conversations between the old soldier and the boy:

The soldier began, "The country of the Huns\* was surrounded with nine rings—"

"Rings?" asked the boy.

"It was protected with nine walls, or palisades. The diameter of the first ring was equal to the distance from Zurich to Constance" (about thirty miles). The old man went on to explain that each ring was constructed of logs on each side, filled in between with stones and lime and covered with sod. The walls were twenty feet high and twenty feet wide. On the top were trees and shrubs thickly planted and trimmed so that they should offer every obstacle to the invader.

\* The Huns and Avars, though quite distinct, were usually confounded by the old writers.

The ninth or final ring enclosed the citadel of the nation, the royal residence, and the treasure, which was the accumulation of generations of plunder. The Avars, although very able and successful warriors, were regarded by Europe as a poor people. It was not until they had begun to decline that men learned, to their boundless amazement, the extent of the riches concealed within that ninth ring.

Between the rings were the farms and villages, placed so close together that a trumpet could be heard from one to another and the inhabitants be easily alarmed. Aliens dwelling in a hostile country, the Avars evidently proposed to take no chances. The rings were constantly patrolled, so that the whole country was easily under guard. At intervals strongly protected doors allowed communication between the rings and the marauding parties to issue upon their raids.

When the Avars first tore their way westward into Europe they were nomads and shepherds like so many other Tartar tribes; but dwelling so long in one fixed place within their rings they had developed something of the arts and habits of settled agriculturalists. Peace had not tamed their arrogant spirit nor impaired their physical vigor; they came of the tribes that for its own sake love fighting, and they had long united border raiding with more peaceful pursuits. They seem to have been squat, broad shouldered, supple and strong, very alert in the field, marvelous bowmen and wonderful horsemen. Pure Mongols, their yellow skins, slanting eyes, long braided hair, fierce aspect, strange weapons, and the exceeding swiftness of their maneuvers filled the Europeans with awe and wonder. Undoubtedly the numbers of the intruders were greatly exaggerated, so that many persons believed the Avars invincible and the most terrible foe that ever threatened Christendom; but with all allowance for the additions of fancy it seems quite certain that these were an able as well as a warlike people, and we need not marvel that for generations the mysterious rings along the Danube were to the people of the West objects of grave concern and suggestive of vague but menacing prodigies.

From the same great human cradle of Asia out of which poured the Huns, these Avars seem to have been in every way as capable a race as their cousins and still fiercer. Unluckily the world has lost all definite knowledge of their intellectual state,

but they must have had some of the arts, for they made very wonderful weapons and armor, and they could trade and negotiate as well as fight. They had a chief ruler whose title, the Khakhan, reveals the Tartar origin of the tribe. He dwelt in the center of the ninth ring, and seems to have exercised the functions of an absolute monarch, though not always without difficulty; for more than once Avarland was distracted with civil war. Beyond these meager facts we have now no information concerning one of the most interesting peoples with whom history has to deal.

As the tribe increased many of its members began to live on the lands outside of and adjoining the rings, where they came into contact with Christians. This, of course, in view of the great difference in racial traits, speedily bred trouble and would have inevitably led to the intervention of Charles if he had had no other incitement. Disputes were constantly arising about the border lands that the Avars occupied; the Avars were accused on plausible grounds of persecuting and annoying their Christian neighbors; but, above all, they had earned some retaliation when they supported Tassilo in his contest with Charles. They had marched out of the ramparts and made war on the kingdom, their invasion had with some difficulty been repulsed; and now it was quite evident that with the coming of winter they had but retired to their rings to gather another army and prepare another expedition. All men turned to the defender of the faith as



*From the painting by Albert Durer*

CHARLES THE GREAT AFTER HIS CORONATION  
AS EMPEROR OF THE HOLY ROMAN  
EMPIRE

narrower, stretches off toward the east from the Western Ocean. Many tribes have settlements on its shores; the Danes and Swedes, whom we call Northmen, on the northern shore and all the adjacent islands: but the southern shore is inhabited by the Slavs and Aisti. The Welatabians [Wiltzes] against whom the king now made war, were the chief of these; but in a single campaign, which he conducted in person, he

the bulwark against this imminent peril.

At first the network of fated difficulties into which Charles had plunged with the unlucky Spanish excursion distracted his attention. His kingdom lived surrounded by enemies; as the old writer said of another man beset, he walked among fires. The northeast border of the dominion of the

Franks fronted the Wiltzes, a savage tribe of Slavs that had long threatened or had systematically raided the borderland, and these took this inopportune time to make trouble. All of 789 Charles spent in preparing to deal with these new invaders.

"The Saxons served in this campaign," said old Einhard, the biographer and friend of Charles, "as auxiliaries among the tribes that followed the king's standard at his summons, but their obedience lacked sincerity and devotion. War was declared because the Slavs kept harassing the Abodriti, old allies of the Franks, by continual raids, in spite of all commands to contrary. A gulf of unknown length [the Baltic Sea] but nowhere more than a hundred miles wide,

and in many parts

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so crushed and subdued them that they did not think it advisable thereafter to refuse obedience to his commands."

From the pacification of the Wiltzes, Charles turned southward again to resume his designs against the Avars, and so great was the prestige of the Mongols and so profound were the mystery and awe brooding always over their unknown dwelling-places that he believed he now faced one of the great crises of his career and was about to rescue Christendom from its hereditary and most menacing foe. In the early spring he began to move toward the Avar frontier. Following his usual tactics, he divided his army, and the campaign has additional interest from the fact that one of the divisions was led by Pepin, the eldest of his legitimate sons, a capable youth who, as the commander of the troops that approached the Avars by way of Italy, seems to have acquitted himself well. Charles led the main division, and behind him marched Bavarians and Saxons as well as Franks: nay, even Czechs; for the peculiar people that had settled in Bohemia fought for the first time, heathen as they were, under a Christian banner and for a Christian cause.

The whole enterprise was over in eight weeks. Charles got his armies together at the appointed place; they marched down both banks of the Danube; they drove the Avars from the forts along the river; they met with no reverse; the three days of prayer for victory with which they had begun their advance seemed crowned with an abundant blessing. And yet it is clear now

that their efforts were largely futile, and they were like a man fighting the air or confronting an invisible opponent. There was no annexation of Avar territories, no submission of armed hosts, and no baptism at the point of the sword. The mystery of the rings remained a mystery. The Mongols had disappeared, although it was certain that as soon as the iron hand was withdrawn they would return. Winter was coming on, further operations for that year seemed impossible, and Charles returned with his forces to Regensburg, fully determined to renew and complete his operations.

Four years passed before another Frankish army saw the Avar territory, and as for Charles, he was destined never to return. Before spring, befell a strange combination of events that drove from his mind then and for long afterward the Avars and all their affairs. Within the compass of a few weeks the structure and government, system and civilization that, with such infinite toil and pains, he had been rearing was struck upon all sides. Every enemy he had in the world seemed to spring at once into activity against him: there came new complications, some of them most perplexing and painful; enterprises against his life no less than his government, plots at home and abroad. Affairs in Saxony suddenly assumed a gravely alarming aspect. The faithless and indomitable people there once more revolted and struck two heavy blows against their conquerors. In July, 792, they fell upon a Frankish detachment at the mouth of the Elbe and cut it to pieces. The next year



*From the painting by Benjamin Constant*

IDEALIZED PORTAIT OF IRENE, THE CRUEL  
BYZANTINE EMPRESS WHOM CHARLE-  
MAGNE ONCE SOUGHT TO MARRY



*From the painting by Ucheva*

AN AVAR RAID. FOR TWO HUNDRED YEARS THEY WERE THE TERROR OF CENTRAL EUROPE,  
BUT WERE FINALLY CONQUERED BY CHARLEMAGNE

Count Theodoric, a kinsman of Charles and one of his ablest generals, was leading a small army into the rebellious region to restore order. Near the river Weser, on the frontier of Friesland, a body of Saxons attacked and annihilated his command and slew the count. To add to the thickening troubles a new schism threatened to rend the Church, of which in a theological as well as a material way Charles was the protector, while all the disaffected persons in all the conquered provinces began to clamor and plot against their conqueror. For the next five years Charles must fight desperately against heavy odds to retain what he had built.

Here was, no doubt, the severest test to which he was put in his life, and the clarity of his genius shines forth in the fact that even thus beset he never lost his head nor hardened his heart. And this is the test of a man, that he shall at no time lose faith in the work he has undertaken nor withhold his hand from striving. He had begun to make civilization in Europe. A smaller man would have been crushed now with the reflection that evidently Europe did not want civilization; but the faith of Charlemagne, like the faith of all men that are instruments of progress, went beyond all visible things and temporary and dwelt upon the Europe that was to be after him.

Some of the story of the troubles that now beset him we shall have to deal with at length hereafter. For the present we should get through with the Avars. In 795 Charles found himself able to despatch an army to complete the work that he had begun. Duke

Eric of Fruili, a very valiant general, was in command. He abandoned the line of operations along the Danube, penetrated the rings one after another, forced his way to the center of the last great ring, captured the citadel and plundered it. The next year Charles's son Pepin returned to the task, and his workman-like methods seem to have left nothing for his father to desire. He went back to the citadel, and removed the last of the great treasures it had held. Then he leveled every fortification and rampart, so that in all the land remained no trace of the Avar rings.

Broken in spirit by repeated reverses, the Mongols now gave in. They asked for terms, accepted Christianity, and in the wholesale manner common in such cases they were baptized. The country they had occupied became nominally a Christian province and was ruled for a time as a military outpost; but while it was included as part of the territory under Charles it was not in his time actually absorbed into the Frankish kingdom. For some reason Charles seemed always unready to extend to it the system of government that he had provided for the rest of the realm, and the land of the Avars remained neither truly of the empire nor outside thereof.

One odd little fact returns the Avars once more to the notice of history and serves to remind the judicious how slight must be the restraint of a religious conversion effected by force. After three years of peace some of the Avars revolted, abjured their new religion, and in a sudden fierce outbreak killed the general that first had thoroughly subdued

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them, the great Duke Eric, a champion so powerful and expert that he was ranked with mighty Roland, who fell at Roncesvalles. Here was undoubtedly a heavy loss for Charles, who all his life was hampered by a lack of efficient assistants. The revolt was soon quelled, and then the Avars asked and received permission to emigrate to the west and settle in Bavaria. From that time on no record exists of them. Whatever were their numbers they were absorbed into the people among whom they settled; and there are few facts more interesting and instructive than this, that into the Teutonic blood should have been poured so large a strain of Mongolian of which there is left no trace. Evidently the difference between race and race cannot be of great importance in the eyes of nature.

As to Charles, the most valuable and tangible result of the Avar wars (which seem, after all, rather inglorious) was an enormous addition to his spending-money. The Avars had been thrifty brigands as well as industrious; and when their accumulations of loot were disclosed they amazed all Europe. If we may trust tradition a very large part of this gathered treasure was still in the citadel when Pepin captured the place. Probably the surest indication of this is the recorded fact that Pepin's spoils filled fifteen great wagons, each drawn by four oxen, and that so conveyed it reached Aachen and the treasury of Charles. Many strange and beautiful specimens of Avar art—swords, armor, silks, and the like—were included, and enabled Charles to gratify his princely friends with gifts of an unusual nature. But not even these now survive, and of the whole nation that once filled so much of the thoughts of men remains now nothing but a name and a tradition.

### XI

#### THE TRAGEDIES OF CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE PART CHARLES PLAYED IN THE STORY OF IRENE

THROUGH all the events of these years ran the thread of woman's influence. So long as the cruel and haughty Fastrada lived she was destined to be but a maker of trouble for the kingdom, and now across the tangled web of her weaving was shot one red strand of the life of another woman, and she one of the most remarkable that ever lived in any age or country. Indeed, between these two the course

of history seemed for a brief space a bandied ball, and in a wider scene and with less inhuman actors there appears something like a repetition of the extraordinary drama of Fredegunde and Brunehaut that I recited in an earlier chapter.

To understand this curious tragedy it is necessary to begin with the fact that after the northern barbarians had seized all of western Europe and had trodden out so much of the Roman Empire as remained at Rome itself that empire continued for many centuries to exist (by name at least) at Constantinople, where the emperors that ruled (sometimes in very rapid succession when the assassins were unusually active) called themselves the legitimate successors of the Cæsars. Besides the eastern fragments of the once mighty structure, the territory still ruled from Constantinople included Sicily and some lands in Italy, and between the emperors and the popes these lands were a constant source of bickering.

In a long line of very worthless creatures that at Constantinople reigned and wanted and intrigued and murdered and robbed and gorged and were drunken and so ended, appeared one Constantine V, who by some freak of fate happened to have symptoms of character. He labored to set straight the empire, to reform the Church, to restrain robberies, and it has even been supposed, although on slight and improbable grounds, that he had at times some thought for the millions that toiled and sweated and bled and bore a boundless and incalculable misery for the sake of his ease and the ease of his kind. He astonished and rather appalled Europe by going out into the wilderness and choosing his bride from a tribe of wild Tartars dwelling near the Caucasus. She bore him a child called Leo IV, and it was the wife of Leo IV that now strode upon the stage of Frankish affairs. She was a wily, supersubtile, able, ambitious, cruel, and absolutely unscrupulous Athenian named Irene.

Leo IV died suddenly and in such a way that his wife was accused of his murder (of which she was probably guilty), and his son and hers, Constantine VI, came nominally to a blood-stained throne. But the real and absolute ruler was Irene, who has borne in history an almost equal repute for beauty and for savagery and deserved still a third fame for her unresting faculty of intrigue. In this art she began an early practice. Charles of Frankland had a daughter named Hrotrud.



Drawn by Arthur Becher

IRENE HAD IMPRISONED HER SON, CONSTANTINE VI, FOR PLOTTING AGAINST HER, BUT THE ARMY ROSE IN REVOLT, LIBERATED CONSTANTINE, SCOURGED IRENE'S CREATURES FROM THE PALACE, AND SHE TOOK HER SON'S PLACE AS PRISONER

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Irene knew perfectly well that her empire sailed among a thousand shoals—local rebellions and incessant attacks from the wild tribes beyond the frontiers being not the least of the troubles—and she conceived the idea of winning the support of Charles by marrying Hrotrud to Constantine. We may believe that she had long meditated this purpose and that it had become the foundation of her policy. In 781, while Charles was in Rome, Irene sent to him an embassy with a formal proposal of the marriage. Charles promptly gave his approval, the boy emperor and the girl princess were accordingly betrothed, and a learned man from the Constantinople court came to Aachen to teach Greek to Hrotrud.

But there was one factor in the case that Irene, Charles, and Constantine had overlooked, although it was the most important of all. Hrotrud's mother, the gentle Hildegarde, was dead, and Charles had married Fastrada. The match-making was by no means to Fastrada's liking. She hated Irene, and most other persons, and she had another reason for desiring to interfere. Among the unattractive traits for which she shone conspicuous jealousy had its due place. If Hrotrud were to marry Constantine, Hrotrud would be an empress, Fastrada would be but a queen; her stepdaughter, for whom it is surmised on reasonable grounds she entertained no liking, would outrank her. With our knowledge of Fastrada and of her fondness for meddling (which seems to have amounted to a passion), we have a credible clue to a mystery that is otherwise without an explanation. The engagement lasted six years, when it was abruptly broken from the Frankish end. There are no further facts in the record, but the wisest commentators have concluded that Fastrada rested not until she had outwitted and defeated Irene and prevented a match utterly hateful to her and yet one, as it happened, on which the heart of the boy emperor was set. He was desperately in love with Hrotrud, and from the thwarting of his desires came consequences for which no one had looked.

Irene was manifestly enraged at the insult, and took swift means to avenge it. She was then maintaining as a refugee at her court in Constantinople the almost forgotten Adalghis, son of that king of the Lombards that Charles had deposed. She formed a confederacy with Adalghis, with Arichis, the Prince of Benevento, and with others to invade Italy, expel Charles, seize the papal

cities, restore the Lombard kingdom, and attack the Franks from the south. For this purpose she organized a mighty expedition. As it was about to set forth Arichis, the ablest and most dangerous member of the confederacy, suddenly died. The others landed a great army in Calabria and started forward to the conquest of Rome. The army that Charles had sent southward to meet the host of Irene was commanded by two of his ablest generals. The whole fortune of the enterprise was staked upon one great battle. The trained Frankish soldiers, made by the system of Charlemagne the best warriors in the world, overwhelmed the invaders, and at one blow the whole project of expelling Charles and seizing the papal cities fell to the ground. All the good fortune was not for Charles, however: by some slip of fate Adalghis again made his escape and got safely back to Constantinople. It was his last appearance on the stage of action and the last reminiscence of the Lombard kingdom.

As the next act of this drama Charles seized the province of Istria, which had belonged to Irene, and added it bodily to his dominion. But it was in Constantinople that the sequel was to be tragic and terrible. The boy emperor had been so docile and submissive under his mother's iron rule that he was supposed to be a character inert and negligible. At the touch of his passion for Hrotrud there awoke in him the will and resolution of his Tartar ancestors. His mother provided for him, in lieu of the Frankish princess he had lost, a beautiful maiden of Armenia. He turned in wrath from a loveless union. All his deference to his mother had vanished; to revenge himself for the loss of his bride he formed with some of his nobles a plot to seize Irene and banish her to Sicily. The palace was filled with Irene's spies and creatures. These discovered the conspiracy as it was about to take shape in action. Some of the plotters were tortured, and the rest were banished. The gentle Irene attended in person to the punishment of her son; with manifest enjoyment she beat him with a whip and then ordered him to be imprisoned.

But the army rose in revolt, Constantine was liberated and proclaimed sole emperor, Irene's creatures were scourged from the palace, and Irene herself took her son's place as prisoner. With inconceivable folly, Constantine, after a time, released his fond parent, whereupon she instantly began to

form new plots against him. One of these having been discovered to involve Constantine's uncles, he showed his own conformability to the spirit of the times and of his ancestry by blinding one and cutting out the tongues of four others. In the next plot the emperor was actually seized and hurried away, but his captors hesitated to use violence upon him. Irene threatened that unless they fulfilled her commands she would make public all the conspiracies in which they had been engaged, whereupon they put out Constantine's eyes, and Irene reigned alone.

It was this fiend that Charles at one time seriously thought of making his wife. From a fate so dreadful he was happily saved; yet Irene and her cruelty and crimes exercised upon him and his affairs a most profound influence, and became in the end one pregnant cause of a great historic scene in which he was the chief actor and of which the results endured a thousand years—endured, indeed, until they were obliterated by the impatient foot of Napoleon. For Irene, the cruel and rapacious, became indirectly and involuntarily the founder of the Holy Roman Empire and made of the grandson of Charles Martel the successor of the Cæsars.

The reign of Irene was brief, and it was Charles himself that precipitated her ruin by his ill-conceived idea of marrying her. Fastrada was dead, and he, for reasons of state and because of the obvious advan-

tages of uniting the two great realms of Christendom, is said to have sent his ambassadors to Constantinople to negotiate for the betrothal. Irene's animosity had existed only toward Fastrada, and the wounds caused by the defeat of her expedition and the seizure of Istria must have long been healed. Moreover, she was at all times without sentiment except for her own selfish advantage. It

seems likely that she received the proposal with favor and was preparing to make an agreeable response. The news was received with great disfavor by her associates, who thought they saw in the proposed union an end to their own power and profits. One of them, the patrician Aëtius, had been engaged in formulating a plot against Irene. He used the unpopularity of Charles as a convenient weapon and loosed his conspiracy in which Irene was dethroned and exiled and Nicephorus, the brother of Aëtius, was crowned as emperor.

But in any event Irene

would probably have suffered some disaster, soon or late. In spite of her broad ambitions she was utterly unfitted to rule, being swayed by her favorites and given over to reckless extravagance and display. For her coronation she had made a chariot of pure gold, and in this contrivance she drove through the streets. Her reign lasted five years, and then a new line of emperors succeeded to a scepter stained with many crimes.

The next instalment of "*The Story of Charlemagne*" will appear in the May issue.



*From the painting by Jean Paul Laurens*  
CONSTANTINE VI, BOY EMPEROR OF THE EASTERN EMPIRE,  
WHO WAS DEPOSED AND BLINDED BY HIS  
MOTHER, IRENE



"WE MATCHED TO SEE WHO WOULD DIE FIRST, WHO SECOND, AND WHO—THIRD—  
WOULD HAVE A CHANCE"

# Those Who Never Knew

A TALE OF HEROISM WITH NONE TO APPLAUD

By Roy Norton

*Author of "The Vanishing Fleets," etc.*

Illustrated by George Harding

**S**HE was swinging moored, black, and ungainly when I boarded her in the bay of Naples. Her ladder was down, and no one barred my entrance when I climbed the long flight of teak steps and found myself on her half-lighted deck.

"McIntyre?" I said to the watchman who came hurrying toward me from somewhere aft.

"Oh, him? He's below."

He jerked his thumb over his shoulder, and I, familiar with the old *Anvic*, wended my way to the for'ard gangway, descended, turned to the left amidships, and entered

the precinct sacred to engineers, a petty officer or two, and the ship's dispensary. I poked my head into three doors in succession before I found him. He was off watch, but his hands were unclean and covered with something that looked like metal polish. He furtively thrust an object beneath the blankets of his berth, with a swabbing motion wiped the offending paws on the legs of his old uniform, and with much pains spat through the open port-hole before he gave me the salutation.

"Hello!" he said. "Where in sin did you come from?"

I grinned appreciatively, knowing that the brusqueness of his greeting had been a rare sign of friendliness. And we were friends, though for two years I had believed him dead, sea rumor having spread the false report. I felt choky when, holding his hand, I told him so, and that by accident only I had learned otherwise.

He shrugged his shoulders and threw up his hand with a gesture which said, "not yet," but in the shrug and the hand-lift was something cramped and distorted. Looking more keenly I saw that, beneath the grease of the engine-rooms which we of the engines wear, his face had the thin pallor of one who has known hospitals and that grim suffering which grabs a man by thew and bone and twists him into a writhing, squirming thing which moans between shut teeth and stares from dim, unrecognizing eyes at those who come around. I knew the signs. I had been there.

And so it was that later, when we'd spoken all those common words which all men say, and six bells of the watch brought us to the time when the tongue runs free, he lounged back on the blankets of his bunk and told me why for nearly two years he had disappeared from my ken. I give it to you, this story, as it was told to me, with frank dearth of embellishment, for I am not a story-teller, and if I were could not furbish a tale which flowed so straight and virile from his lips. I give it as he told it because I can forget neither it nor him, as he sat there in the dusky shadows of his little stateroom, the eyes dull sometimes with introspection and again flaming with recollection; the mouth twisted at the corner beneath his close-cropped mustache and above his square cleft chin; the hand—the half crippled one—that, gnarled and distorted, now and then shook itself in the air to emphasize some thought for which his words were inadequate.

"It's what really happened to the *Lauritan*," he began, and I, startled, sat suddenly erect. "Yes," he went on with his twisted smile, "you start. All that you heard was that after she passed out of New York, plunged through the Narrows in the roll of an inbound sea, spoke the Sandy Hook lightship and steamed away, she was reported lost with two hundred excursionists aboard. Her foretops weren't littered with humming wires so that she could speak to other ships beyond the sky-line, and she was supposed to have foundered in a great storm encoun-

tered off the Banks until, six weeks later, she half drifted and half sailed into the Azores, rust covered, dismasted, bedraggled, and with strips of dirty canvas guyed against her funnel. You remember the testimonial from her passengers, who took it as a joke and declared they had suffered no inconvenience beyond delay, and the company's statement that she had unfortunately slipped her screw."

His smile had become cynical as he went on with the story of those who never knew.

"It wasn't bad when we cleared, and the only thing I recall quite plainly was my annoyance because we were short handed, for the short-handedness brought in as third engineer Bob Gaines. I didn't like him because, to tell the truth, he had the best of me in two ways. One was his youth, that splendid age of tireless strength which we on the down-hill side cannot help but envy, and the other—the girl. I first met him at her house, and as I'm going to be honest in explaining this, I may as well admit that for two years I'd hoped for and dreamed of those associations a mature man calls home."

He stopped abruptly, rested back a trifle more, and for a moment his face was drawn; but in shifting his position his hand struck the lump under the bedding, his scowl relaxed, and when he resumed his voice betrayed no unrest.

"Did I tell you I was first engineer? Well, I didn't try to make it any too easy for Gaines, and crusty old Donald Barr let me have pretty much my own way. Go slow there! I know your inclination to swear at the mention of old Don, but you just throttle down till I'm through, and then you'll swear no more.

"Well, we'd cleared the Banks before the storm you read about hit us as if everything devilish in the Atlantic Ocean had turned loose, intent on putting one floating scrapheap—ours—off its surface forever. It was as if it was tired of carrying us and wanted to batter us until we went down, smothering and gurgling, to stop for good and all on the bottom. The *Lauritan* was old, she'd seen her best days; but she turned her nose into it, swung over to starboard, and swallowed ahead, throwing the slapping Atlantic off her nose in this fight to the death, while her engines raced and we fellows below thought sometimes they'd go mad and whirl themselves to pieces in their ponderous struggle. It was a case of stand by the wheels all the

## Those Who Never Knew

time, and the telegraph dial danced and jumped as the men on the bridge above fought it out and lent us blind men their eyes.

"A chip wrestling with the sea, that's all the *Lauritan* was, and every minute made all of us more anxious. In the first few hours of this smash a wave came ripping over its crest, half drowning the man in the crow's-nest and slatting the ribs of an officer against a stanchion until he was off duty for a month. We fellows down in the engine-rooms heard about it and, as I said, were anxious; but with the screw racing in spite of all we could do, and a leak aft which was drenching the bilge and the runway of the shaft tunnel, we had enough to do to hold our scrap-heap together and leave the men above and the rest of it to the Lord Almighty.

"I think it was a little before eight bells, midnight, of the second day when this thing I'm about to tell you of happened. We were all down there, even the men off watch, because a bunch of flying, whirling, straining steel needs mothering. They'd just got the leak aft blocked, and we were high with hope that we could clear our flooded engine-rooms of water and give the stoke-hole a chance. As you know, the old *Lauritan* had transverse boilers teamed in six, that fool method which placed them with their back ends square up against a ship's sides and cut out the bunkers to give room for stokers in a runway where there wasn't good ventilation."

"When the sea was at its wickedest there came a sudden smashing jar on the first boiler, and the chocks which anchored it gave way. It dropped to the cradle beneath, which cracked like a cannon, and her connections tore loose. With its main support gone, the second boiler tore away with a snap. A funnel sagged down with a rending sound, and the whole place was full of live steam that roared and surged as if a cyclone of hell had been turned loose. Just then the ship wrenched herself as if everything had gone to pieces, and my recollection is still quite clear of the way stokers, oilers, and engineers threw themselves to the gratings and smothered their faces to keep from breathing that vapor which meant a shivering of the lungs, a quick contorting of the limbs, and—death.

"Old Donald, who had leaped toward the first boiler when it cast loose, ran through

the murk, and I saw him standing there with his hard hands stretched out as he shut her down and clung to the valves, a phantom man in a fog. A thin spurt of steam was working down across his hands from a crack above, and he turned his face away to avoid breathing it. God knows how he lived through it—I don't; for when it had cleared some through the ventilators, and the other boilers had stopped dropping like a row of ended checkers toppled by a blow on the first, we found him on the floor, his hands cooked until they were mere pieces of parboiled flesh and bones, and him unconscious. The steam was slowly clearing when I staggered to my feet and ran toward him in the stifling haze. As I stooped a stoker ran past me. Without straightening up I grabbed him by the leg and threw him to the floor. They began to dash out as if to run were their only salvation, and I jumped to the foot of the steel steps leading up to the mid-gratings and struck like a madman to drive them back, the impact of my fists against terrified, grimy faces spattering loud and sharp above all the hiss and hell that had been stirred up by the waves outside. In the runway stood Bob Gaines, squarely planted on his feet, and he was striking, too, trying to whip into submission the fear that men call panic.

"When the screw stopped, the *Lauritan* sloughed round into the trough. Another noise held us in thrall. Thump! Thump! Thump! The great boilers, round bellied and hot, began swinging in their loosened cradles as the ship felt the roll. Now they swayed and struck like huge loosened devils bent on hammering themselves through the plates, plunging out into the sea, and beating us in the final dive to the bottom. There was an instant's pause as we realized the danger, then there were shouts, screams, and curses as we, a lot of gibbering, begrimed, and frantic men, tore up and down that steel coffin through the mist of dying steam, seeking some way of holding our loosened giants. But the panic was gone. The telegraph from the bridge ticked wildly, and the tubes were shrilling in thin, high, wailing voices. I tried to answer, but couldn't make myself heard. I beckoned to two or three of those nearest to care for the fallen chief, and ran up the steps and to the inside fiddle, not daring to trust myself on the main deck, which was taking water at every throw.

"It was quieter up there, and as I ran



*Drawn by George Harding*

THE STOKERS BEGAN TO DASH OUT AS IF TO RUN WERE THEIR ONLY SALVATION,  
'AND I JUMPED TO THE FOOT OF THE STEEL STEPS AND STRUCK  
LIKE A MADMAN TO DRIVE THEM BACK"

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past the saloon door I took it all in with a glance and a swift earshot: the ship's surgeon calmly assuring them that there was no danger whatever and laughing in a high, nervous voice; a facetious drummer whose ignorance gave him confidence seconding the doctor's attempts and declaring he'd been in ships that rolled a hundred times worse and that they 'should have been with him on the —.' The voices died away as I dove for the steps, out onto the reeling, shivering boat-deck and up to the officer, who was clinging to a stanchion to keep from being pitched into the smother at the wings. The captain came running toward me, and I bellowed into his ear. The foremast snapped off, bringing down a lot of wreckage, just as I told what had happened. I started back on the run and heard him shouting orders for a sea-drag and to clear wreckage, all in the same breath, his voice rising trumpet-like above the storm. The boats loomed white and mocking beside me, useless toys in such a strait; but as I again dashed past the saloon door the doctor was quietly saying that to lose a mast meant nothing and that if the danger had amounted to much the boats would have been called out. The boats!

"As I plunged down the grating I saw that the water had gained a little and that the floor of the boiler-room was awash, the men standing in it as it eddied about their feet with its muck of coal-dust and coating of oil. Gaines was holding the stokers in check.

"Can't anchor them down, sir," he said as I came. "Only chance to hold them is to cut through a beam above the middle boiler, catch it up, and, with it fast, rig chains fore and aft to keep the others down."

"I took a hurried look myself and saw he was right; but I shuddered. I knew what it meant—that with hammer and chisel in hand some of us, lying outstretched on the asbestos covering above those swinging, plunging masses, with but eighteen inches of space between their thousands of tons and the cold, hard steel above, would pay our lives for the endeavor. The cargo deck above was so deeply laden that to clear its burden and work from a point of safety would have required hours instead of minutes.

"We didn't waste words or loud talk, we four engineers who would ask no stoker to give his life, for we understood that probably the first two men lifted up for the work would have to die, and that between the other two

the big chain must be passed through the hard-bought hole to save the *Lauritan* and those aboard. I pulled a coin from my pocket. The other three understood, and we matched to see who would die first, who would die second, who—third—would have a chance, and who should be the fourth and last man to carry out our uncompleted task. I came first!

"I admit it now with shame that in the littleness of me I had a swift flash of resentment against the fate that had permitted Bobby Gaines to draw the third. He had beaten me in this lottery of death, this grim game of chance. He was always to win; first, his youth, second, the girl, and now an opportunity to enjoy life and her and all those things which I, relinquishing, was leaving behind as they lifted me up to the top of the great boiler with a hammer and a cold chisel in my hands! Yes, they hoisted me up, that grimy group of men with strained faces, and but one man bade me good-by and he without words—Bobby Gaines, whose hand clutched mine and whose eyes looked into mine with that clutch and look that men give to those who are about to die. Before I could straighten my body out he had turned and was giving orders for an attempt to stop the leak.

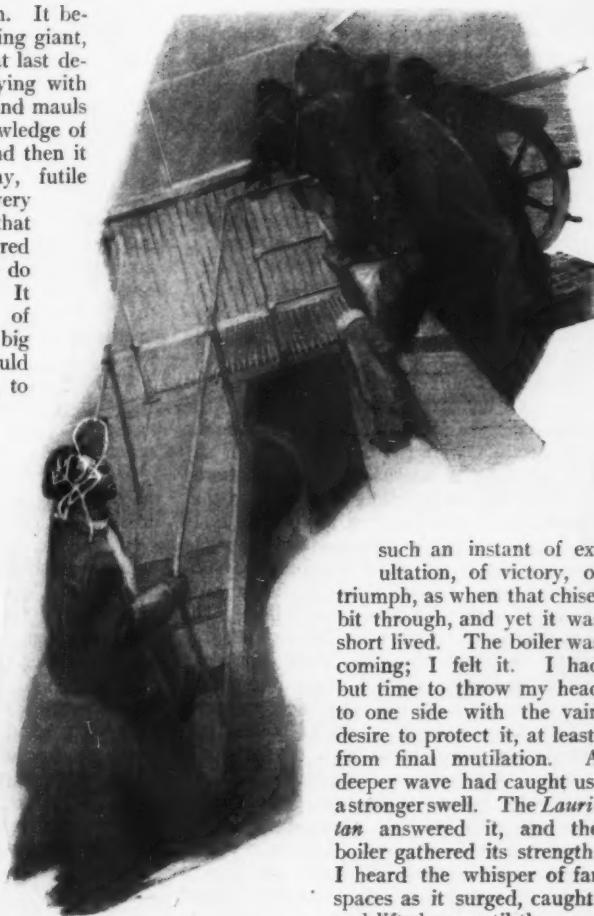
"I planted my steel and drove it home, lying there on my back, before I felt the boiler give. It rolled sluggishly up in its great useless cradle as if to flatten me out against the plates above. The first time was the most terrifying, and when the *Lauritan* answered a broadside swell it lifted slowly, insistently, and remorselessly. It had an air of caution as if testing its strength and me. It settled back, and I threw my arm out and struck as I never struck before or since and gloated as I felt the biting edge of the chisel eating home through the thin spot of the beam above and knew that each chip of riven steel meant one more chance for the lives of those who were depending on my straining thews.

"Bang! Bang! Bang! I struck with feverish energy when I had space to move my arms, and then would come that awful, horrifying moment when the boiler lifted itself in an effort to end my work and my life. Time and again the *Lauritan* settled over deeply, and I waited for the recurrent swing of the keel which, perhaps, might be for the last. Sometimes it came quickly, and the monster beneath me would rear up

as if angered by its burden. It became to me a malicious, living giant, biding its time to give that last destructive squeeze and playing with me as a tiger plays with and mauls its victim, secure in the knowledge of ultimate mastery. Now and then it paused while I, the puny, futile madman, strove with every ounce of strength to drive that chisel farther on. It whispered to me of what it would do when the next wave came. It muttered horrible stories of how in due time, when a big enough swell assisted, it would come up, and up, and up, to smash me in one last crushing, grinding, agonizing embrace and leave me a shapeless, pulped, and inert thing, to be lifted down and replaced by another victim, and perhaps yet another.

"I answered it, this enemy with which I was fighting to the end. I swore as I struck—I swore at it as it pounded upward upon me, I laughed at it in hoarse glee as it settled away, I damned it between shut teeth and bleeding lips as it returned to the charge, and croaked my defiance in panting breaths as it came lurching upon me. I lived days, years, and ages up there on that asbestos thing, until I grew old and nervous and desperate and my anger gave way to other thoughts which tore through my mind at such pace that the cells of my brain bear blotted records of that terrific mental turmoil.

"With strange velocity I viewed my death, and the thought that finally came uppermost was that, inasmuch as the girl loved Bob Gaines, I could save him for her happiness if I but cut through far enough. I lost recollection of the sea, the ship, and the passengers above, and became obsessed with the one fierce desire that I alone might be sacrificed on this altar of accident. I have never known, nor may I ever know again,



"THE CAPTAIN CAME RUNNING TOWARD ME, AND I BELLOWED INTO HIS EAR WHAT HAD HAPPENED"

such an instant of exultation, of victory, of triumph, as when that chisel bit through, and yet it was short lived. The boiler was coming; I felt it. I had but time to throw my head to one side with the vain desire to protect it, at least, from final mutilation. A deeper wave had caught us, a stronger swell. The *Lauritan* answered it, and the boiler gathered its strength. I heard the whisper of far spaces as it surged, caught, and lifted me until the pressure against my left side became such an excruciating agony that I screamed and everything was going black. I could strike no more. Dying, as I believed myself, I still tried to cling to the hammer, but, despite me, it dropped from my nerveless fingers and went clanging off in a roar of mocking sound. The pictures of the wild men on the bridge, the nervous passengers in the saloons, and the thunderous sea, all passed slowly away, faded and were gone as I, the plaything of fate, passed out into a great swooning void of pain, for all was dreamy and listless and floating, and all of life had become a trivial epoch to be looked back upon with contemplation. The crushed

## Her Rosary

thing on top of the rearing boiler was not I, and I considered it without regret, wondering if my flying soul had ever been a part of it or interested in its tenantry."

The swaying curtains of the port-hole caught in the fingers of a night breeze, flipped across his head, and he thrust them back. With his coat-sleeve he swept away the beads of sweat which had burst forth in the torture of his memory. He glared at the shaded light behind me with the sight of one who is coming back to the present from the far-reaches of another existence which he had almost gained, and with palpable effort controlled his voice, which had been trembling and throbbing.

When he resumed, his voice sounded far away, as if he, sitting there in his dingy little stateroom, were leaving, and only his thoughts, half voiceless, were left behind. "They say they took me off a crushed thing, spattered like a fly against a ceiling of steel, and that before their hands had laid my broken body on a grate above the wash another man had been hoisted to my place to take up my unfinished task. I don't think you knew him. It was Charlie Martin—poor fellow! His shift was shorter than mine before the surge caught him, and when they lifted him away the life had been battered from him, and he was to be given to the sea, which glittered and chuckled without, while the boilers, still riotous and mad, lifted with the rhythmic swing of huge hammers bent on destruction.

"Bobby Gaines came next. They took him out with his ribs crushed in and a crumpled shoulder-blade. The fourth man found it easy to pass the chain. A score of grimy men gave a mighty cheer and tugged at it with willing hands, waited until the boiler swung upward and held it in thrall. With this frail hold they madly lashed the

others, and the life of the ship and those above was no longer jeopardized in the hazard of the storm. They carried us broken wrecks, the moaning engineer with the hands which never again could work, the crumpled man with the broken side, and me, a flattened, distorted thing, forward into the ship's hospital. When the defeated sea was smooth they conquered the leak and rigged sails against the twisted funnels and ventilators of the *Lauritan*, and the passengers above danced, and sang, and played shovel-board while we drifted and sailed far away to the blue Azores—a travesty of joy and heedlessness above and a fight for maimed life below.

"The chief has a pension now, and I am this thing you see, kept on the pay-roll because I can still work a little; and as for the others—well——"

He stopped suddenly. The face which had known so much of pain twisted itself into a wry grin, and the eyes which in all their valiance had unflinchingly faced death took on a soft and twinkling light. The half useless and gnarled hands felt tentatively beneath the cover. The long body painfully dropped over to the side of the berth and straightened itself as best it might.

"See," he said in quite another tone, which carried in it something of jubilance, "I don't mind showing you since you've been so interested." He pulled out and thrust toward me the object which he had been so painfully polishing and which he had concealed as I entered. "This thing cost me a month's pay, and it's triple silver plated, because the feller that sold it said so. I couldn't get a loving-cup, so I bought an ice-pitcher; but it's beautifully engraved. It says, 'To Jimmie McIntyre Gaines.' I'm a god-father now, and that, after all, is something."

## Her Rosary

By Richard Wightman

A chain of gold, pearl-strung; a symbolized cross;  
The imaged form of Him who hung thereon  
For love, in whose great name thy prayer  
Ascends for me, my sweet, when I am gone!

Oh, vigils of thy heart! Oh, sacred pearls,  
Worn by thy fingers as thou pleadst my weal!  
The only answering meed I have for thee  
Is mine own soul, sealed with love's scarlet seal!



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WE ARE MAKING SURE PROGRESS IN THE PROBLEM  
OF REARING CHILDREN

## What Is to Become of Your Baby?

WILL CHILDREN REARED UNDER THE NEW, SCIENTIFIC  
METHODS BE SUPERIOR MENTALLY AND PHYSICALLY TO  
THOSE REARED IN THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY OF OUR MOTHERS?

By G. Stanley Hall

*President of Clark University and author of "Adolescence," "Youth—Its Education, Regimen and Hygiene," etc.*



HIS question is vital for the future of our country and of the race. The very best test of a civilization is whether it produces and brings to full maturity more and better children as the generations pass. If it does, the race and nation are advancing; and if it does not, no matter how material prosperity increases, it is degenerating, and has started on the downward path that leads to extinction. The decline and fall of not only Rome but all the other great nations of antiquity was due in the last analysis to the various forms of race suicide. Vice, crime, luxury, and every form of sin and selfishness are measured by their effects upon posterity; and every good influence in the life of the individual and the race is valuable just in proportion as it brightens the sacred torch of heredity, which is the most precious of all forms of wealth and worth, a pound of it being worth a hundredweight of education. Its effect on the power to transmit life is therefore the best criterion and measure of virtue, and even of religion. There

is no culture feature of our age more striking than the banishment of the prudery of a decade ago, followed by frankness of speech and writing and the direction of research toward topics that tend to give children that are better born. A large group of the most cultivated women in Germany—and another of learned men—edits a journal devoted to the frankest discussion of these questions. Eugenic schemes, societies, and journals are shedding their light upon this problem. Hence no theme, I think, could be more timely.

Of course such a question cannot be answered by yes or no, for there is very much to be said upon both sides, and the decision must be reached from a judicial and not from a partisan standpoint. The problem is a highly complex one, for nearly every essential trait of modern life bears upon it. Let me say in advance that, if I thought that on the whole this question must be answered in the negative, I should be a pessimist and adopt the philosophy of despair; I should feel that my own life-interest and work for children were in vain, and that I was a soldier in a lost cause. Happily for my own repose and peace

## What Is to Become of Your Baby?

of soul, I do believe that, despite many adverse influences, we are making sure if slow progress and are improving both in the production and in the rearing of children. It behoves us, however, in all frankness and candor to recognize and give their full value to all the adverse influences, which I admit are many and great. First, therefore, I shall enumerate the facts and opinions that point toward a negative, and then, opposed to this, the positive view; the latter, it seems to me, decidedly more than overbalance the former.

The rate of increase of families who have been for several generations in this country, throughout all the Northern and Western states and especially in New England, is decreasing. For the most part, this is not race suicide but racial death from causes not yet fully determined. As an extreme case, I remember in my youth a family, all older than myself, of whom eleven brothers and sisters grew to full maturity. Within a few years the very last member of that family died, and not one of them left a descendant. A few generations ago there were large families; but now it does not seem to be entirely certain that the human race can permanently survive and flourish in this country; immigrants, often more than a million a year, flock to our shores bringing with them great initial fecundity, which always declines after they have been here a few generations.

But what, the reader may ask, has the declining number to do with the quality of children produced? The apparent maxim of many parents is *uno sed leo*. They desire but one or two children and wish to lavish all their care and substance upon these to make them the very best possible. The answer to this question is seen in the studies of only children, who are very prone to be inferior in body, mind, and morals to those who have a number of brothers and sisters. It is pathetic to see some refined and cultivated mother lavish a wealth of attention upon her single puny boy or girl under the natural delusion that by excessive nurture she can atone for defects of nature. Indeed, it now seems established that, if there be but one or two children in a family, whether the cause be voluntary or involuntary, they do not enter life so well endowed and do not

do so well later as those in larger families. The native Puritan stock in New England was a sturdy one. It thrived and increased for generations, but is now decadent on the whole, whether measured by numbers or by quality. Boston, for instance, is ruled by newcomers and their children.

War always tends to deteriorate a racial stock. This has nowhere been better shown than in a recent, large German work which estimates that the wars of Napoleon caused the death of some three million men in Europe. Conscription into the army always takes able-bodied men, at the average age also of their greatest fecundity. Those who have families are taken away from them, often for long periods. There are two results from these conditions: first, the weaklings are left at home to propagate the species, while their harder brethren

are in the field; and second, the latter often die in large numbers on the battle-field or in the hospitals, so that they are permanently eliminated from heredity. One result of this process, so long continued in France, is that the standard of minimal stature of those admitted to the French army has been twice reduced in recent years; and *Figaro* represents La Grande Nation as extending its hands in a Christ-like attitude and saying, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the army of France." In

this country there can be no doubt that in both North and South the net average value of heredity was distinctly reduced by the great mortality of our Civil War, as it was to some very slight extent by the Cuban War.

On the other hand, the movement for the sequestration of imbeciles in a way to prevent them from multiplying, as they tend to do with very great rapidity, is barely twenty years old in this country. Feeble-minded boys and especially girls are usually very prolific; they are almost sure to reproduce at a rapid rate, and it is doubtful if any child of an imbecile mother is normal and intelligent. Several states and quite a number of institutions, mostly private, in this country now sterilize such males and females, especially if they are intelligent enough to be released and earn their own living, or else sequester them. This is done in the interest of posterity and is,



MODERN HYGIENE HAS  
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THE INTENT OF  
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INNOCENT

of course, now under grave discussion. Many humanitarians are bitterly opposed to it; but if, as under the Indiana system and in certain private institutions, the person concerned consents, or his friends do so, the problem, to say the least, is simplified. The best estimates place the per-

centage of distinctly subnormal children in our schools at from two-thirds of one per cent. to two per cent. of the whole; and most estimates, although they vary much, point to the conclusion that nearly two-thirds of the chronic, constitutional criminals are more or less feeble minded. Thus, if the babies of the country as a whole are to be improved, it is pretty clear that this class must in some way be kept from propagating their kind. If this stratum of the population increases more and more rapidly, as it strongly tends to do, while the upper stratum tends to grow sterile, the result of these two influences combined cannot fail to be fatal to a nation.

The inability of the mother to nurse her child is the beginning of sterility; and statistics show that this power, having been once lost in a mother, is never regained in her daughter. Very much laborious research has lately been brought to bear upon this question: for instance, Professor Bunge of Zurich has shown not only the great differences in the chemical constitution of cow's milk and mother's milk, but, what is far more important, has shown how impossible it is for chemistry to produce some of the most essential ingredients of the latter. Moreover, in nearly every land where statistics are kept, the mortality during the first year of infants that are deprived of the mother's milk is, at the least, four times as great as among those that have it. This is one of the reasons why, despite the fact that modern hygiene has reduced the percentage of deaths at nearly every other age, that of infants during the first year of life remains practically unaffected by all our modern

devices. The curve of deaths during July and August often reaches an enormous height in cities. Now, every cause that brings an increased rate of mortality lowers the vitality of all exposed to that cause. Here we seem to have a case where art and science have not been able to atone for the vital losses due to the diminishing ability of the modern, and especially the American, mother to nurse her children. It should not be forgotten, either, that motherhood is not complete without this function, that the love of mother and child needs it, so that it is the basis of a psychological bond that is very significant. Many mothers who could nurse their children refuse to do so for various reasons, because of the limitation of their liberty and because they fear it will affect their beauty, etc.; so that in Germany a law has been proposed to fine all mothers whom their physicians say could nurse their children if they do not do it, and to double this fine for mothers-in-law and others who advise them to refrain from this duty. Never has there been a more triumphant vindication of the value of nursing upon life than in the study of soldiers.

In connection with vital statistics went an inquiry as to just how long each soldier as a child had been nursed at his mother's breast; and the momentous conclusion that appeared from this report was that every added three months of natural nursing resulted in an increase of height or weight, of immunity from disease, and of longevity.\*

Charities, including public nurseries, lying-in hospitals, and probably day-nurseries, orphanages, and many other child-welfare institutions, now keep alive many feeble children who would have died under the harder conditions that formerly prevailed. The old Spartan habit and the practice among savages that exposes infants to wind and weather, so that only



DAY-NURSERIES NOW  
KEEP ALIVE MANY  
FEEBLE CHILDREN



INACTIVITY DOES  
GREAT INJURY TO  
THE CHILD

## What Is to Become of Your Baby?



CITY CONDITIONS ARE  
BAD FOR BABIES AND  
CHILDREN

for the advancement of a race. I am one of those who believe that there is a great difference between those used to refinement and luxury and those accustomed from the first to hard conditions, in their susceptibilities to pain, both physically and mentally, and that many of our charities tenderly protect from certain influences from which children do not need protection but would be the better were they more fully exposed to them. Children's sense of pain is much less exquisite than that of adults. Just as many of those who oppose vivisection imagine that the animals suffer from it as much as they would, so many a philanthropist ignores the fact that there is a considerable difference of the same kind between different social classes, and that what would really seem hardship to one may be luxury to another. It really should not cost much to bring a child through the first few years of life, especially if it is nursed naturally. And the children of the poor are not so unfortunate as is often fancied because they receive so little attention. On the contrary, they thrive well under a certain degree of neglect.

A word must be added about children of the kindergarten and school age. It is said that a recent census in New York, which for some inexplicable reason is withheld from publication, shows that children who have been to kindergarten are outranked at the end of the school period by those who have not been. A comprehensive British census made in London, Glasgow, and Edinburgh showed that children who entered a year later than

those who are more hardy shall survive, is inhuman; but there can be no question that the development of medicine, of modern hygiene, and of prophylaxis, and the vast sums given to bring more favorable conditions to those "born short," is an influence which, taken by itself and apart from its humanizing effects on those who bestow these charities, does not make

the legal age graduated in advance of those who entered earlier. Our whole school system is based upon a scheme of lock-step uniformity that, while it guarantees a certain modicum of knowledge of the three R's for all who go through it, distinctly checks originality and reduces individuality. The time is not far off when we shall look back with painful self-pity upon a system that does not promote by subject and thus fails to recognize the fact of the vast range of individual differences. Admirable as are our school buildings, comprehensive as the educational system is, well furnished as the teachers are, the question is an open one whether many children are not positively injured by it. First of all, it is radically unwholesome in its confinement, in its sedentary habit of life during the best hours of the day, and in the monotonousness and uniformity of its work. If a sick age should ever supervene, comparable to what is sometimes though wrongly called the dark ages, in which nearly all children were anemic, had defective sight, imperfect digestion, and were prone to nervousness, the modern school would be the chief agent in bringing it about. Indeed many thoughtful people are now asking whether our school system, as at present administered, is on the whole good for the child's development.



IN THE TOWN THERE IS  
MORE EXPOSURE TO  
DISEASE AND VICE

of the street is more dangerous, range and freedom are restricted, there is more exposure to contagion, both of disease and of vice, and it is now well established that the city makes for precocity.

For older children, too, I think in many communities now the new labor laws are of doubtful advantage. Of course wholesale child labor is a horror to be mitigated, but to forbid vigorous boys of fourteen, twelve, or sometimes even ten, to engage



IT IS ESTABLISHED  
THAT THE CITY  
MAKES FOR  
PRECOCITY

a part of the day in gainful occupations is to condemn them to idleness and expose them to the moral evils that troop in its train. Boys on the old New England farm were a part of the concern and were made saner in body and mind by work. Industry has always been one of the great safeguards of virtue, especially during the years of storm and stress, and probably a little overwork is less injurious than under-work.

In fine, to sum up this side of the question: while we are lavishing immense sums and great energy upon the upbringing of our children, there is good reason to believe that no nation in the world's history has ever so far lost touch with the real, intimate nature and needs of childhood; and this makes the situation a grave one. Thus we are not prone to minimize the deleterious influences. Now let us turn to those that are salutary.

In our office we have gathered reports, records, or other data from what the clerk in charge classifies as seventy different types of child-welfare organizations now actively engaged in trying to improve the physical, moral, mental, and social condition of children. Some of these organizations are duplicated in scores of cities and towns; a few are directed toward improving the conditions and even the preliminaries of wedlock and to put this upon a more hygienic physiological and biological basis; others are concerned with the conditions of women about to become mothers; the interest of others begins with the child at birth and would diffuse knowledge and facilitate the hygienic treatment of infants during the first year of life, rewarding mothers whom week-day visitations show to have kept their babies in the most thriving condition, giving information about all matters that pertain to food, clothing, sleep, and regimen generally; other agencies focus on the day-nursery and kindergarten stage, some upon the first school year, and so on up to maturity. At every stage of life, even up to the age of choosing a vocation, special assistants and expert knowledge are provided,

every kind of defect is looked after—free if the parents are poor—every unhygienic and immoral influence is combated; and it is needless to say that never in the world were there so many and so able and intelligent men and women devoting their lives to the rising generation as to-day; and never was there so much means expended for its benefit; and never was this expenditure so intelligently directed. This applies to schools whose methods and equipment and the efficiency of whose teaching staff are gradually improving; and it also applies to the home. Now, if all these endeavors did not improve the quality of the rising generation, if these efforts were, after all, ignorant and unwise, or if the influences they had to overcome had increased more rapidly than the efficiency of these agencies, it would be indeed a sad comment on human nature and would prob-

ably be the bankruptcy of a body of effort and intelligence directed toward perhaps the most beneficent of all practical ends that, I fancy, has hardly a parallel in history. Many thousands of families in this country, who are without children themselves, have made homes in them—and generally good homes, under proper control and inspection—for scores of thousands of children, so that, if there is more race suicide, there is also more foster-parentage. Again, the movements like the Big Brother movement and those related to it, which assume that every boy who needs it should have, besides his father, an older protector, mentor, adviser, confidant, or friend, have been of great service to the older boy and girl protectors as well as to the younger children who are thus protected.

A small fraction of children, ranging all the way from three-fourths of one per cent. to nearly three per cent., according to different estimates, are subnormal; while still more are more or less defective in the senses, motor ability, or intellect; and there are arrests all the way up the age scale. These problematical, exceptional children used to be like grains of sand in fine machinery; they interfered with the work of educational agencies by de-



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MANY MOTHERS REFUSE TO NURSE THEIR BABIES BECAUSE TO DO SO RESTRICTS THEIR LIBERTY, AND THEY FEAR IT WILL AFFECT THEIR BEAUTY

## What Is to Become of Your Baby?

manding more than their share of individual time and attention. Now they are set off by themselves in the various schools for backward children, dullards, or defectives; and in the training of these pedagogy has in recent years achieved some of its most brilliant and startling triumphs. These children used to be allowed to grow up with little done for them, a helpless weight upon the community or the family. Now their types, natures, and needs are individually studied, and a large percentage of them are made self-supporting; and not a few who can never be taught to read and write become skilful workmen, and their own lives and the lives of all connected with them are made far more comfortable. I know no more interesting records in the whole annals of education than the story of the extraordinary and successful and yet very varied methods that have been adopted in developing minds or special qualities where they hardly existed before. Moreover, from these studies and from these methods have come a not inconsiderable number of devices that have proved very efficient with normal, if younger, children. In no pedagogic field has the teacher succeeded in getting so near to the soul of the child as in this.

The same, if in less degree, can be said of the treatment of vice and crime. First, as to vice, especially that form of it which tends to take on a predominantly sexual character. Here, although statistics show a discouraging prevalence of error, the many purity movements, the long endeavors which have been made under the best scientific guidance and which found their expression two years ago in the great educational conference at Mannheim, Germany—the proceedings of which have lately appeared—have not only ventilated these subjects in a wholesome way, but have brought the community to realize the magnitude and prevalence of the evils and the necessity of working against them in a way that cannot fail to produce most salutary results. These evils sap the very roots of society and bring degeneration and extinction to race and nation, and the moral preventive measures now adopted should be brought into far more general practice in our schools, churches, and elsewhere. The well-considered leaflets and books, the new realization of the dangers and the effects of the special diseases liable to be incurred and the relations of this function to the entire mental and physical make-up of man—to express it in other terms,

the new psychology of sex that has had such an amazing recent development and its applications in the moral and the hygienic field—cannot fail to fill the minds of those who know the situation with new hope for the future of our race and to inspire confidence that the many grave dangers here are likely in the near future to be very much abated. This function of life is vitally related to muscle culture, to every intellectual and esthetic interest, to religion, and to the very joy of life itself; and everything that tends to increase these latter long-circuits it, so that new motives are given for their culture; and education itself, in its best sense, is to a degree hitherto unsuspected a kind of inoral prophylaxis.

There is hardly any more fundamental and all-controlling instinct throughout childhood and youth than to seek pleasure. The nerves fairly quiver with passion for excitement. It is a natural and necessary appetite, made more intense, and often morbidly so, as a reaction from the sedentary life of the school, which is utterly repugnant to the nature of the child, and also by the tedium of industry, which is so great that statistics show that in some communities boys who begin to work at twelve throw up their jobs and perhaps break away from home in quest of fun or to run with the gang and get a ravishing taste of wild, feckless adventure. Sex and the imagination are inseparable. Each develops and lives on the other. The juvenile theater and moving-picture show is indeed for the modern child the house of dreams, where taste, honor, and the virtue and ideals of life generally are, in a sense, preformed. Jane Addams shows that in the 466 show-houses of Chicago, on a given Sunday night, nearly one-sixth of the population of the city attended, and that in the large fraction of the more tawdry shows revenge was the chief motive; while the churches that at the same hour were preaching the gospel of peace were surprisingly empty. Now we are beginning to control this all-dominant instinct in childhood and youth by censorships of the syndicates that control the films and of plays. In New York tickets to shows that are approved by censors are sold at half-price; and thus the moral character of these shows is controlled. There were lately some fifteen hundred shows of all kinds in Greater New York, the potent and immediate influence of which on the imaginations of young children is often patent in crime. Now we are learning the possibilities of moving-pictures—how they can be used to teach history, to illustrate

biography, to vivify Bible scenes, so that the prediction is often made that they will come into the churches and Sunday-schools to bring before the very objective minds of children the Arthuriad, even the most uplifting scenes from Greek drama, the Niebelungen, the best things in Shakespeare, Molière, etc., reduced to their elements, which are always moral. The modern city is gruelling hard on the imaginations of children at the time when their whole future life is solvent in their every hours. The Story Tellers' League and its work in libraries, schools, and even in playgrounds; the great recreation movement that is now sweeping over the country with its pageants; the amazing lust for out-of-door sports that even empties theaters and holds thousands of youths spellbound witnesses of our national games; the increase and enlargement of the repertory of play for children of the street at the age when nearly everything they do is essentially play; the splendid new bond now being established in all religious societies for the young between the ideals of health, exercise, and purity of body; the new movements to bring to bear upon the child the influences of art in the schoolroom in pictures, decorations of rooms and hallways, and to appeal to the love of nature by beautifying even school-yards and door-yards, by making parks attractive and opening them to games—these agencies are making rapid headway upon the panderers who commercialize this all-controlling love of pleasure and excitement in the young.



THE GROWTH OF KNOWLEDGE OF CHILD CULTURE IS STEADILY IMPROVING THE MENTAL AND PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE MODERN OFFSPRING

Almost parallel to the new emphasis the medical profession is laying upon children's diseases is the way in which the law is now stressing the juvenile court and all its appendages—probation officers, social workers, and various types of complete and partial detention. True, the juvenile court has had in some respects an unfortunate history. It should never be a criminal court with trial by jury, the verdict, power of habeas corpus, or appeal; but it should be an equity institution with great and final power to bring to bear all kinds of preventive measures in dealing with waywardness, and its work should be chiefly preventive. While the personal influence of

the judge will and should always be immense, the system itself must be able to stand upon its own feet. While the judge should be the father's or mother's helper, he should also have full power to remove children of almost any age from a vicious home or other surroundings. As the possibilities of its work are now being developed, and as the nature and cause of what has been called juvenile crime are now understood to be in nearly all cases in their beginning innocent, it is not too sanguine to expect a very great reduction of the evil influences that always surround the life of the street in large cities.

The moral and psychological nature of girls at the very critical age of the earliest teens and just before is still one of the greatest mysteries in nature. At this age the girl is generally unknown to herself and is very liable to be misunderstood by parents and

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teachers just at that time when her greatest need is a sympathetic and intelligent older friend and adviser. The girls, often of the tender age of seven or eight, found in our industrial schools, who are already infected with vice, but perhaps through no fault of their own, and the older girls who go wrong and whom society has generally condemned, are just now beginning to be found savable to a decent life and to respectable, self-supporting, and even to virtuous ways. The great league of wise women in Germany that support a journal called *Mutterschutz*, and the many workers among this class in this country, are making a new era for this class of unfortunate that were only lately practically condemned to degraded lives. Often it is just the girls with great potentialities of motherhood in them that go wrong, just as statistics have often shown that illegitimate or "love" children are, as a class, the full equals, if not the superiors, so far as native endowment of body and mind go, of those born in wedlock. Society is beginning to revise and modify a little its strenuous and uncompromising attitude toward this class, with a prospect of very great eventual gain to social virtue and to racial efficiency. The public viewpoint on all questions relating to morality adheres to the fine old standards, but includes a broader sympathy and a deeper insight.

Despite the loss of touch with the nature and needs of childhood from which this country has suffered as no other in the world, many new agencies are coming in to better this condition. Among these must be enumerated the scientific study of childhood. This movement, barely a quarter of a century old, which extends over the world, originated in this country—as it ought to have done because the need was greatest—just as was the case in the study of neurasthenia, and for the same reason, for there are many parallels that might be traced out between the former social disease and the latter physical one. We have now a solid body of facts about nascent periods or the most economic time for beginning the various kinds of training—mental, physical,

al, moral, and religious; and a good body of methods have been established by experimental didactics which make all kinds of pedagogical work more professional and scientific. Again, social work for childhood is also

becoming a skilled profession, with a large army of workers in every city who have done not only a vast amount of rescue work, but have contributed largely to our knowledge of and sympathy with childhood in its various aspects. Material resources and institutions, and the intelligence with which these are administered, have increased still more rapidly in recent years.

Of great significance, too, is the new movement for moral education. As the school system has in recent years been slowly secularized, there was a great rise in the wave of juvenile delinquency because, when the religious influences that pointed to virtue were removed, morality suffered very gravely. Now the compensating agencies are getting in their work there; and a very similar process has been going on with many legislative reconstructions here. The church influences over the young have greatly declined; and now a new moral, ethical culture, in the larger sense in which France and Japan have made it work so well, is providing, in cases where religious influences are impracticable, modes of moral training—a theme that is now dominant in all educational circles, that has great promise and potency for the future.

Finally, the general dissemination of biological knowledge and of all matters pertaining to reproduction is instilling into the minds of large and growing numbers of young people a new sense of the responsibilities of marriage to the future and to posterity. Despite the many defects of family life, those best informed are assured that now conditions are improving. The negative side of this movement is seen in the fact that so many intelligent people whose constitutions are tainted or handicapped by disease deliberately refuse to produce children upon whom it can be entailed. This is a species of intellectual and moral heroism as splendid as anything exploited in ancient song and story.

Thus, if we carefully weigh all the tendencies making for deterioration on the one hand and improvement on the other, I think this country is justified in believing that, even if the tide of fecund immigrants should be cut off, the men and women now alive upon our soil are likely to be succeeded by generations which will be better than they. Whether this improvement will continue indefinitely is the problem with which the destiny of our nation is bound up.



# A Man in a Motor

By Mary Hastings

Illustrated by Arthur E. Jameson

EVERYBODY knows that clicky little midnight noises always sound like somebody in the house, and there never is anybody, so I sternly reassured myself. I refused to permit myself to go out in the hall and peek. I arose, with an assumption of ease, from the couch on which I had been napping while waiting the return of my family from some function, and crossed the room to turn on the electric light.

But I never turned it on. Those steps were unmistakable. There was somebody down-stairs, in the hall—or were they in this hall? For one rigid instant I stood listening, and then I dived into my bed, shoes and all, and drew the covers to my very nose.

I had always wondered what I'd do if there were somebody in the house, and now I found out. My one aim was to lie low—very low—and do nothing. I would feign sleep till the crack of

doom. They could take anything, everything, only let them spare my life. I held my eyes tight shut, and tried to compose my breathing to a sleeper's comfortable rhythm.

Meanwhile the noises continued. Somewhere a door was shut incautiously; boards creaked under a muffled tread. Something came stealthily up the back stairs. I shook so that the springs creaked under me.

I am not ashamed of my fear—it really ennobles my subsequent deeds, for I have read that the finest bravery is bravery in spite of fear, not in its absence. They were not at this end of the hall—not yet—and my common sense told me that my salvation might depend on my bolting my door before they reached me. But oh! the interminable distance from the bed to the door and the soul-sickening chance that just as I shut it a dark something in the hall



I RAN OUT IN FRONT OF THE RUNABOUT, BRANDISHING MY COAT AND SHOUTING, "HI—HI YOU!"

## A Man in a Motor

would thrust it back, would rush in on me.

With a heart pumping like an engine I hurled myself across the room and reverberatingly slammed that door, bolting and locking it with fingers that shook in an agony for fear they would be too slow or too bungling. Then I seized a chair and vigorously whacked the floor.

Instantly was a running of feet and a descending of the front stairs that shook the house. I flew to my front window and looked out to see two men with burdened arms dash down our steps. As they ran to the curb, where a motor waited, a street-lamp lighted their plunder.

It must have been the sight of my new pink chiffon thus ruthlessly torn from me, and the heart-rending reflection that they probably had all my other things from that hall closet as well, that nerved me to reckless pursuit. I unbolted the door and made one plunge down the stairs and out the front door, nearly pitching down the steps over a long covert coat dropped in their flight.

The motor was starting off into the darkness, and I was standing there, helplessly clutching the abandoned coat and trying to think quickly what to do next, when I saw another motor—a runabout—turning the corner toward me. I ran out in front of that runabout, brandishing my coat as if I were flagging a train and shouting, "Hi—hi you!" at the solitary occupant in a way to give him the shock of his life. As he slowed down I climbed madly in beside him.

"Oh, *please* follow that automobile ahead!" I frantically besought. "Don't, *don't* let it get out of sight."

"Huh?" said the occupant blankly.

"Follow the automobile ahead—that one there. Oh, *please* make haste!"

The young man obediently made haste with a jerk that nearly threw me out. "Eloping husband?" said he amiably.

"Eloping *clothes*," I gave back fiercely. "They are burglars, and they have taken all my things and goodness knows what besides. I was all alone in the house and the telephone was in the back hall where they were, so I couldn't get at it, but I just scared them away with a chair——"

"What—beat them up with it?" he interjected, keeping a watchful eye on the car ahead.

"No, thumped on the floor with it. My door was locked. And both men had their arms full of our things. Oh, *can't* you hurry up?"

He hurried up so excessively that my breath was taken away, and I was glad to snuggle back in that opportune coat and hang on for dear life. Up and down through the silent streets we trailed that motor, now losing, now gaining, but always a tantalizing distance behind.

They led us a fearful chase. We turned corners on two wheels. We tore over streets as rocky as the road to Dublin. We dodged innumerable collisions. We escaped uncounted deaths.

"By George," said the young man beside me, "this *is* a Marathon! I wonder what make car they have?"

We were whizzing through a dark, tenebrous-hemmed street, and a sudden shot tore past us as he spoke.

"Plugging our tires," he commented unemotionally. "I say, is this getting a little too hot for you?"

"Not unless it is for you," I declared. I wasn't a particle afraid—I was positively exhilarated. There is a very different feeling in chasing burglars in a motor with a man from awaiting them in the dark solitude of your own home. I actually laughed, and so did the young man.

"Oh, this is nuts for me," he gaily avowed. "My life isn't such a dizzy round that a thing like this is a bore. Why go to East Africa when one can hunt at home? Bing! There he goes again—half a mile wide, thank our lucky stars. He wants to put us out of business before we get any further down-town. Suffering saints, I wish we had something to pepper back with!" he added excitedly.

Ferociously I seconded the wish. The shots ceased now, for we were too rapidly nearing the city center for them to risk an alarm. On we went, just behind them, and now, when the approaching lights and people seemed to promise assistance for us, the most disgustingly trivial, every-day little thing in the world happened. A street-car intervened. We were obliged to turn sharply to one side, and when we had wheeled about again the motor had disappeared.

A cabman, in response to our shouted questions, pointed to the left. To the left we turned, but no motor was in sight. We never saw it again. Of course we didn't give it up all at once: we turned back to the right, we rounded corners, we struck out in every direction and circled impotently around the lost trail. There was nothing left but to telephone the police.

"Well, I hope they find them in a hurry," I declared, "and that there is something left of my poor things. Why, I want to wear that pink chiffon on the seventeenth."

"You will wear that pink chiffon, if it is recovered," he genially predicted, "in about eight or nine months. Stolen goods are returned after and not before the trial."

"Eight or nine months!" I echoed aghast. "Why, then—then it doesn't matter whether the police or the burglars have it."

"The immediate effect on your wardrobe is precisely the same."

"Well!" I exploded. It wasn't well at all. "If this is law—and justice! They will be no use in April. They are *winter* things—my nice new tailor-made and my lovely pony-coat—" I fairly choked with disgust. And the inhuman man beside me chuckled.

I brushed the riotous hair out of my eyes to regard him sternly. "Just you wait," I warned, "I'll get even with you—you men! I'll be a suffragette! Women certainly are badly needed to make over your laws."

"But how can stolen goods—wanted as evidence—be returned before the trial?" he argued, a trifle defensively.

"Can't they have trials at once, or can't they be brought back and produced as evidence? Can't the owners give a receipt or a check or a—a bond for them? I guess women could fix things," I vigorously insisted.

Naturally after that I didn't take so much interest in telephoning the police, and I had no patience with the way they kept asking

me the shapes of those burglars' noses when I told them repeatedly that all I saw was the tops of their hats. Then I tried to call up the house, for I knew the family would be back and alarmed at my absence; but those robber fiends had cut the wires, and the best I could do was to rouse a neighbor and send him over to assure them of my safety.

"But where are you, Miss Molly?" the neighbor most bewilderedly inquired. My explanation was brief and not very much to the point. The neighbor carried over the impression that I had been kidnaped with my garments.

"And now," said the young man as he helped me back into his motor, "is

there anything else—or may I have the pleasure of taking you home?"

Something faintly quizzical in his tone and in the glance he bent on me sent a sudden flush to my face, as I recalled that I had rushed out and hailed this perfectly unknown young man; that I had appropriated his motor, imperiled his tires, consumed his gasoline, and offered his person as a target for pistol practice! Furthermore I had availed myself of two of his nickels for the telephone.

It all came over me in a flash, but for a moment the only form my belated gratitude and self-rebuke could take was inextinguishable laughter. I couldn't help it—I laughed until I wept, and after a startled and inquiring look the young man joined in.

"It's *too* funny!" I gasped.

"It is, by George," he agreed.

"I rush out on you in the dark—"



"I MIGHT AS WELL ASK TO CALL TO-MORROW NIGHT AND  
BRING MY MOTHER," HE SAID, HOLDING  
OUT HIS HAND IN FAREWELL

ARTHUR E. FREEMAN

## A Man in a Motor

"Like a highwayman. I assure you my blood ran cold."

"You were *cool* enough. You asked me if it was an eloping husband!"

"I should have known better," said he.

"And I asked you to hurry——"

"Asked me? You ordered me!"

"And I didn't know you from Adam."

"That's exactly the beauty of it," he joyously declared. "Heaven take us all, this is an adventure! It's the real thing in adventures—no imitation, hand-me-down of a 'Pray pardon me but haven't I seen you somewhere before?' sort! Here's a voice in the dark, a damsel in distress, escaping robbers, pursuit, pistols, Prisoner of Zenda business all along the line. Stars above," he chuckled, "I didn't know that adventures still existed outside of magazine covers—and even in them they always peter tamely out into the conventional."

"Perhaps," I laughed at him, "*we* shall peter tamely into the conventional."

He opposed it with a stubborn shake of the head. We were proceeding homeward at a vastly slower pace, and I saw that he was a much better-looking young man than I had had leisure to observe. Not that there was anything *remarkable* about his features, but they were nice, strong, adequate features, and he had the merriest eyes in the world.

"Not a bit of it," he asserted. "I refuse to peter. I don't know you, I don't know anybody of your name, and I never even heard about them. You're an exhilaratingly unknown quantity."

"How awful if you should happen to have met me before!"

"I haven't met you before! I should have remembered you. There's a—a—a something different about you."

"It's my hair," I explained. "You see, I didn't stop for my puffs——"

"You—you infant!" he grinned at me.

"I'm not an infant. I'm—but I sha'n't incriminate myself since I'm still an unknown quantity. But it can't last, you know," I sagely predicted. "The canons of all polite literature forbid it. You are probably the brother of my chum's fiancé or

else you went to college with my cousin."

"I haven't a brother. And what college did your cousin go to?"

"Yale."

He drew an exaggerated breath. "I went to Amherst—Amherst nineteen five. Did you ever hear of a Jimmie Dysart of Amherst?"

I considered. "No, I never did. I don't believe I know any Amherst men—not recent ones."

The recent one beamed upon me. "Saved!" he jubilated. "We have escaped the traditional. We are a unique adventure!"

But we were nothing of the kind, for my beloved mother, when she had recovered from her raptures at regaining me and her wonder at my tale, turned to the young man whom she persisted in regarding as my savior and rescuer and put a hesitant question,

"Your name is Dysart—is your father a Mr. James P. Dysart?"

"He is," said the son with foreboding.

"And was your mother a Miss Nelson—Elizabeth Nelson?"

"She was," came the reluctant admission. He turned a look on me that said plainly, "All is lost."

"Then," my mother rejoicingly told him, "I know just who you are! I went to school with your mother. I haven't seen her or heard of her for years—people drift apart so in a great city—but there was a look about you that, with the name, made me sure. Why, I held you on my lap when you were a little four-year-old! Isn't it strange?"

"Not at all," said the recipient of the past attention wearily. "It's the usual thing. I might have known," he groaned to me, who stood helplessly laughing, "that we could never get away with it. Doubtless we played together in our infancy. Our faces were scrubbed with the same towel, we shared the same bread and milk. We are no longer gloriously unknown and daring spirits. We have petered out. I might as well," he continued disgustedly, holding out his hand in farewell, "ask to call tomorrow night and bring my mother. Suppose we peter thoroughly while we are about it?"

And so we did.



# A Hillside Comedy

By E. W. Kemble



"Oh, Mama, I must have one good paste at that!"



"Here goes!"



"Sumpfin sutt'nly did rouse me from ma slumbers."



"'Scuse me, but was you-all tryin' to 'tract ma 'tent, n?"

# A Little Brown Jug

By Frank VerBeck



Bear: "Be of good cheer, O dreary pilgrim; bring hither yon flagon that we may revel in its delights."



The bear thinks it's molasses; the dreary pilgrim has other hopes.



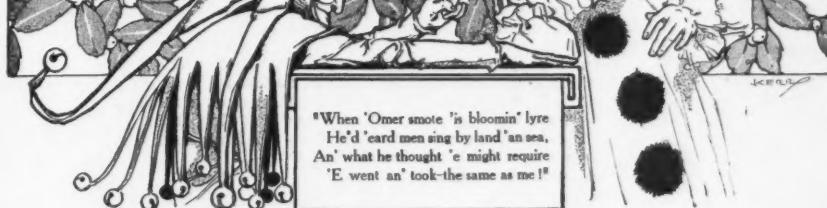
Bear: "Courage, Brother Orville! Fear not the rustic. Let's to some Dante-like solitude where we may quaff this precious—"



FRANK VERBECK

Vinegar!

# HAVE YOU HEARD THIS?



"When 'Omer smote 'n bloomin' lyre  
He'd 'eard men sing by land 'an sea,  
An' what he thought 'e might require  
'E went an' took—the same as me!"

**Editor's Note.**—Old anecdotes, like old friends, are more often than not the best, and believing this to be so we pass on to you some that we have recently chosen in the hope that they will give you as hearty a moment of merriment as they have given us. We shall pay liberally for similar available bits of humor, should you know of any that are provocative of mirth. Brevity and crispness of dialogue are important considerations. To those whose contributions have been returned as unavailable we say, "try again."

**PROF. FREDERICK STARR**, the distinguished anthropologist, was recently discussing the Roosevelt hunting trip.

"Mr. Roosevelt," he said, "will encounter very great dangers in the jungle. I don't mean the wild beasts; I mean the fevers. Mr. Roosevelt's is not the temperament to resist these dangers, either. His is a heady, rushing temperament; but the sort of temperament that keeps off jungle fever is like that of the London cabby who once drove for me.

"I had boarded a four-wheeler in Piccadilly, and I directed the driver to take me to Claridge's. He drove at a snail's pace. Exasperated—for I was already late for luncheon—I finally put out my head and shouted,

"Look here, cabby, we're not going to a funeral!"

The cabby looked at me, took out his pipe, and frowned. "No," he replied, "and we ain't goin' to no bloomin' fire, either."



An old lady on her first railroad trip remarked the bell-cord overhead, and, turning to a boy, she asked, "Sonny, what's that for?"

"That, marm," he said, with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes, "is to ring the bell when you want anything to eat."

Shortly afterward the old lady reached her umbrella up to the cord and gave it a vigorous pull.

The whistle sounded, the brakes were put on, the train began to slacken its speed, windows were thrown up, and confusion reigned among the passengers. The old lady sat calmly through it all, little dreaming that she was the cause of the excitement.

Presently the conductor came rushing through the train. "Who pulled that cord?" he demanded.

"I did," replied the old lady meekly.

"Well, what do you want?" snapped the official.

"Well," said the old lady meditatively, "you may bring me some ham sandwiches and a cup of tea, if you will."



The country schoolteacher had been telling her scholars about the seasons and their peculiarities, and to impress their minds with the facts, she questioned them upon the points she had given. Several queries had been put, and finally she reached the stupid boy in the corner.

"Well, Johnny," she said, "have you been paying attention?"

"Yes'm," he answered promptly.

"I'm glad to hear it. Now, can you tell me what there is in the spring?"

"Yes'm, I can, but I don't want to."

"Oh, yes you do. Don't be afraid. You have heard the others. Be a good boy now, and tell us what there is in the spring."

"W'y—w'y—mum, there's a frog an' a lizard an' a dead cat in it, but I didn't put 'em there. It was another boy, for I seen him do it."



A distinguished member of the National Geographic Society, on his way down-town one day when the polar controversy was at its height, passed some little colored boys who were playing with two very pretty kittens. Pausing, he asked the leader of the party if he had named the kittens.

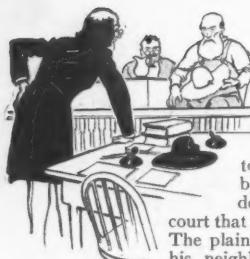
"Oh, yes," was his reply, "I calls 'em Tawn and Jerry."

"Why not call them Cook and Peary?"

"Deed, boss," was the quick rejoinder, "dese yere ain't polecats."



## Have You Heard This?



It happened at a little town near the center of the state. A farmer had one of his neighbors arrested for stealing ducks, and the leading lawyer of the town was employed by the accused to endeavor to convince the court that such was not the case. The plaintiff was positive that his neighbor was guilty, because he had seen the ducks in the defendant's yard.

"How do you know they were your ducks?" asked the lawyer.

"Oh, I should know my own ducks anywhere!" replied the farmer; and he gave a description of their various peculiarities whereby he could readily distinguish them from others.

"Why," said the lawyer, "those ducks can't be of such rare breed. I have some just like them in my own yard."

"That's not at all unlikely," replied the farmer, "for they are not the only ducks I have had stolen lately."



He was a man who stuttered badly. His friends finally persuaded him to consult a specialist about his affliction.

"Do you stutter all the time?" asked the expert.

"N-n-n-no," the sufferer answered, "only when I t-t-t-talk."



What makes one instructor popular and another not popular is not always easy to define. But in one of our Eastern colleges there is a well-known and much-loved professor of Scotch birth, who always seems to have an aptness at meeting his "boys" on their own ground and good-naturedly turning their jokes against themselves.

Recently the professor's regular class-room was undergoing repairs, so he took another room temporarily and on the door wrote with a piece of chalk,

"Professor Blank will meet his classes here to-day."

Along came the boys; one wag erased the "c" of "classes" in the inscription, and all stood about to see what the old man would say to the amendment.

He came, glanced at the new version of his announcement, did not smile or frown, but without a second's hesitation erased the "c" and walked on to his desk.



Admiral Hichborn once had a Chinese servant, named Chow, whom he brought with him from the East. One day Chow asked permission to go to a funeral.

"All right," said the admiral. Then he added, "I suppose you will put a lot of food and sweetmeats on his grave as they do in China?"

"Allee same China," Chow replied.

"Now, Chow," continued the admiral, "when do you think the dead Chinaman will come up to eat the food you leave on his grave?"

"Allee same time Melican man comes up to smellee flowers you leave on his grave," answered Chow urbanely.



F. Hopkinson Smith is an enthusiastic sportsman —when he is sitting on the side-lines or the bleachers. Not long since, at the conclusion of a reading from his own works, one of the young women who was presented to him sought to inquire into his passion for sport.

"Mr. Smith," she asked, "what is your favorite game?"

"That," replied the novelist, "depends upon the season."

"Of course," assented the young woman, "but though you may like football in the autumn and baseball in the summer, you must have some general preference. Isn't there one game that you like best?"

"Well, yes," replied Mr. Smith reflectively, "I think that, all things considered, my favorite game is canvas-back, just a trifle high."



She was a charming débutante, and he was a somewhat serious chap. Conversation was rather ful, so he decided to guide it into literary channels.

"Are you fond of literature?" he asked.

"Passionately," she replied. "I love books dearly."

"Then you must admire Sir Walter Scott," he exclaimed with sudden animation. "Is not his 'Lady of the Lake' exquisite in its flowing grace and poetic imagery? Is it not—"

"It is perfectly lovely," she assented, clasping her hands in ecstasy. "I suppose I have read it a dozen times."

"And Scott's 'Marmion,'" he continued, "with its rugged simplicity and marvelous description."

"It is perfectly grand," she murmured.

"And Scott's 'Peveril of the Peak' and his noble 'Bride of Lammermoor'—where in the English language will you find anything more heroic? You like them, I am sure?"

"I just dote upon them," she replied.

"And Scott's 'Emulsion'?" he continued hastily, for a faint suspicion was beginning to dawn upon him.

"I think," she interrupted rashly, "that it's the best thing he ever wrote."





### Perfect Health

**N**OW that we are all talking about the cost of living, and especially the steadily increasing price of meat, it is inevitable that we think of the Beef Trust, and that brings the mind around to the Chicago Stock-Yards, and the Stock-Yards remind one of that powerful exposé novel, "The Jungle," by Upton Sinclair. This author's book put a perceptible dent in the meat-craving of some of us—for a while.

Then, in characteristic American fashion, we forgot about cattle—the human and the other kind—and the Stock-Yards. But Upton Sinclair didn't forget about them, and he never will. He has no use for any kind of meat; he has found something better (and it isn't vegetarianism), and the price of beef is of no more interest to him now than last year's beet-tops. He has discovered the secret of perfect health, tried out his theories on himself and grown from an anemic, spindle-shanked, stoop-shouldered, "spiritual" chap into a broad-shouldered, husky, and hustling citizen with a strong punch in his arm, a clear thinking-apparatus in his head, and a sunny outlook on life. The food question is the least problem in the world for him. It is pretty nearly the biggest problem of all for the rest of us.

Of course we all eat too much and mix very little brains with our daily diet. Now and then we get a jolt from old Dame Nature, and we slow up on indigestibles. But Mr. Sinclair's plan of health is not a mere matter of dieting; it goes farther than that. It is a real panacea for most of the "ills that human flesh is heir to." It isn't a medicine, patented or otherwise, and it isn't an "ism." It will deal you a solar-plexus wallop when you read what he says he has accomplished. It is truly an extraordinary article, and it will appear in the May *COSMOPOLITAN*. It is the

sort of thing that gets in under the intellectual skin and remains there, irritating you until you get rid of the idea-germ by trying out some of the things recommended.

Well, it is hardly worth while telling how good and big and vital this Upton Sinclair contribution is. You must be the judge of it, after all. But we should feel very sorry for you if you happened to pass it by when looking over next month's *COSMOPOLITAN*. Hence this shouting. We want you to enjoy this true story of body-building and physical preservation just as we have enjoyed it. It will overturn a good many of your settled opinions, but it will set you to thinking. And that isn't very injurious, you know.

### Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

The first big story of the Wallingford series has just thunderbolted into the shop. It is longer than we expected—quite a bit longer. In fact we thought there might be some misunderstanding, and we wired Mr. Chester about it. The reply came back, "Can't help it—got interested—and the story wrote itself." Then we read the story—we kept on reading—and read to the end, while other things in the shop waited. And then—well, the story went the rounds of our readers. "The best story Chester ever turned out," they reported; "don't lose a line of it." So there we are. It may cost us a few extra pages of white paper, and maybe we shall give you the story in two parts. But we are determined not to "lose a line of it." We are sure from the way Mr. Chester has entered into the spirit of the new series that it will be one of the big story treats of the year for *COSMOPOLITAN* readers. We are planning to give you the first instalment in the June issue.

### College Teaching and Public Thought

One remarkable fact that has come to light as a result of the publication in the COSMO-

POLITAN of Mr. Bolce's articles on college teaching is that people in all parts of America are thinking along modern lines of religion and philosophy. Already the series which began in the February number with the "Crusade Invisible" has brought comment from readers throughout the country. A young lady who has taken the degree of A. B. at Vassar challenges not the statements in that article, but the inference that may be drawn from them. She writes that a man may say "the religion of my fathers is good enough for me," but that if in his business he should affirm that the methods of his forefathers were good enough he would soon be "without any business." Similarly, she says, "the man who takes his father's religion, and tries to make it fit in with the ever-advancing outlook and uplook of to-day is soon going to find that he has no religion." She states that "the cry on all sides is for an intelligent, practical, demonstrable religion," and that the world no longer wants "the dogmas of a church of the middle ages, when that organization was a wealth-accumulating corporation that would put to shame the graft in our cities to-day."

This Vassar girl asks the question whether "advancement as the result of research in regard to religious matters" is any more impossible than in the natural sciences. She insists that college teaching in America makes for catholicity of thought. "The tendency may be destructive, but destructive of what?" That which is so easily destroyed is not worth keeping. She says that she and her college mates "learned to be open to conviction, and we sought, not a handed-down, ready-made, folded-up, and tied-fast system of philosophy, religion, or ethics; not alone a belief nor yet a faith, but one step further—a working understanding." She states that she has studied at a number of institutions, and they all stand "for a broad outlook, highest ideals, and unprejudiced judgment."

A different character of letter comes from H. C. Tanis, engaged in rescue mission work in Kalamazoo, Michigan. "If the liberal preachers," he writes, "and the college professors who turn them loose would get on their knees and 'Get Right With God,' their doubts would disappear." He says that the fourteenth verse of the second chapter of 1st Corinthians rebukes these "thinkers." "These great 'thinkers,' with all their brains and books, are no more competent," Mr.

Tanis says, "to solve spiritual things than I would be to teach Greek, never having studied it." He concludes his virile communication, "A lot of these fellows, who have learned all they know from books, have been telling you what they 'think'; now I believe it would be a great stunt for you to get the opinions of a lot of fellows who do not think, but KNOW," and he then adds the names of men "who have been doing things along the line of saving souls."

It is remarkable how interest in these articles has appealed to men in every department of American activity. Not long ago a former Secretary of the Treasury wrote to the president of a New York bank, calling his attention to the COSMOPOLITAN's articles on college teaching. A business man of national reputation writes that, in his judgment, it is impossible to comprehend "the tremendous force that Mr. Bolce's articles will exert upon the life of the American people." He adds that "if one half is true, which I believe is true from his statement alone, the next decade will mark an improvement in the moral tone of the American people greater than any that has heretofore been accomplished. I am going to read the last article again, as it has a great fascination."

Clifford Howard, the author, writing from Los Angeles, California, says: "I have just read the 'Crusade Invisible,' and have enjoyed it extremely. It will, no doubt, stir up even greater excitement among the orthodox than did 'Blasting at the Rock of Ages.' It seems too bad that the world cannot take to heart the words of St. Paul—'the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.' Each mind has a faith in accord with its dimensions, even as hats and pantaloons differ, that we may all be comfortable each in his own place."

A great variety of opinion in all the communications reveals that the American people are thinking for themselves.

In next month's COSMOPOLITAN Mr. Bolce will show how some of the most conservative of our institutions of learning for women are teaching the most advanced and radical interpretation of the Bible and while discarding dogma and tradition are reading into the purposes of life the highest spiritual meaning. Every thinking man and woman, of whatever faith or creed, will find this exposition of the quality of religious instruction in America's foremost colleges of most absorbing interest and provocative of serious thought and discussion.

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